June 25, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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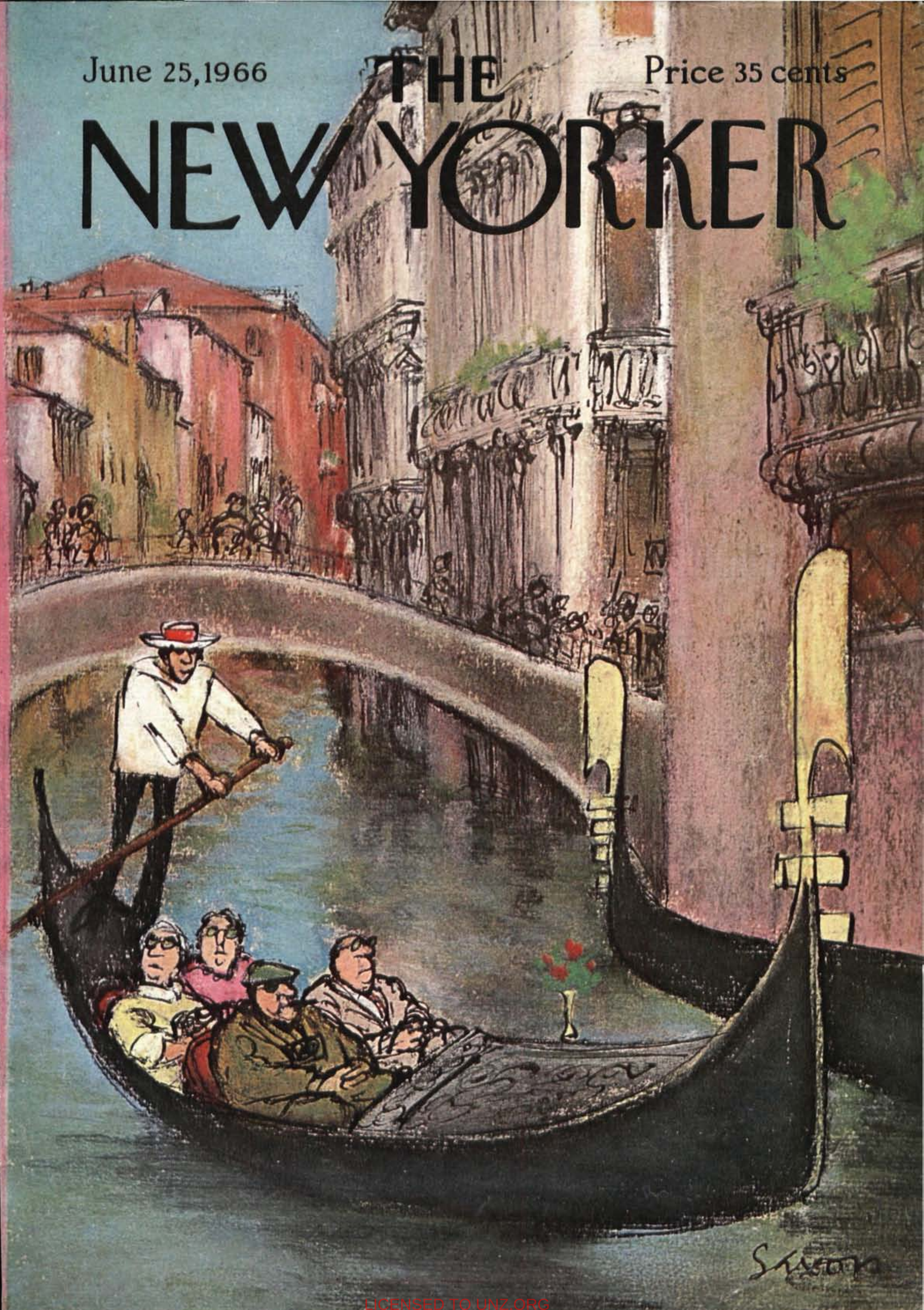

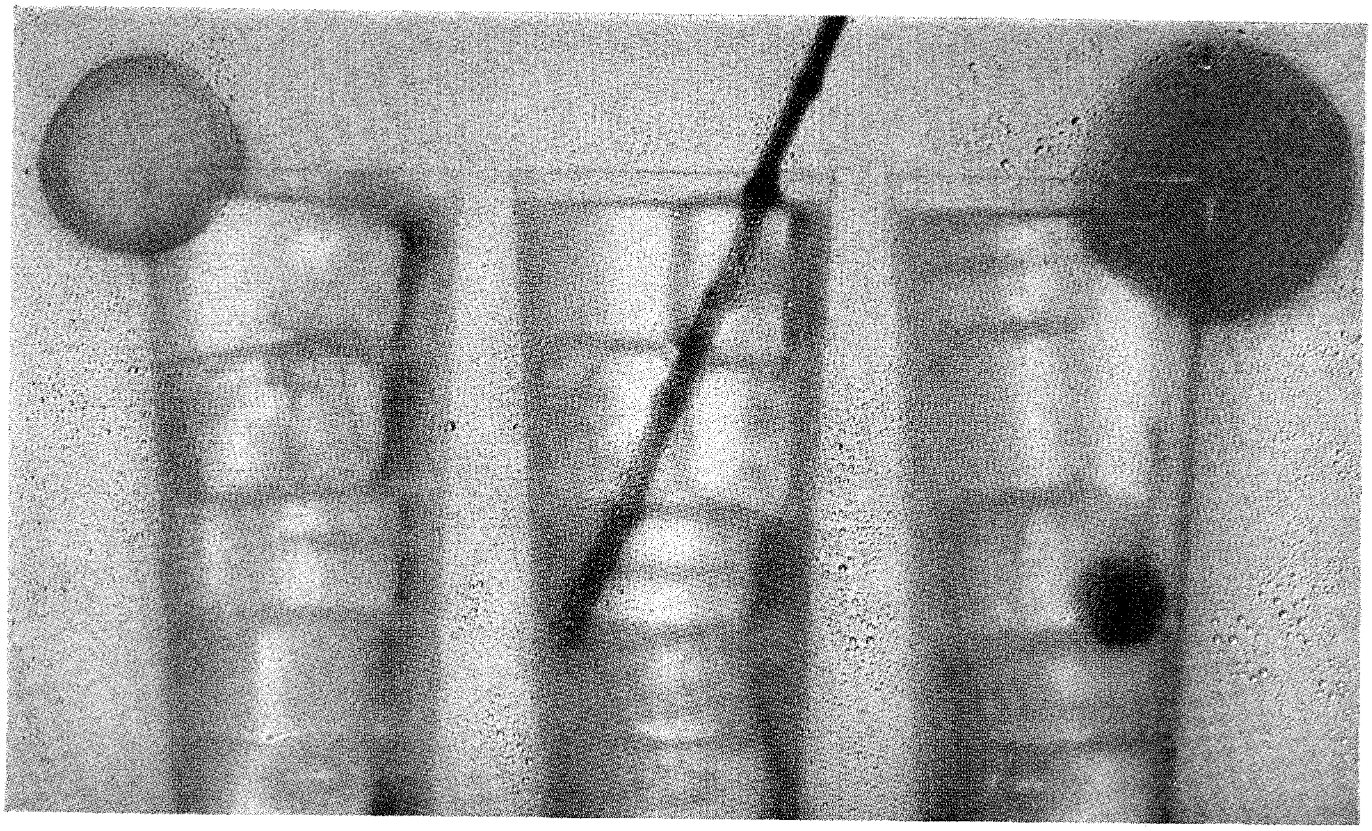

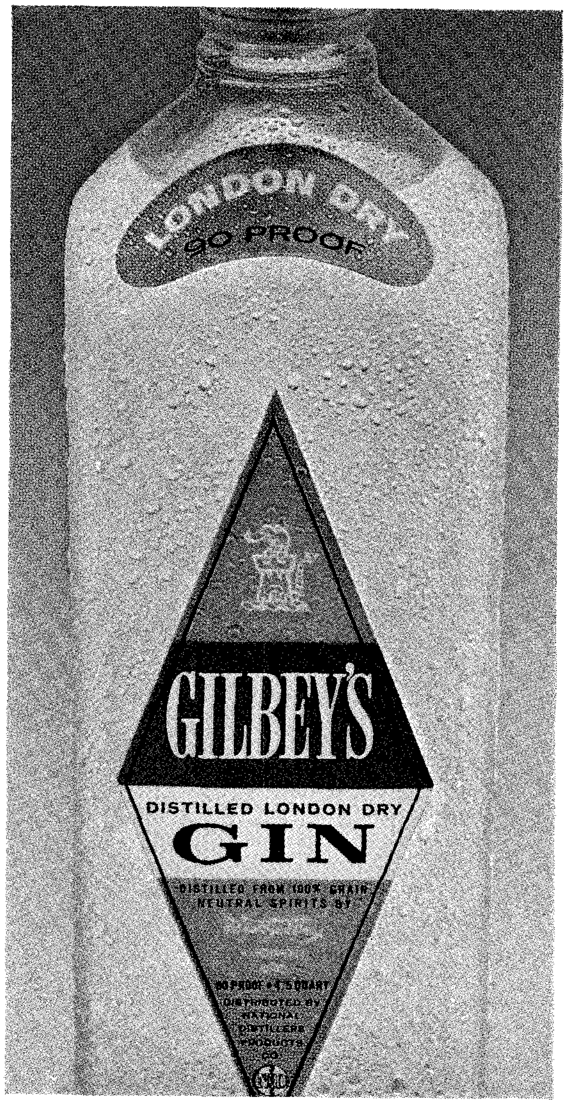
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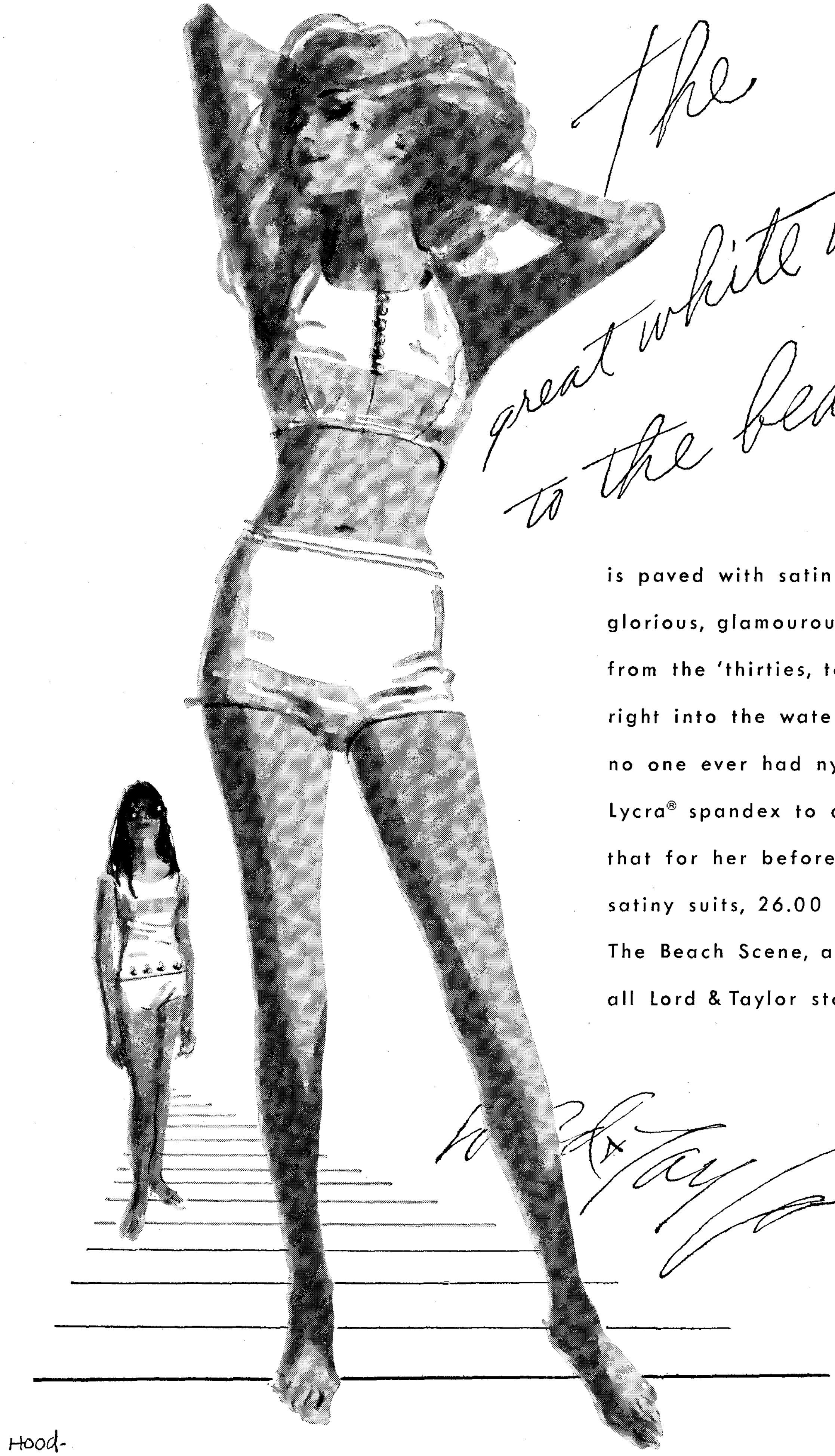

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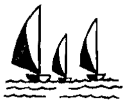
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



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26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

Hostile Witness—In this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, which stars Ray Milland, there are a good many lagging moments, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs add a bit of bounce every so often. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television writers, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. The cast includes Sandra Smith and George Gaynes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Starting Monday, June 27, Robert Darnell will replace Mr. Blyden. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—An attractive cast and tolerable music and lyrics by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams help compensate for the inadequacies of this show's book, which is based on a comic strip that wasn't very amusing when it was running in the newspapers a couple of decades ago. Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among the meritorious mummers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 23, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Time for Singing—An uninspired adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's "How Green Was My Valley." This time, a dramatic drought blights Mr. Llewellyn's theme, which has to do with a mining area of Wales, and the songs are feeble. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 25.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner larking away in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 16.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of the Lady in the Lake. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**city center light opera company:** Hugh O'Brian, Vivian Blaine, Jan Murray, and Barbara Meister in **guys and dolls**. The last in a series of Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **annie get your gun**, with Ethel Merman, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 9.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la forza del destino**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 23-24, at 8:30: **princess ida**. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 3 and 8:30: **trial by jury** and **h.m.s. pinafore**. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, at 8:30: **the mikado**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30: **the pirates of penzance**. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 3 and 8:30: **princess ida**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Command Performance—Four plays by Montgomery Hare. Opens Thursday, June 23. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at

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7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. W. B. Brydon plays the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.)

Until the Monkey Comes . . .—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,** with Barbara Barrie, Richard Jordan, and Staats Cotsworth. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 2. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, Edie Adams, a trouper and a troupial of considerable experience, holds the fort, and fortissimo. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which does the dance music, is more or less a work of art. Nothing doing on Sunday, and after the soirée on Wednesday, June 29, the enterprise begins a brief holiday.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The newest midtown merger, combining the corporate structure of the Barberry (Moorish) and the Little Club (candy-striped all the way, up to but not including Billy Reed, now the *padrone* of the joint enterprise). In the Little end of the merger, Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor of the restaurant between nine and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays or Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The ascension to the throne of John Mills has given this renowned boardroom a lot of body English, which is what a whole bunch of old-line colonists have always wanted. The music issues from the bands of Freddy Alonso and Charles Bubeck. Closes for the summer after Saturday, June 25.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

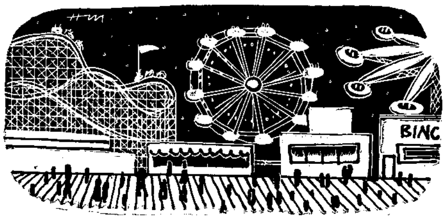
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—It's the time of year when fresh flowers of new species appear in the Persian Room, and such is the San Francisco soprano Bobbe Norris, who is often brighter than her mentors, or perhaps tormentors. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are the flanker backs. Saturday, June 25, is her last night. The establishment resumes activities on Wednesday, July 6. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—On Monday, June 27, the great outdoors of Rockefeller Center again becomes a dance pavilion, with music and provender from the English Grill.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, being devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and music, some of it concert and some of it dancing. Carmen Cavallaro's quintet, which is honeysuckle *rosé*, has the floor. No sound on Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it all, Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra is at its contrapuntal best. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Highland Fling would be the appropriate exercise for this lofty point of view, but the customers for George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band, which run on from eight to two, are much more conservative. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Under the spreading chestnut trees, there is music by Phil Wayne's band, once of the Pierre's lamented Cotillion Room, and a quota of Latins. They work out from eight until one. In case of snow, sleet, or other summer specialties, everybody indoors at once.

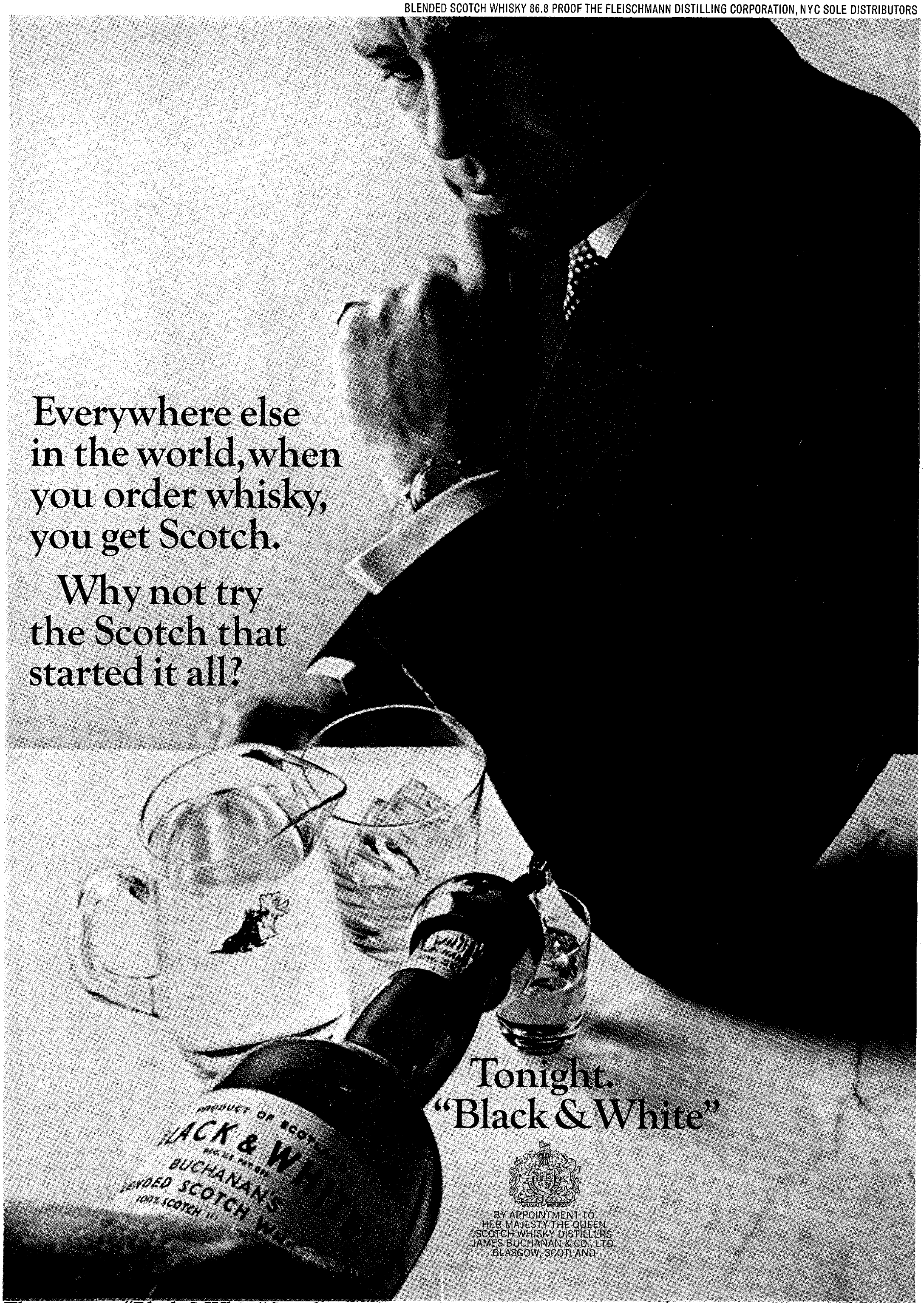
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornaments Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, there will be a dance trio from eight to one.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Friday through Monday, July 1-4. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine conservatory of music where "La Serva Padrona" is being presented twice a night by the tiny operetta company in residence. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which a wandering island minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. The honky-tonk piano is supplemented by the Dirty Shames, who sing in a mood that comes much closer to our current one. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Sedate dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closes for its midyear vacation after Sunday, June 26. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTORS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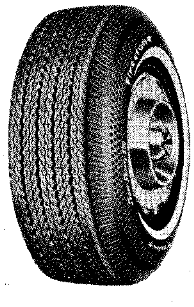


THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS **FROM Firestone**

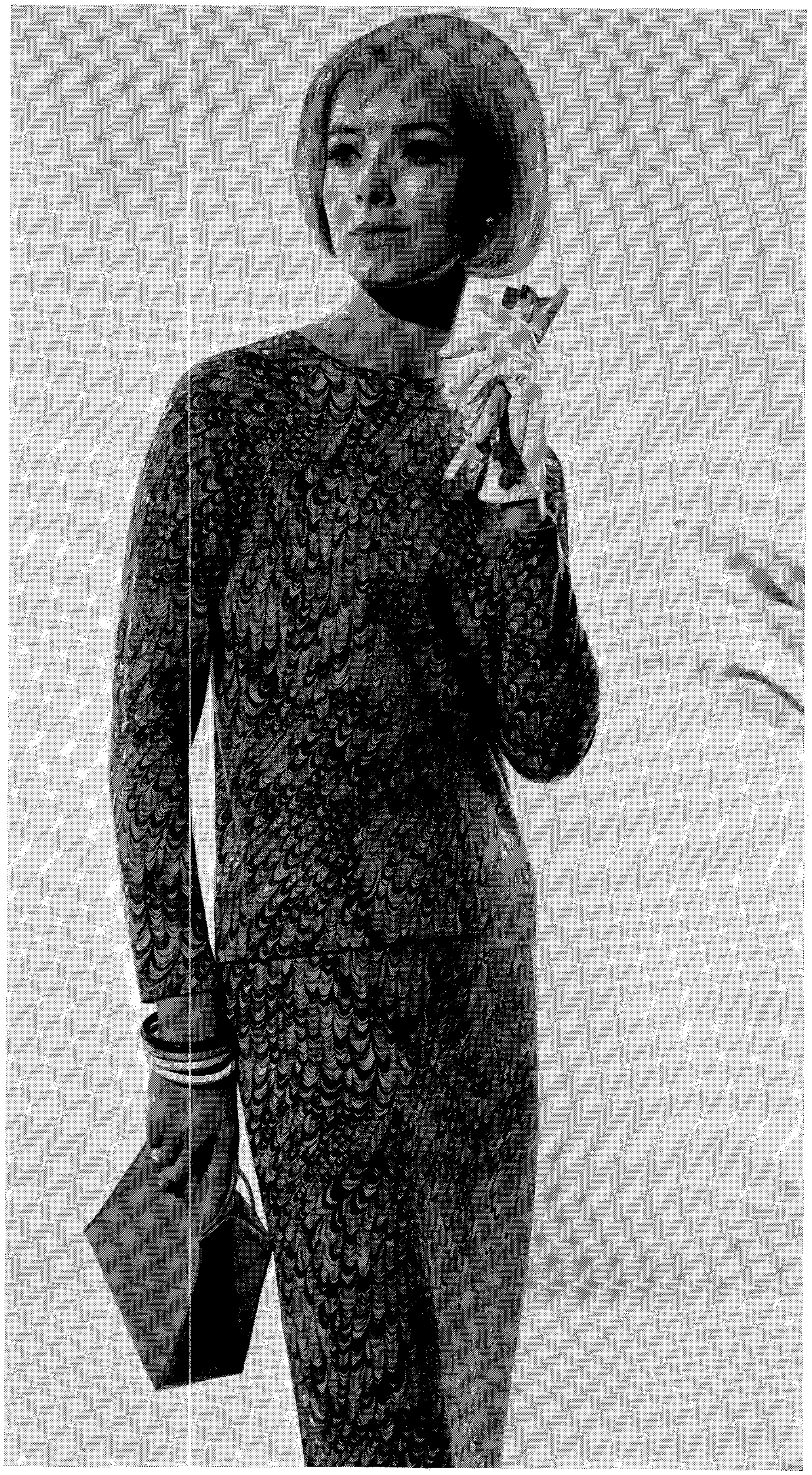
if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Sunday, June 26, is the end of its current run. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have.

NOTE—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, reaches its frenetic heights in these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout by Killer Joe Piro and his dancers, who add not only verses but whole chapters to the exercise manual of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Dinner and supper. Wednesday, June 29, is the closing night for Mr. Piro and his cohorts. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The moving—well, practically flying—spirit is Tanya Everett (earlier on of "Fiddler on the Roof"), and the amusement is the effort of others to follow in her flight steps. The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the Brotherly Loves; the hours are nine to last gasp; the menu is minute. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Gambolling on a Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but nevertheless an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds



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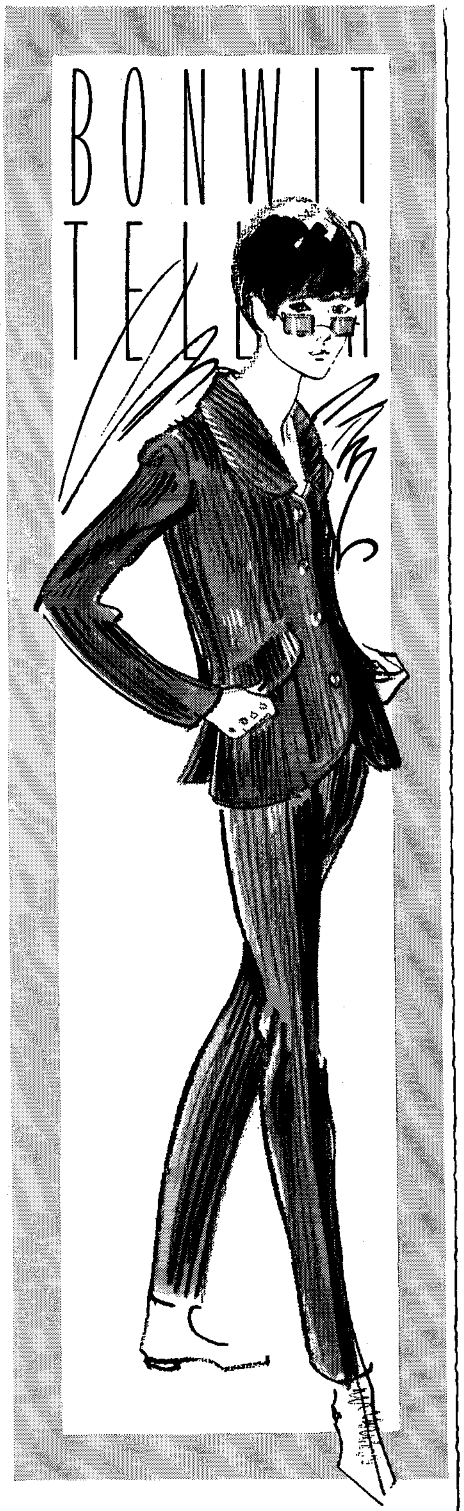

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Vienna Woods. Supper but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar and Tony Gorody does thoughtful piano from nine-thirty to one. Mr. G. stays home Sundays; Mr. L. stays home Mondays. ... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Monday, is the extent of her reign. Thursday, June 30, is the final night of this season. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's piano and songs (moonlight and roses) and conversation (court jester) occupy this opulent counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The most active promenaders are the musicians. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.... **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, there are piano and baritone by Kelly Rand, who is in fairly constant attendance between the hours of five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The ten-o'clock scholars of our educational institutions are always here no later than eight to hear Brook Benton's voice, which is all soothsinging to them. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. In the reviewing stand is Bobby Rydell. When he sings, children have been known to cry for him, and with him. Rarely in the background is the joyous creation named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. On Tuesday, June 28, it is expected, a new extravaganza, "Oriental Fantasy," populated principally by Orientals, or Nisei, will replace the whole thing. ... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Jackie Vernon, a wit whose favorite shirt is made of horsehair, tells a tale of woe that is a lot funnier than any other pilgrim's progress; Doc Severinsen's sextet shows its fettle; the Four Tops chant. They will all disappear after Saturday, June 25. Closed Sundays.... **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Etaoinshrdlu, to the tune of three hyperthyroid bands and the patter of a thousand tiny feet and the dazzle of a thousand light cues. Nine-thirty until four every night is the curriculum of this eighth wonder of the new world. Hot dogs and such keep the little bodies and souls together.

CABARETS

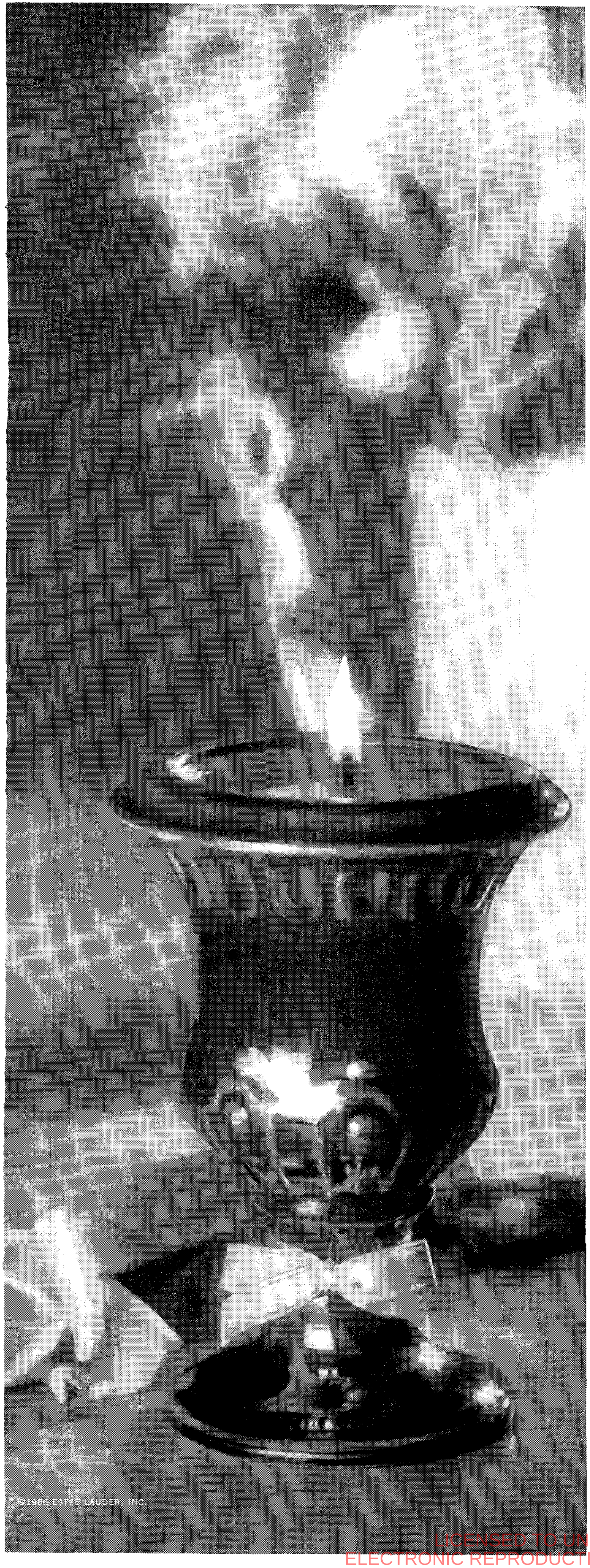
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk is doing a throwback to his earlier hall of fame, with himself as *conférencier* and such aides as Charlotte Rae, a sly puss, and the team of Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, a pretty sly set of British customers themselves. This sporting proposition begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the jollier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. A dinnertime song-and-dance interlude is all that happens on Sunday evenings. ... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, plus the Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias, a well-populated Spanish village that presents a fiesta a couple of times an evening. Dancing.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Below the Belt," a revue that reprises a number of the skits that have gone on here in the past few years, is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night but Sunday.... **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this extremely casual bar. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): No mutiny over the bounty donated by Thelonious Monk's quartet and Sonny Rollins' foursome. They come to an end on Sunday, June 26. On Tuesday, June 28, the trio of Bill Evans, whose piano can be subterranean, and Coleman Hawkins' quartet move in. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The grotto operates like this: Ramsey Lewis's trio, bringing the future closer and closer, as well as Howie Storm, a recently hatched wit, and the quartet of Roland Kirk, a Jack of all instruments. On Tuesday, June 28, Odetta, a folksinger in whom we can all put our trust, and Chad Mitchell (now a soloist, and a good one) will replace Mr. Storm and the Lewises; the Kirks will remain. Mondays, the fare is a Latin band and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz.... ¶ In the restaurant, which is open every day but Monday, Bobby Timmons' piano and Dave Pike's trio provide the brisk, metallic sound of the future. Sundays, from five to nine, the place is a Strivers' Row, where what is called the Jazz Interactions has its day.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on a bearable level, such as, right now, the activities of the Highwaymen and of Jake Holmes, who is a spoofer at heart. The Uncalled-For 3 are budding humorists. On Wednesday, June 29, the Bitter End Singers will succeed the Highwaymen. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Ruby Braff, and Ray Bryant, and who can complain about that? Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Small world, large sound. The sound comes from Randy Weston's sextet, which will be replaced on Tuesday, June 28, by Barry Miles' quintet. Visitors on Fridays and Saturdays also get to hear Art Farmer's fivesome, which includes Jimmy Heath. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Sheila Jordan, a young lady given to song, and a jazz quartet operate every night but Monday, which each week is assigned to Daphne Hellman's trio and to Irma Jurist, whose satirical piano and arias are the best of underground.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-



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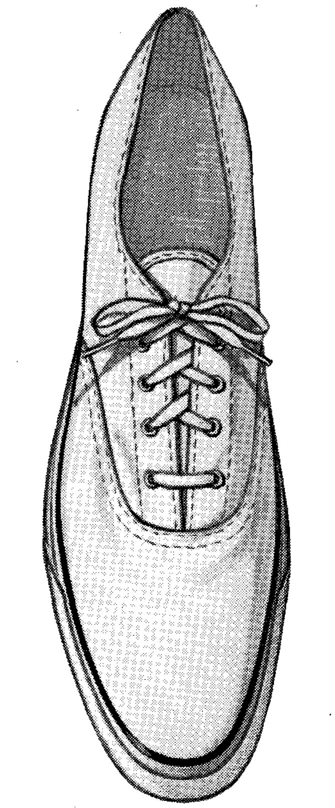

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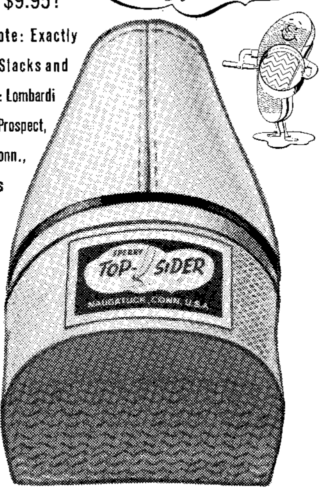

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): Chinos pant and pedals push as the band plays on, night after night. Through Sunday, June 26, Yusef Lateef's mystic quartet does the mesmerizing; on Tuesday, June 28, an outfit led by Joe Henderson (an unknown quantity hereabouts) takes over. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers—Lee Konitz's band will be in action on June 27.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EMILE BERNARD AND EMILE SCHUFFENECKER—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus a series of tapestries by Bernard; through July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH (1826-1900)—A benefit exhibition of paintings, oil sketches, and drawings, mostly landscapes; through Thursday, June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Paintings of New York scenes; through Thursday, June 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN GRAHAM (1881-1961)—Figurative oils and drawings; through Thursday, June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—"Creatures, Landscapes, Prairies," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through Thursday, June 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.). . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by such gallery artists as Jack Levine, Bryan Wilson, and Oliver Andrews; through Friday, July 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Thon, Nathan Hale, Robert Vickrey, and other artists regularly associated with the gallery; through July 8. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Thursday, June 30. . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Andy Warhol, Philip Held, and Seong Moy are some of the participants in an exhibition of graphics and drawings; through Thursday, June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Winslow Homer; through July 29. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through July 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," an exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs dealing with the westward expansion in America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," consisting of oils and works on paper by Gauguin, supplemented by works of artists influenced by him—Bonnard, Matisse, Kandinsky, and Braque, to mention a few; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art, ranging from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"7000 Years of Iranian Art," an exhibition of metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glass, and paintings from the Archaeological Museum, in Teheran; through Thursday, June 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Weldon, comprising paintings and drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The artists include Anthony van Dyck, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Constantin Guys. Through Thursday, June 30. . . . ¶ "Art in Process," a showing of structures, together with the preliminary drawings and models relating to them, by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and Will Insley; through Thursday, June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art—The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

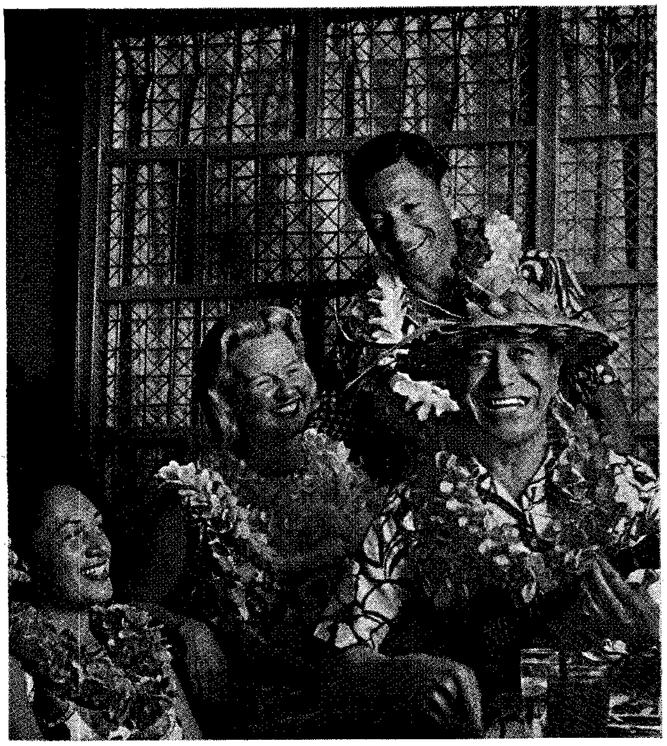
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

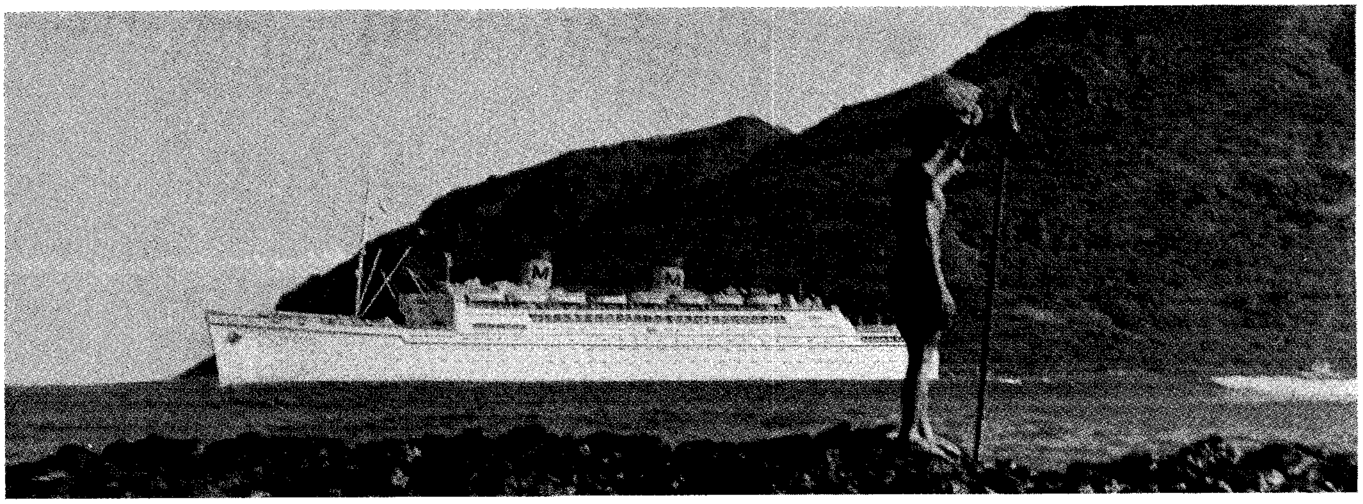
MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tools, Stoneware, and Soldiers' Gear," an exhibit of hand-wrought farm implements from the collection of Eric Sloane, and military *objets* from the collection of William Guthman; through Sept. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the final performances of the "Promenades" season. A French program Thursday through





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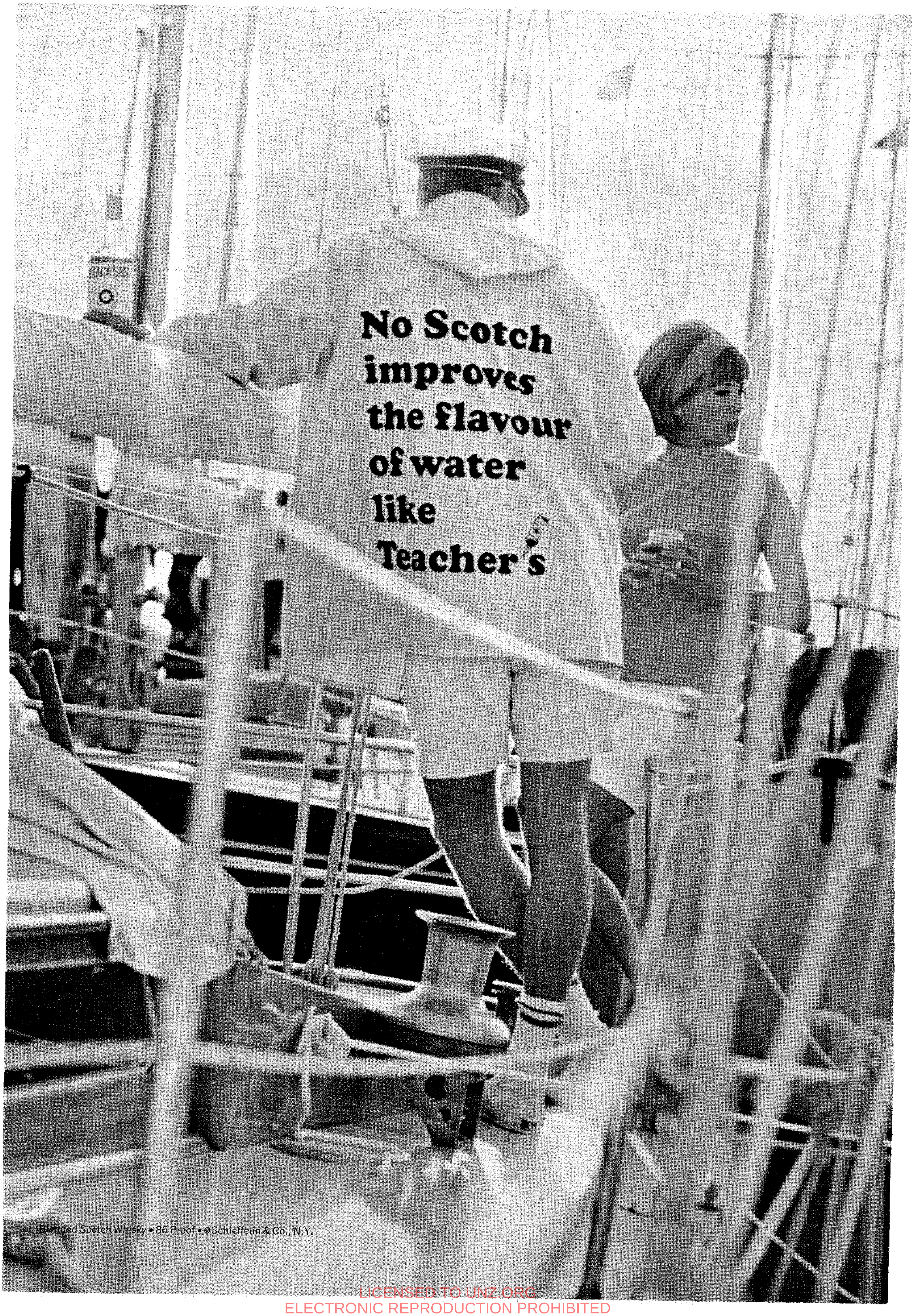
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the flavour
of water
like
Teacher's

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Saturday, June 23-25, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympany, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of a three-week "Festival of Stravinsky" that will run through Saturday, July 23. "Stravinsky and American Music" on Thursday, June 30, and Tuesday, July 5, both at 8:30 (no soloists).

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM:** Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 13. Tuesday, June 28: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in a program of excerpts from Italian operas, with Licia Albanese, soprano, and Robert Merrill, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the orchestra in a program of Russian music, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Bohème" in concert form, with Renata Tebaldi and Laurel Hurley, sopranos; John Alexander, tenor; Russell Christopher, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2: George Schick conducting the orchestra, with Pat Boone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, June 23: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30: "Tosca." (Evenings at 8.) . . . **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 23, at 8:30: Ruby Braff's septet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8:30: Earl Hines' septet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 21—Saturday, July 2, at 8: A varied program, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2:30: A Brahms-Mahler program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 2:30: A varied program, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 1, at 8: Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond), Jimmy Smith's trio, Gerry Mulligan, Buddy Rich, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Esther Phillips, Archie Shepp's quartet (with Roswell Rudd), and the Florida Jazz Quintet; Father Norman O'Connor, narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 2: John Coltrane's quintet, Horace Silver's quintet, Charles Lloyd's quintet, and Bill Dixon's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Stan Getz's quartet, Nina Simone, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Joe Williams, Charlie Byrd's trio, and the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones orchestra (with Bobby Brookmeyer and Hank Jones). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2: "The Herman Herds," with Woody Herman's orchestra, Stan Getz, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: "Ella and Duke," with Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Coleman Hawkins, and Buddy Rich. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 1: "Guitar Workshop," with Charlie Byrd, Kenny Burrell, George Benson, Grant Green, and Attila Zoller. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 2:30: "Trumpet Workshop," with Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Thad Jones, Howard McGhee, Ruby Braff, Kenny Dorham, Clark Terry, Carl Warwick, Roy Eldridge, and Freddie Hubbard; Billy Taylor narrator. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 8: Miles Davis's quintet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Herbie Mann's octet, Count Basie's orchestra, and Father Tom Vaughn's trio; Leonard Feather, narrator. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400.)

Note—Opening performances of the Jacob's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday through Saturday, June 23-25: Senior students of the New York City High School of Performing Arts. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 30-July 2: Edward Villella and his company, with Patricia McBride; Barton Mumaw; and Nala Najan and Sasha. (Lee, Mass. Thursdays at 3; Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 3 and 8:40; and Friday, July 1, at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, June 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 24, at 8; Saturday, June 25, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 26, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, June 27, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 28, at 8; Wednesday, June 29, at 2; and Thursday, June 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 1, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 2:15.

BOXING—George Chuvalo vs. Oscar Bonavena, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday, June 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—New York Athletic Club Regatta. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, June 25, at 2.)

GOLF—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Jericho, L. I. Through Friday, June 24.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Hudson River Marathon, Sunday, June 26.

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L. I.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, June 30. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 25; The National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 27; and the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 29. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, July 1, through Saturday, July 30. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 2. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N. J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 25.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, June 26, at 2.

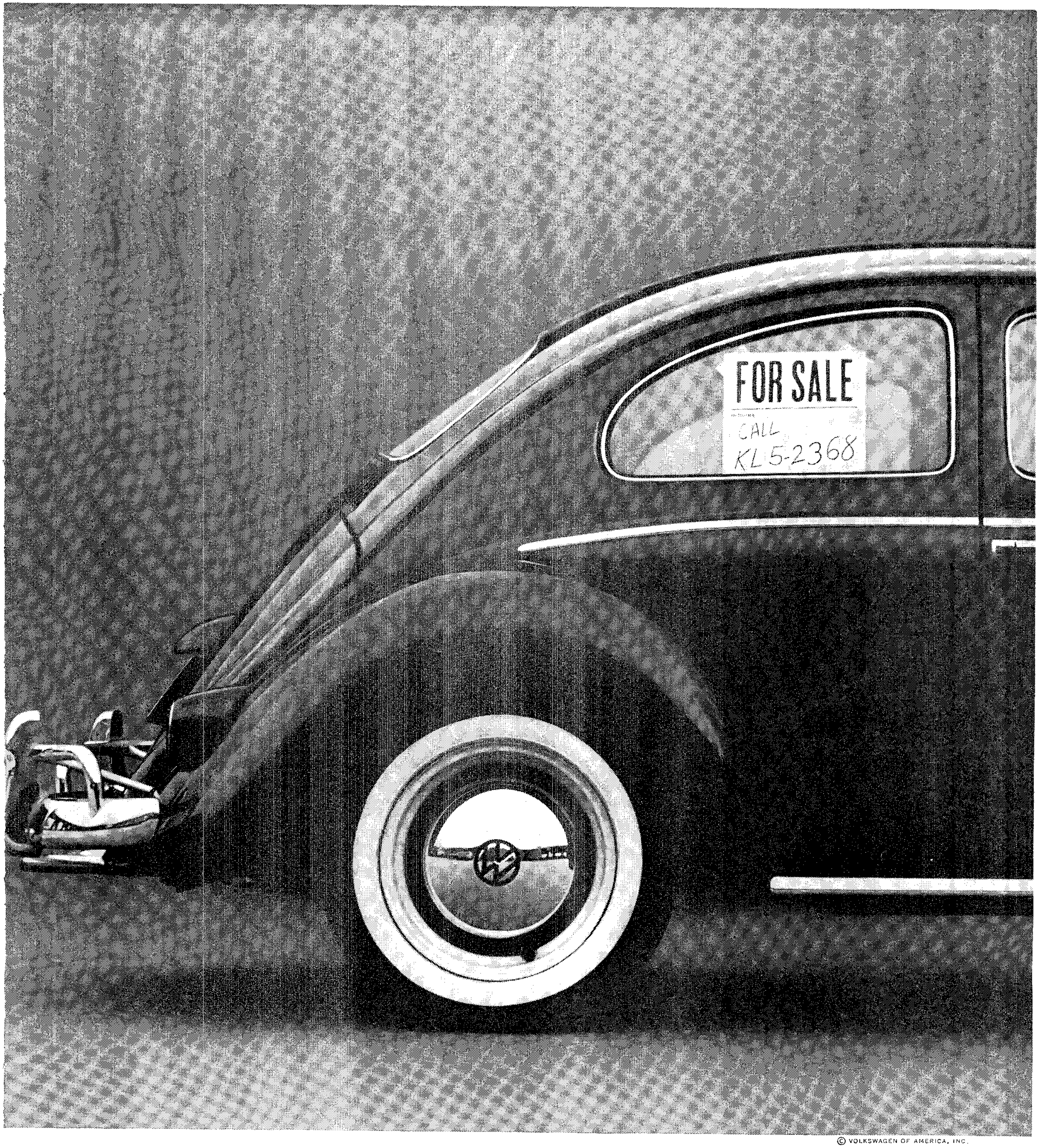
TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N. J. Through Sunday, June 26.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquet Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, June 27-July 3.)

TRACK MEET—National A.A.U. Track and Field Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, at 2:30.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to reconvene on Monday, June 27), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

A Big Hand for the Little Lady—Fun and a game of poker in the Old West, with a wonderful cast that includes Henry Fonda, Paul Ford, Burgess Meredith, John Qualen, Charles Bickford, and Joanne Woodward as the little lady. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; *through June 28.*)

Le Bonheur—Agnès Varda has written a simple and touching story about how to have happiness and lose it. She has also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his decorative family. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 28. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 29.)

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. In Swedish. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350. . . . ¶ Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; June 23.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Engagement Italiano—Alfredo Giannetti, the scriptwriter of "Divorce—Italian Style," follows in his own footsteps as both writer and director of this sporadically funny satire about an aging boy about town and his much younger, much put-upon fiancée. The town is Rome. With Rossano Brazzi and Annie Girardot. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A Walter Mitty dream come true: a band of brave men putting together a new plane out of the bits and pieces of a wrecked one. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 28.)

The Group—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarthy about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 29.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary, made by the government for showing abroad. Well worth seeing in spite of its faults. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through June 28.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 26.)

Lady L—Nearly all good fun, thanks to Peter Ustinov's lively direction of his own witty, rather ramshackle screenplay. With Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Mandragola—Alberto Lattuada directed this merry, ribald, and often beautiful satire, which gives itself no airs at all. The setting is sixteenth-century Florence. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting June 29.)

Scorpio Rising—Kenneth Anger's incandescent treatise on a cult that combines motorcycling, homosexuality, and rock 'n' roll. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 24-27.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 29.)

The Shop on Main Street—An extraordinarily fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The setting is a village during the Second World War. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 26. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 28.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Where the Spies Are—Still another melodrama about international spies. The difference is a clever script and a fine performance by David Niven. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 28.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 23. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27-29.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 28.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 29, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; June 26-28.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 26.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 27-28.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 26.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 23.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A Françoise Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 23 at 12:30 P.M. and 12:25 A.M., June 24-25 at 12:55 P.M. and 12:55 A.M., June 26-27 at 12:25 P.M. and 11:45 P.M., and June 28-29 at 12:45 P.M. and 12:55 A.M. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 28.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 28.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 27-28.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 28.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting June 29.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 28. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through June 28.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; June 26-28.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's account of the life and times of Moses. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through June 28.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, and many others. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through June 25.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—June 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Girl-Getters" (1966), with Oliver Reed. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2 and 5:30, and June 25 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964), in French, with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2 and 5:30: "A Simple Case" (1930), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ June 27-28 at 2 and 5:30: "Snatchers" (1934), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ June 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Alrunde" (1930), in German, no English titles. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Seven U.P.A. cartoons and nine boxing films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
From June 23 at 8: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 28: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.**
From June 29: "A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Glass Bottom Boat," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Naked Prey," Cornel Wilde.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, June 25, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 28: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.
From June 29: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
CAMILLE, revival; and **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 28: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters; and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From June 29: **MARY POPPINS**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Endless Summer," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 28: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.**
From June 29: "A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LE BONHEUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MORGAN!

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 28: **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**
From June 29: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

TODAY
PHRANK

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26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 28: **THE KNACK**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
June 27-28: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
From June 29: **THE GROUP**; and **DARLING.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
June 23: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).
From June 24: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 28: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX**; and "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
From June 29 (tentative): **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 28: "The Last of the Secret Agents?," Marty Allen, Steve Rossi; and "The Night of the Grizzly," Clint Walker.
From June 29: **MY FAIR LADY.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 28: "Stagecoach," Ann-Margret.
From June 29: **MARY POPPINS**, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 23: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
June 24-27: **SCORPIO RISING**; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
From June 28: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
(Additionally, there will be showings of **THE 400 BLOWS**, a French revival, June 23 at 12:30 P.M. and 12:25 A.M., June 24-25 at 12:55 P.M. and 12:55 A.M., June 26-27 at 12:25 P.M. and 11:45 P.M., and June 28-29 at 12:45 P.M. and 12:55 A.M.)

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through June 25: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "The Inspector General," revival, Danny Kaye.
June 26-28: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival.
From June 29: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 28: **WHERE THE SPIES ARE**; and "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From June 29: **MY FAIR LADY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 28: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival.
From June 29: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 26: "Last of the Renegades," Lex Barker; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.
June 27: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy; and "Sweethearts," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
June 28 (afternoon only): "Last of the Renegades," Lex Barker; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.
June 28 at 8: Telecast of the Ernie Terrell-Doug Jones fight.
From June 29: "Stagecoach," Ann-Margret; and "Spy in Your Eye," Brett Halsey, Pier Angeli.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 28: **A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY.**
From June 29: "A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 28: **DARLING**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From June 29: **MY FAIR LADY.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Magnificent Concubine" and "Bride-Napping" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through June 28: "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.
From June 29: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
ENGAGEMENT ITALIANO (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through June 28: **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**
From June 29: "Sweet Light in a Dark Room," a Czechoslovakian film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 26: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival.
June 27-29: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 28: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.
From June 29: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "The Collector," revival, Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 23: **LOS OLVIDADOS** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
June 24: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
June 25: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
June 26: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
June 27: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French and both revivals).
June 28: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
June 29: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

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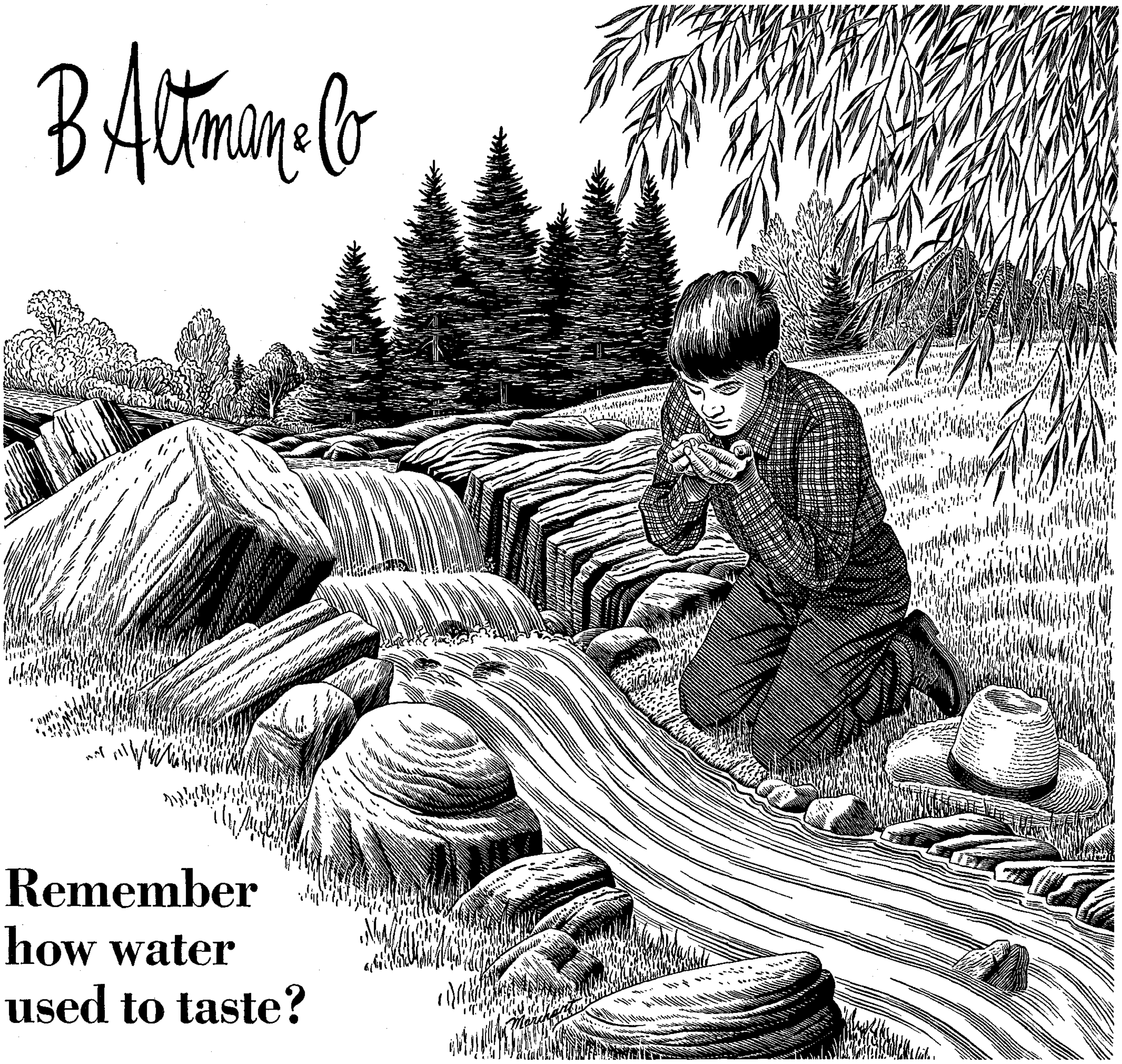

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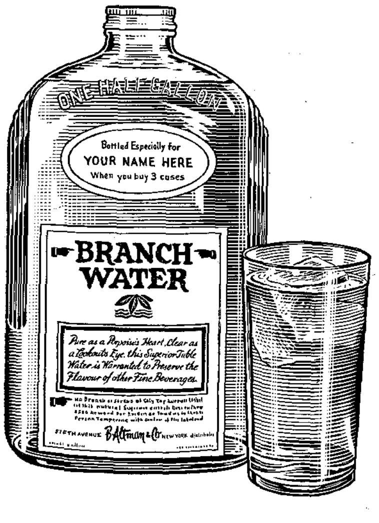
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

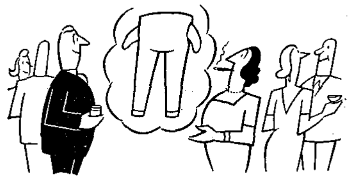
THE United Nations has been scratching its head of late over the prospect of having to accommodate in its midst a plethora of mini-states—those small countries which, with the movement of the times, now find themselves independent, and therefore eligible for membership. There are some seventy of these diminutive entities loose in the world, and we can well understand the hesitation of the larger countries to add a bunch of tiny imponderables to their share of woe; the prospect of enlarging the wide-screen voting board in the General Assembly must be a nightmare to more people than just the electronics engineers. We feel, however, like taking issue with the impatient Gullivers on the East River, and speaking up for the U.N. Charter. The United Nations was never meant to be a neat territorial filing cabinet of a place but was expected to reflect the diversity and complexity of the world, and we see no reason it should not do this to the hilt, whatever the cost in wordy confusion. If the world is beyond efficient administration, it is better to know it now, we say, than to keep it manageable at the expense of its small citizenries. Besides, we think the small countries will feel obliged to make their words count, and will be more preoccupied with their voices than with their sizes. Some of them may very well opt out, as Western Samoa did in 1962, and it would be hard to blame them. But, being keen on small, local things, we look forward dreamily to a fanciful occasion when the delegate from Pitcairn Island makes a graceful, world-shaking point and sits down, content in the thought that by saving nine-tenths of the peopled surface of the earth he has kept his own small territory safe and unclouded.

Culture Buff

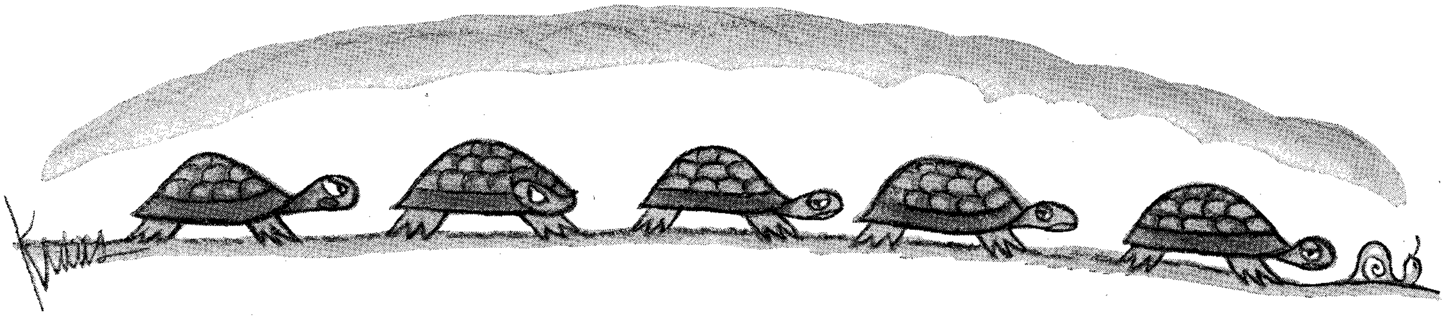
THINGS have changed a good deal along Main Street since Carol Kennicott found the height of culture there to be The Thanatopsis, a ladies' club that convened each week to study the topic "Furnishings and China." In fact, interest in the arts is so rampant all around the country that there are now forty-nine state arts councils, four territorial arts councils, and over two hundred and fifty community arts councils. Most of these institutions have representatives in the Arts Councils of America, Inc., and the A.C.A. held its annual national conference here recently, giving us the opportunity to waylay its president, R. Philip Hanes, Jr., at the Waldorf, where he was staying, and get him to define an arts council for us.

"Multiple arts management is the soundest phrase for it," Mr. Hanes, a tall, round-faced, cheerful man of forty, told us. "You take my home town—Winston-Salem. It has an arts council of thirty member groups, who represent the symphony, the art gallery, the civic ballet, the little theatre, choral ensembles, and so on, and work together through it to coördinate schedules, share housing, and generally serve as cheerleaders, as well as the first team, for spreading culture. And, of course, for raising money. There aren't any Prince Esterházys or J. P. Morgans these days, you know, to act as one-man arts councils. There are some big corporations that can be made to see the light, and after that it's mostly the five-and-ten-dollar market, which only multiple arts management can reach. Now, if you talk a fellow out of ten dollars, he's going to come to see what you do with it. And if you can get him to help you with the backstage props he's really hooked. He has a vested interest—only it isn't a dirty word anymore."

Mr. Hanes, who smokes Winstons and Salems impartially, said he works nearly every weekend and most evenings—and spends, on the average, four or five days a month on the road—on chores connected with the A.C.A.; with the North Carolina Arts Council, of which he is president; with the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, to which he is an adviser; and with the National Council on the Arts, which dispenses federal grants to art groups, and of which he is a member. "Other folks play golf. My wife is a culture widow," he told us. Most weekdays, he is otherwise occupied as president of the Hanes Dye & Finishing Co., of Winston-Salem, which dyes and finishes a hundred and fifty million yards of fabric annually and is the largest finisher of trouser-pocket material in the world—a specialty that the pioneers of the industrial revolution may not have thought of. "The wife of Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, whom I met at Roger Stevens' house, seemed to think it a bit unorthodox for the President to have appointed a pants-pocket finisher to the National Council on the Arts," Mr. Hanes said. "She was smoking a cigar at the time," he added thoughtfully.



Mr. Hanes told us that his only active experience with the performing arts was singing with the Whiffenpoofs when he was at Yale, and that he managed to graduate as an English major (class of '49) without ever reading "Main Street." "But I remember that when I was a boy and my father was



"What's holding things up?"

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head of the local music society, he and his friends had to buy up half the seats at every concert, so the visiting musicians wouldn't think the town was in some kind of quarantine," he said. "Members of Rotary, and such, used to believe that a fellow who thought much of painting and sculpture was right peculiar, but it's all different now—in the cities I go to all over the country, and in Winston-Salem. My wife and I have two Epsteins, and our neighbors admire us for it. When the Metropolitan Opera came to Winston-Salem this year, the house was sold out forty-five minutes after the box office opened. Nowadays, the same people who belong to Rotary are active in the arts councils. And the other way around, I'm right proud to say. In our town, the dean of music of Salem College, the president and dean of music of the North Carolina School of the Arts, and the head of the art gallery are Rotarians, every one—though I don't know that we've got any just plain painters or musicians or poets in Rotary. Artists don't seem to see the value of organization. In fact, I tell every person getting involved with an arts council to brace himself for being insulted by some kind of artist at least once a week. I tell them to look upon it as an aspect of their public service. Working in the arts field, you've sometimes got to deal with artists. There's no help for it."

There was one artist, Hanes told us, whom he was nevertheless looking forward to meeting in New York, and that was John Cage, the composer.

"So you can talk about modern music?" we asked.

"So we can talk about mushrooms," he replied. "I understand he's a very active mycologist. My wife and I are devout mycophiles. The other Sunday, we found forty morels—*morels*, if you please—right near Winston-Salem. We eat bushels of the things, especially the blue-milk variety—*Lactarius indigo*, you know. Who ever would have thought that an atonal composer would be interested in mushrooms?"

System

TRAVEL is arduous these days, but non-travel has its hazards, too. The other day, a friend of ours who had planned a flight to San Francisco found it necessary to change his plans, and dutifully called the airline office to cancel his reservation. A crisp, brisk clerk took down all the pertinent information. "Thank you for flying with us," he said. "Please hold on for a moment while I locate the reservation." He was back in a flash, still brisk and crisp. "Thank you for flying with us," he said, "but our reservations are now being fed into the I.B.M. machine. Please call tomorrow and reinitiate this cancellation."

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THE Asta movie theatre in The Hague is currently showing a film about pre-Civil War life in the American South called "De Negerhut van Oom Tom."

Girl in a Paper Dress

THREE hundred years ago, a notion was a thought. This meaning endures, but now the word also signifies all the miscellaneous objects on department-store notions counters. It is uncertain how this small fork in a minor etymological stream came to exist, but it is possible that John Locke created it all by himself when he wrote, in 1690, "Essences of the species of mix'd Modes are by a more particular Name call'd Notions." Locke was thus not only a father of modern democratic government but also a father of modern retailing, for Notions Departments are what make department stores go. The theory is that women drawn in by the essences of the species of mixed modes on the main floor will proceed to higher floors and more ambitious purchases.

Notions, in the world of American retailing, were once pins, needles, ribbons, buttons, bows, and related products. Pins, in the United States, were first made in Rhode Island, and out from there went Yankee peddlers, who became known as notions peddlers, and who sold needles, pots, pins, and pans in villages across New England and, eventually, on the frontier. A standard opening used by a peddler was "Can I suit ye today, Ma'am? I've all sorts of notions." After 1849, "notions vessels"—bazaars afloat—began appearing in San Francisco and elsewhere on the California coast. In the nineteenth century, the notion to end all notions was the bustle. An 1888 issue of *Fabrics, Fancy Goods & Notions* described one bustle as being made of muslin-covered wires that "cross each other to form an excellent spring, allowing the bustle to close easily as the wearer is seated, and promptly resuming its shape upon arising." By the eighteen-nineties, notions counters had become standard features of stores everywhere in the country. Some pins and needles can still be found on notions counters, but notions today are anything at all that will sell—preferably items with some sort of real or pretended novelty. Notions buyers have become the biggest barracudas in the department-store world. When something really good comes along in, say, Housewares, a Housewares buyer who tries to get near it will probably be chewed up by the superfish from Notions.

In some such scholarly frame of mind, we went to the National Notion Association's semiannual trade show, which was held last week at the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel, just across Herald Square from Macy's and Gimbels. In a room on the Sheraton's mezzanine were what various people hope will be the most magnetic notions of the autumn of 1966.

We saw rhodium headbands, regimental-striped ponytail holders, and undersized barrettes called Teeny Weeny Barrettini. In a gold cage was a black leather ponytail holder with two and a half carats of diamond chips embedded in it. It was guarded by a man who said, "This ponytail holder costs one thousand dollars. It also comes in a two-dollar model with genuine rhinestones."

We saw sunglasses, sunglasses, shades, shades, shades: hexagonal, square, perfect-circle; some with orange-and-black checkerboard frames; some with cloth awnings descending at forty-five-degree angles from their upper rims.

We saw plastic sewing baskets. "We have them in the Camp category, Op Art, and standard," said Alexander Wincberg, of the U.S. Basket Corporation. The Op Art sewing basket was a weave in black and white. The Camp one was red, white, and blue.

We saw a dress form that had sixteen movable sections and was so constructed that even an amateur could tinker with it and produce the ultimate girl. A brochure described the substance that covered it as "extra-strong, yet lightweight, high-density, pink plastic." Skin!

We saw a four-dollar shift that could fold into a bag small enough to go into a purse. "It was designed for the lazy college girl who wants to keep moving and doesn't want to go home to change her clothes," said Dan Lovett, of Karla Fashions. "Two years ago, we put this in the Shift Department. Nothing. This year we put it in Notions, and it walked out. I mean it walked out."

We saw a little one-ounce hair-spray bomb that could be carried around, then refilled, at home, from a big mother hair-spray bomb. The big and little bombs had caps that came off, so that a tube from the little bomb could fit into the big bomb, like a Lockheed F-104 Starfighter jet nuzzling up to a Boeing KC-135 fuel tanker at twenty-five thousand feet. Something new in aerosolology.

We saw a fourposter about a foot long with a ruffle and canopy of organdie, sheets and pillowcases of muslin, and posts and frame of walnut-stained thread spools that had been stacked end to end and made rigid with interior dowels. It was such a lovely thing that we didn't see how it could have been mass-produced as a notions item. A sandy-haired, pretty young woman named Virginia Lowry, who is fashion coördinator for Belding Corticelli, which makes thread, told us that the little bed was one-of-a-kind. "We brought it here with the thought that people might like to make others like it," she said, handing us an instruction sheet. "We had to do something. There's not much new in threads."

And we met a girl in a paper dress. Her name was Suzann McDonald. She was a dark-eyed, dark-haired fashion model of the new, healthy-looking school. The dress she was wearing was an A-line, in a black-and-white Op Art pattern, that retailed for a dollar twenty-nine. It had the texture of soft cotton and, as summer dresses go, was worthy of the girl who was wearing it. "These things are great," she said. "They don't feel like paper. They're not irritating. They feel good on your body. I wore one over the past few days. I washed windows in my apartment with it on, and I spilled Windex on it. I wiped the Windex off with a wet sponge and the dress was unaffected. The paper is fire-resistant, too. It's ninety-three per cent cellulose and seven per cent nylon.
can shorten it, or change

Literary

A FAIRLY far-out four-y girl we know of recently di ered how to operate her squarish father's tape recorder. She was using the machine, she explained, to write a book for other children. Her father was commissioned, for a promised share of the royalties, to type up each chapter as it was recorded, and he quickly passed on to us a carbon copy of Chapter 1, which reads:

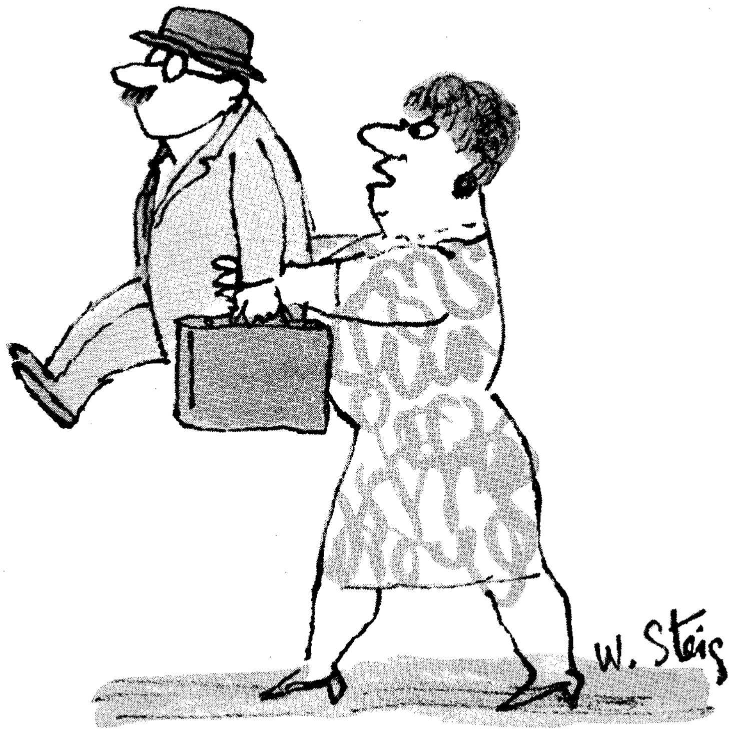
> Once upon a time in a forest there lived a big, big house. It was made of steel, and in the house there was a little hole, and in the hole there was a little mouse called Mousetrap, because he was too afraid to go out of the hole. One day a big, big cat came into the hole. He couldn't get his big head out of the hole. The mouse pushed and pushed to get that cat out of the hole, but then he had to call the fire engines to come and get him out. Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling came the fire engines. Faster, faster. Ding-a-ling-a-ling. Finally, big bad Army captains came from a laboratory to make poison for good people. But then they gave the poison to the mouse, who got dead. The fire-engine people brought the mouse to the hospital. Saturday, the mouse got better. The cat belonged to the captains and lived in the library. Then when the mouse was all better, he was friends with the cat, but just the cat.

The father was inordinately proud of his muse-struck daughter, and he could hardly wait to type up Chapter 2 for posterity. The other day, the girl announced that Chapter 2 had been recorded and was ready for transcription. It goes as follows:

> Once upon a time in a forest there lived a big, big house. It was made of steel, and in the house there was a little hole, and in the hole there was a little mouse called Mousetrap . . .

Thich Nhat Hanh

"I HAVE come to America to describe to you the aspirations and the agony of the voiceless masses of the Vietnamese people, of all faiths, who have no means to speak for themselves," a Buddhist monk called Thich Nhat Hanh said a few weeks ago, upon arriving



"You've got to assert yourself more, my dear."

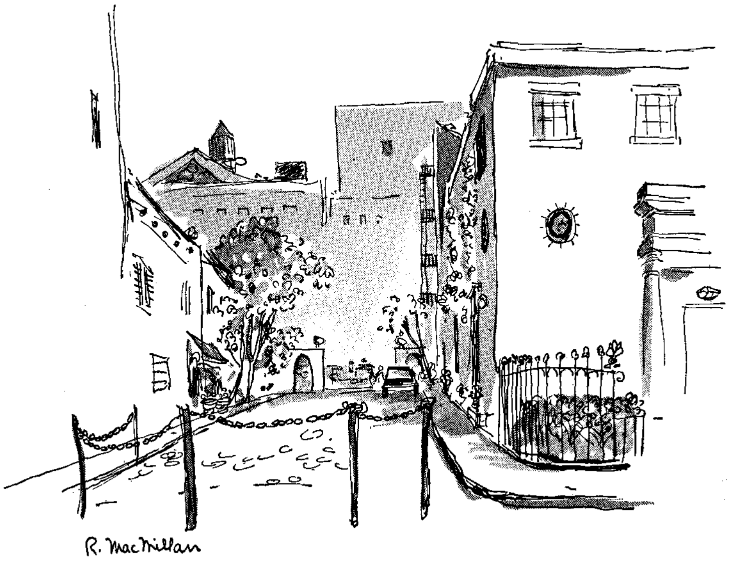
. the United States. "I must speak out for peace." Since then, Nhat Hanh (Thich is a religious title) has travelled widely here, and last week, on the eve of his departure, we had tea with him at a small apartment near Columbia University and asked him how his mission had turned out.

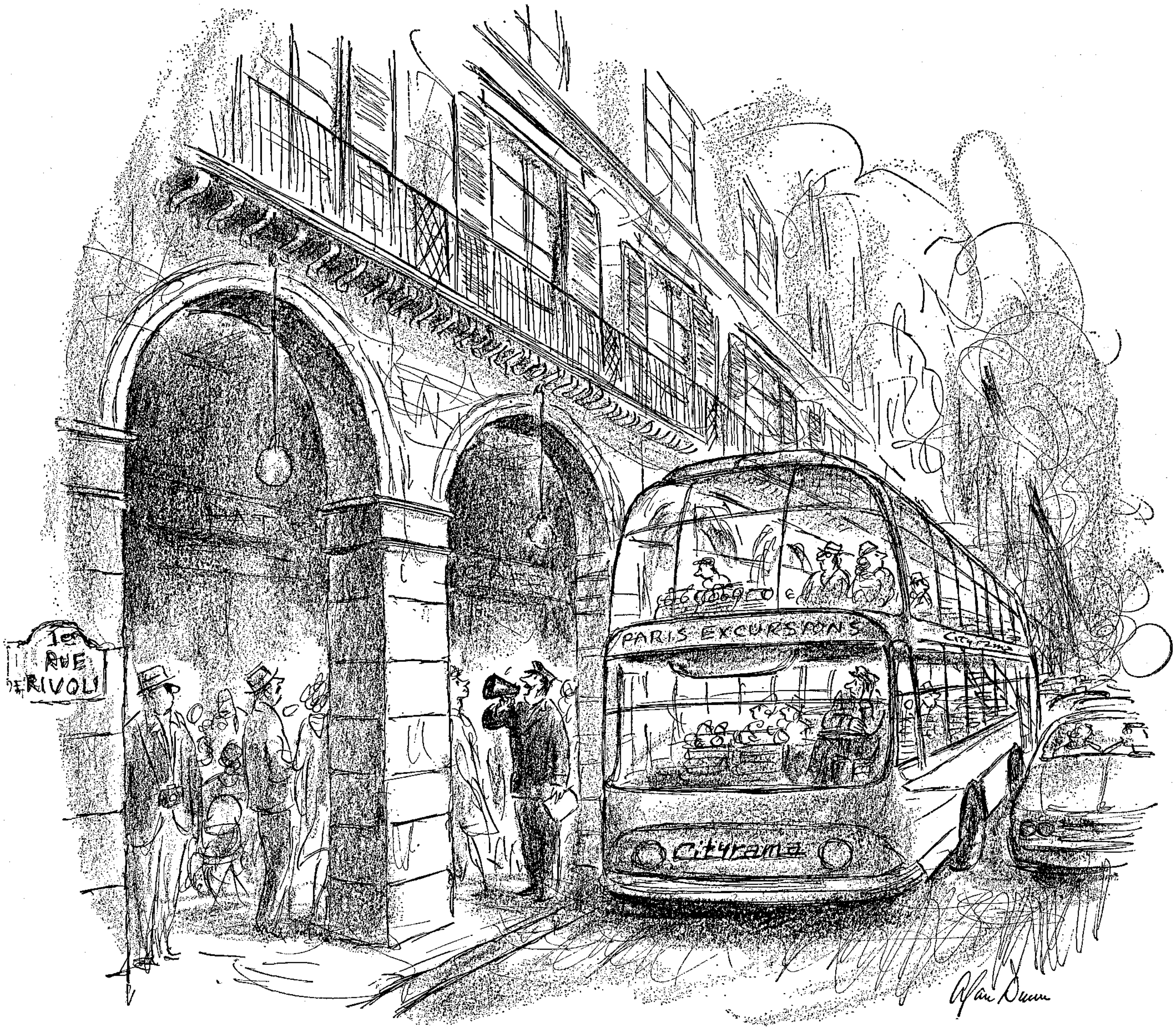
"Before I came here, I imagined I would get booed, and they would throw eggs, but there was none of that," said Nhat Hanh, a slight, gentle, soft-spoken, and young-looking man of forty wearing a dark-purple robe. "I confess I have more faith in the American people than I had. I feel a sense of humanity and love—not just words. I am deeply moved by the response of many people I talked to. While travelling, I got very touching letters, and the students I met showed their sympathy and concern. The Vietnamese can't imagine that there are people like this here; I wish the Vietnamese could see these things, and gain courage from them. But the peasants can only listen to our government radio, and it reflects the government feeling."

Nhat Hanh is, in Vietnam, the editor of a Buddhist weekly, has published ten books, is well known as a poet, has helped found a university in Saigon, and is the leader of a social-service organization that works in the villages with the peasants. (His visit here was sponsored by the Interuniversity Team of Cornell University and the International Committee of Conscience on Vietnam of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.) One of his principal stops was in Washington, where he met Secretary McNamara, Senator Fulbright, Senator Edward Kennedy, and several other people in the government. "I think the minimum I could do was show them what a Buddhist monk is like," he said. "I don't count on my ability, but I feel I speak out very sincerely, from my heart, and maybe the message can get across. I had the feeling, waiting in the Pentagon, that it is very difficult here to imagine what the war is like in Vietnam, and to feel the anxiety of our people. I was supposed to meet with Secretary McNamara for fifteen minutes. The first two minutes were very hard. The atmosphere was heavy, but I overcame it and I established a kind of understanding. After fifteen minutes, he had become interested, and when his secretary handed him a paper telling him that his next visitor had arrived, he said the visitor should wait, and we talked for another fifteen minutes. I told him about the effect of the bombing: the more you destroy, the more you create opposition. I said you cannot lose the war but you can win only by destroying all of us, because the Vietcong are mixed with the peasants. I said you should stop and let workers go into the country to help the people. But the social-improvement program of the United States and the Vietnamese government is looked upon by the peasants as political propaganda—like candy for children. The pacification program has a political purpose—to denounce Communists—so people are afraid; they have had bitter experience with government agents. When the pacification people ask for a piece of land to build a school on, they hardly get it, because the people hate them. Secretary McNamara asked about our own way of approaching the peasants, and I told him that in our social program—we have several pilot villages in Gia Dinh Province—we come into the village with nothing. We work hard, and we get the sympathy of the children, and then the adults. There is always a young nun or monk to prove we are not the government. If there is a small pagoda in the village, we will live in it, and work, and pray every day for the villagers. In one village, at first they didn't talk to us, but after ten days they saw that we worked very hard. Then they asked, 'How much money do you get from the government?' " Nhat Hanh laughed. "Then they asked us to live in their houses. Once you are accepted by the peasants, the opportunities for social improvement are more than you expect. You need only a third as much money as expected, because each family will give bamboo and brick, and they will give land for schools, and they will help. And—most important—they look on the work as theirs. And they will protect it from the Vietcong and from the government. I felt a kind of relief after talking to McNamara. I felt I must tell him the most important things. I believe it was a real conversation."

Nhat Hanh poured us some more tea. "I think the Vietnamese problem is partly psychological, and we have been neglecting that aspect of the war," he said. "During the past twelve years, there has been no policy concerning religion, and the Vietnamese are more religious than anything else. My impression is that if religious groups are helped to send thousands of people into the countryside in the name of their faith—not to denounce anyone but just to help—the Vietcong couldn't do anything. But the government policy is negative—trying to keep the religious groups quiet. Everyone has become very suspicious. Promises have been made but not kept. Religion is the only thing that can unite the people and give them faith in the future. I mean *all* religions." He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "It must be proved that the Americans want peace. They should stop the bombing. I don't plead for a complete, sudden withdrawal of troops, but I believe they should stop attacking and stand in a position of self-defense. An announcement of intent to remove troops within eight to ten months should be made, and an international project to help Vietnam should be started. The Vietnamese are very tired. If you can prove you are working for peace and reconstruction, the people will support you—both sides, including many non-Communist Vietcong, who have nowhere else to go. Without the support of the peasants, no one can win. But in Vietnam now we are not allowed to speak of peace and reconstruction."

During his visit here, Nhat Hanh met Martin Luther King. "I liked him very much," he said.





"La Bastille, Le Panthéon, Les Invalides, La Tour Eiffel, L'Arc de Triomphe, Le Drugstore."

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"He feels that Buddhism is parallel with the struggle for civil rights here." And he spent time with a group of young Negro workers in Los Angeles. "I went to Watts," he said. "I just wanted to be in the atmosphere, to witness it, and to look. There was something that drew me near. People who suffer feel that they are close to each other." He visited Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk and writer, in Kentucky. "I liked him so much! He didn't ask about political matters but about monastic life," Nhat Hanh said, and then he smiled. "I chanted him some Buddhist chants, and he chanted me some Gregorian chants. Most of the time, we talked about Zen. He is an artist, a Zen."

Nhat Hanh plans to return to Saigon this summer, after a trip to Europe, and will, he hopes, resume his efforts in the field of social service. "I am very much interested in social work, and not for the sake of charity at all," he said. "I feel it meaningful. In Saigon, a different milieu, I am more inclined to live a simple life. From time to time it is good to live in comfortable conditions, as I have here, but only for a *few* days. I would like to be in permanent contact with the life of the poor people. It is not a morality, or ethics, but the art of living. Just art—no principle. I am not unhappy at all when I live that way. It helps you keep lucid. I feel happy, and not because I think I am doing something good—I don't believe that—but sometimes you get rewarded being among people who express themselves in a very simple and natural way. You feel yourself more related to others—the way sometimes a mother or a sister feels that she cannot be herself without worrying about the others in her family. A while ago, I lived in the United States for one or two years, as a student and as a teacher, and I thought: Problems come if you live too comfortable a life, and sufferings arise. When you focus on yourself, you find many more problems. Not realizing the suffering around you in the world—I don't think that is a happiness. You feel loneliness and emptiness, and these are more unbearable than other kinds of suffering." He paused, then said, "The most effective medicine is an experience of the suffering around you. Then you heal."

ANGELS IN THE AIR

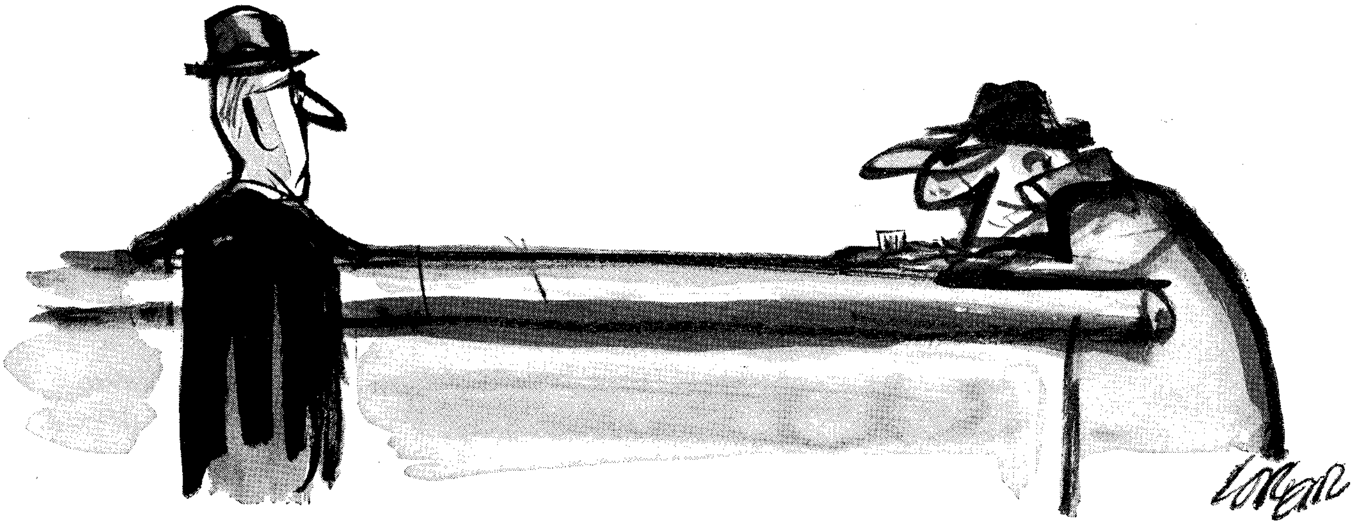
THEY came, the two of them, to the Tuscan villa, paying guests for a week. One was a girl no more, the other still, though they were both in their mid-thirties. Priscilla—the girl—was at the wheel. Fair, delicately featured, supple, lithe, she had something about her of the spirited, excitable race horse. Something virginal as well. The other, Mildred, had a plain, reliable-looking face; her features weren't finely drawn or sculptured—just well marked.

The villa was on a hill three miles from Siena, a town crowded within its walls and with narrow, winding streets, which the sun reached but never really bathed—an intricate design knifed in the clay. In contrast, the villa was sand-colored, color of the sun, and had an open, spacious atmosphere. Though lived in all year round, it had been built in the early eighteen-hundreds as a country house, with plenty of doors, two balconies, large windows, and high ceilings. In front, below the terraced yard and garden, were several gigantic evergreens, old as the house—three pines, with sparse branches and colossal, scaly trunks curved toward the top by the west wind; five cypresses, which, like huge dark flames, waved in the wind and sometimes were bent by it almost to the point of breaking and kept in that constrained position till its force abated, when always they returned to point straight upward at the zenith. Back of the house were two more evergreens—cypresses, too, but of a different kind, spread out, much older even than the pines, and ever shedding their foliage into a font, coloring it their color: dark green, most beautiful when the sun shone on the water and it acquired gold tinges. And there were many ilexes, some of them forming a wall of living foliage in the garden, others a tunnel along a steep drive up from the main road. They were the haven of birds, summer and winter. And there was a scattering of palms, laurels, and ivy. When the wind blew and it exposed the undersides of leaves, there were, especially in the spring, all shades of green, from the bluish green of the grass to the almost silver of the ilexes and olives. And in the fields, sometimes, when the wind caught it right, the wheat would blow in extraordinary waves that moved up slopes, like the shadows of the clouds moving up the sides of mountains.

Inside, the house was rather underfurnished; armchairs were scarce, and so were comfortable sofas. On the other hand, there was nothing ugly. Each room had a few antiques, good carpets, and some paintings, which were mainly by one person—the woman of the house. She had died, and her paintings, most of which she kept in cupboards, had been framed and hung after her death. They were landscapes and flowers—flowers in vases, flowers still in their beds. She still lived in each leaf. In each leaf, in each stem, in each sod of red burnt sienna, her identity came through. The saplings held it, and the knotty trunks. She knew the pink of spring, the pink of autumn, the lucid brownness of the leaf unfurling, the rusty brownness of the brittle old one.

The returns from the hundred or so acres that went with the house weren't sufficient for its upkeep, and so, soon after the war, she had begun taking in paying guests—usually friends or friends of friends from England and America, she herself being partly American and the whole family having spent the war years as refugees in England. People came not so much for the country, or the town, or the house, or the food, or the Chianti wine as for the conversation that took place around the dinner table. For there was fervor in the way she talked. She was the main attraction of the house. Young people listened, astonished and amused. The fervor was transmitted round the table. Fanned by her, the conversation flew, took unexpected turns, met never a dead end. The subject might be anything—politics, the Pope, Piero della Francesca, a guest who had just left. Anything. The oval dining table, which could be, and often was, enlarged to seat about twenty people, lent itself, and the wine helped. Nor were questions spared, her sons and husband being all endowed with infinite curiosity. One of her sons in particular, the elder, forty-one but considering himself much younger—no more than twenty-seven—a fine poetry reader and a scholar, managed to make people laugh with preposterous questions and replies. But quite apart from these the guests discovered in the house a genuine atmosphere in which the timid lost their shyness, the bold found their match, and truth was like a ping-pong ball bal-

"What d'you say, Sugar? Let's stroll over to the island."



"I can lick *you!"*

• •

anced on a jet of water and rolling, rolling, while everyone aspired to send it higher. And the conversation was also kept alive by the desire of the guests to know and characterize each other. It was a very revealing sort of conversation, in which people's views and reactions on all sorts of subjects were laid bare. Sometimes they got to know one another even too well.

After the woman of the house died, everyone expected, or feared, that the whole thing would come to an end, she had been such a central figure in it. But somehow it didn't. Perhaps it was her paintings, perhaps the many touches she had left everywhere about the house, like the flowers she had embroidered on the napkin holders—wherever one looked, one saw something by her. Or more probably it was that, like anything well founded, it had needed only a start, and, having got it, couldn't help going on. The guests still came; the talk still was lively. Unplanned, even disordered, the conversations found their form. And they were still revealing.

INTO this household the two young women—Mildred and Priscilla—came. At eight o'clock, the dinner bell was rung. They were seated way apart from one another.

"Did you have any adventures on your way down from England?" the elder son, Guido, began, puffing at his pipe.

"None," Priscilla said.

"Any arguments?"

"What is he, a policeman?" his brother said, trying to attenuate the questioning.

"Arguments? Good heavens, no. Why should we argue? We never argue."

"What do you talk about?" Guido asked.

"Oh, the scenery, clothes, cars, other drivers. Books, plays, films, paintings. The knots and hitches of the day. What *does* one talk about? And the weather, of course."

"There are many other things you and I must talk about, Priscilla," he said in a grave voice.

"Must we?" she said, rearing her head.

She spoke in a slightly pert, shrill voice, provocative, and answered questions with a certain flare. Her reactions, sometimes exaggerated, evoked more questions. She seemed to be always on the point of blushing, while Mildred seemed past blushing. They were very different; yet there they were, good friends—had been good friends for years.

"Are your days in England suitably occupied?" Guido said, in a bluff voice. His pipe, which he removed from his mouth only to eat, never to speak, aided him immensely. With it, he could say almost anything.

"Guido," someone said, trying to restrain him. But he looked up musingly, and Mildred and Priscilla laughed.

"No, let him speak," Priscilla said. "That's a perfectly good question. I live on a farm in Kent with my father, who is a retired Navy man—an admiral, actually—and writes. Memoirs. I cook; I look after the farm; I give riding lessons."

"Would your father approve of me?"

"No," his brother said.

"I should think he might," Priscilla said.

"How much do you charge for your lessons?"

"Guido!" his brother said.

"A guinea."

"That's reasonable. Go on," Guido said.

"What else do you want to know about me?"

At last he laughed.

"Priscilla knows a lot about horses," Mildred said. "Knows about them like a vet *and* a cowboy."

"And what is your field of knowledge?" he said, turning to her.

"I teach at a school in Dover."

"Teach what?"

"History."

They answered him with a rather amused look. "I feel like one of my pupils with him; honestly I do," Mildred said.

This was just the effect he wanted to create. "Travels?" he went on, as though he were compiling a *curriculum vitae* of the two.

"Hobbies? Age?" his brother put in.

"Age," Guido said. "Priscilla, how old are you?"

"How old are *you*?"

"What? Don't ask direct questions," he replied, pretending to be ruffled.

"But . . . "

"What? What?" he said, like a professor pressing a student at an examination.

"Don't pay any attention to him," his brother said.

But both girls seemed to enjoy being talked to in that way. Priscilla laughed. She was a bold and independent girl, something about her dauntless and yet shy. A touch-me-not look about her constantly. "Travels," she said. "I spent a year wandering in Afghanistan. In 1963."

"All alone, sleeping out-of-doors,"

Mildred said of her friend, with admiration.

"Were you ever bothered?"

"Never."

"How did you get about?"

"On a horse."

A horsy look suddenly took hold of her whole person—a shiny, russet look. Immediately, one had the impression there was a foal, a filly, at the table.

"Why did you choose to come to Italy rather than go, say, to Spain?" Guido's father, in his seventies, asked her.

"You came to see me, didn't you?" Guido said.

"Of course, Guido. Actually, we never thought of going to Spain, did we, Mildred? It was Italy from the start. Next year, perhaps."

"What, you are not coming back here?"

"I don't think I'd want to go to Spain, with all those bullrings," a young American said, just back from Greece.

"Oh, I think bullfighting's a thrilling spectacle," an American lady said.

"Do you?" Mildred said. "I can't get a thrill out of an animal's pain."

"It's the courage that's thrilling, not the pain," Priscilla said.

"Well, I don't much admire that kind of courage, and I certainly can't ignore the pain," Mildred said, looking at Priscilla with surprise.

"But the bull would be killed anyhow, and in a more cowardly way—slaughtered. They are, you know, everywhere," the American lady said.

"For food, though. Not for fun. I don't think killing should be a form of entertainment," Mildred said.

"Oh, what's the difference?" Priscilla said.

"I think there is a difference. Our whole civilization is based on drawing distinctions, though they may be very subtle."

The two girls looked at one another as if aware for the first time of a discord or difference between them.

The younger brother passed the platter of meat to Mildred. "Won't you have some more?" he said.

"No, thank you. I liked these fried pumpkin flowers. You know, I have a tendency toward being a vegetarian."

"Do you? You never told me that before," Priscilla said. "You've always eaten meat."

"A tendency, I said. I don't want to be strict, or live by any rules."

"But why do you think uprooting a pumpkin is any different from shooting a rabbit?" Priscilla asked her.

"At least from our point of view it's different. Just as there is a difference between killing a man and killing a deer, there is a difference between killing a rabbit and killing a pumpkin plant. The difference is not fundamental, but there is a difference, and an important one."

A WALK IN WÜRZBURG

Passing a dull red college-block
Of the bygone, full-fed, Kaiser time,
When the tribal mercury welled up
Ready to burst, is to wonder if inside
That institute some intent and balding head,
Bored by the strut of the showoff turkey cock,
Used at that time, through steel-rimmed ovals, perhaps
To peer with love, pure love, of finding out;

Is to wonder who now may be tunnelling there
For an unknown vein, or perhaps with the sifting hand
Of an archeologist-in-reverse
Dredging toward a treasure the future hides.
Bombs broke the wigged Baroque only yards away,
But his thoughtful back would be that of a sage
Averted from fractured dreams, unhealable wounds,
Revenges, ruined walls, undruggable nerves.

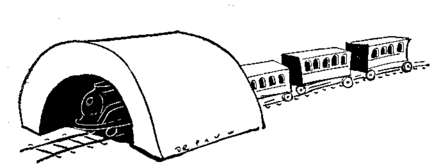
By chance to see an inconspicuous plaque
On that otherwise unadorned wall is to learn
That here, right here, a miracle struck
Which altered us all—as Gutenberg did,
Daguerre, or Freud; is to feel what the pious feel,
Quite carried away to find they face
Unawares a place of sublime prestige,
Where a saint flared out of the chrysalid stage.

Not to have known about this! That here—
That nowhere else in the wasteful, willful,
Death-wishing world—here Röntgen focussed his ray
And the eye first saw right through the skin,
So that now without knives we see what is wrong
Or is going to be wrong. We still need a ray
To coax the delicate wings from the commonplace husk
And detect why the horde we are destroys itself.

—William Plomer

• •

IN the next few days, many familiar topics were brought up. The younger brother was especially good at broaching subjects. It was almost a game with him. He would say a few words, and the subject would be launched, like a balloon. Then he would follow the conversation but hardly take part in it—just follow it and see if it would reach the core of the subject he had broached. Now he said two words, "In Rhodesia . . ." and stopped. Soon all around the table they were talking about Rhodesia and the whole subject of self-government in Africa.



"In some countries, the natives just aren't ready for self-government," Priscilla said at one point.

"But some of the oldest countries," Mildred observed, "right here in Europe, that were supposed to be so civilized, have proved such utter failures."

"I think Mildred is more liberal than Priscilla," Guido said.

The war in Vietnam came under discussion. "Obviously," Priscilla was saying, "there can't be another Munich."

"The Munich lesson!" Mildred said. "History is so full of lessons! The most dangerous thing is learning a single one of them too well, to the exclusion of the others."

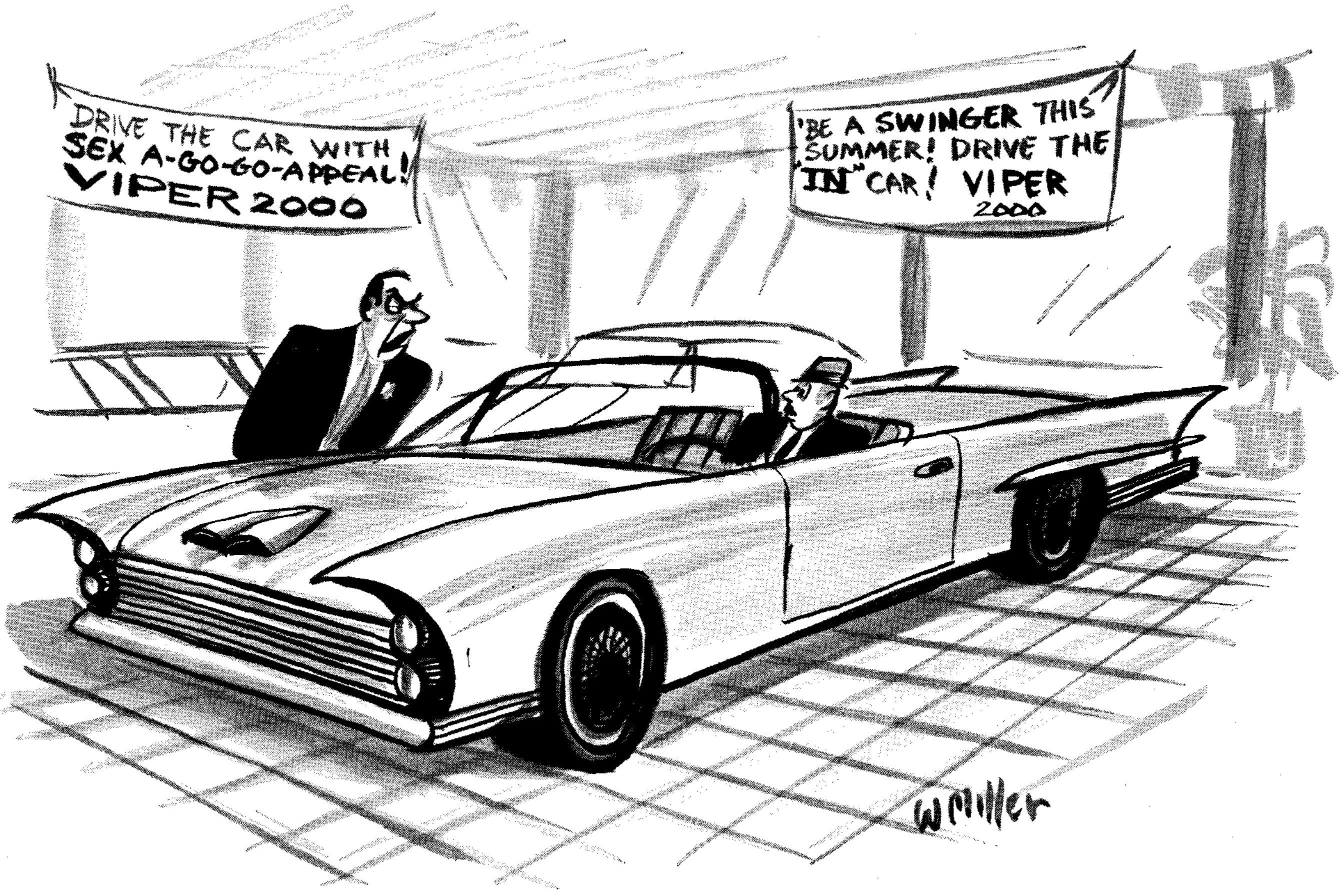
"Do you teach history in a girls' school?" the younger brother asked.

"No, in a boys' school."

"Is there any beating there?"

"I am afraid so—not much of it, luckily, but there is some."

"In girls' schools they don't beat," Priscilla said, "but they have forms of


DRIVE THE CAR WITH SEX A-GO-GO-APPEAL! VIPER 2000
'BE A SWINGER THIS SUMMER! DRIVE THE 'IN' CAR! VIPER 2000
W Miller

"You damn lily-livered safety buffs make me sick!"

• •

punishment that I think are even more cruel, more humiliating, like forcing confessions in public and making them do maddening things—cleaning things that are perfectly clean, and so forth."

"Oh, but physical punishment seems so *absolutely* wrong," Mildred said. "The body is so tender, the most innocent part of us, what we have most in common with the rest of nature. I think there's something almost sacred about the body, something that doesn't wholly belong to us. And it isn't as if, when you are punishing it, you weren't punishing the mind also."

"You must be very much against capital punishment, too, then," the younger brother said.

"Oh, yes indeed," Mildred said.

"I think it should be kept for certain crimes against children," Priscilla said, and her eyes met Mildred's, sharp, surprised.

"Oh, it should be abolished altogether, everywhere," Mildred said flatly.

"Then we'll have murderers coming out of jail and killing again," Priscilla said bitterly and with some scorn.

Mildred looked at her intensely. "Let's worry about the first crime," she said. "Put our efforts into preventing that. The whole system is geared to preventing the second crime from taking place, but it's the first, the first, that shouldn't happen. And neither the death penalty nor any other kind of punishment is going to stop that. I think the whole idea of punishment is wrong."

"Oh, nonsense. Fancy a cowardly, brutal murderer going scot-free."

"No homicide seems so cowardly to me as one sanctioned by the state, its immense machinery making another victim. And life, I think, is sacred. What God has given man has no right to take away."

"God? Do you believe in God?" Priscilla asked her.

"God—or whatever you wish to call the power that manifests itself in every cell and atom."

"I believe in man," Priscilla said. "His power, his authority. And that he has a right to decide to take life if he is in a lawful position of authority."

"Oh, I don't agree," Mildred said. "Anyone who is in a position of force or authority is hateful to me."

"Oh, that's rot; you can't mean that."

"But I do mean it."

"I thought you said you never argued," Guido said.

"We didn't. We never argued," Priscilla said.

"But you seem to have opposite opinions on practically everything. What did you talk about on your way down?"

"Oh, I told you before. A lot of things. But I have the feeling we never talked about anything until we came here."

"And what will you be talking about on your way back?"

"On our way back we shan't *be* talking."

"I daresay we shan't," said Mildred, and there was one of those long silences that make people say there are angels in the air. Then the American lady said, "Let's talk about the weather."

They tried talking of the weather, places, plays, but the air between the two girls didn't clear. Clouds, in the form of arguments about a host of serious subjects, hung about, and would not be dissipated. One felt the clear, the halcyon days were past, would not return. —ARTURO VIVANTE

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Dinners are said to be "formulated from fine Continental recipes" and have the "Kinda Flavor Mama Use'ta Have."
—*Food Engineering.*

About which the less said the better.

MARMEE

OUTSIDE in the dark, the wind stirred and dabbed a little rain on the windows. Dinner was over, and Mr. Mills, having poured himself a brandy and lit his cigar, reposed in the big green chair before the living-room fire, with the Mills' brown poodle on the floor at his feet. Mr. Mills was a long, thin man, into whose straight black hair fine platinum threads had begun to stray. Before dinner, he had exchanged the jacket of his office suit for a red pullover sweater and his shoes for moccasins, and now he slumped in his chair, kicked off his right moccasin, stretched his leg, and placed his foot on the dog, kneading her back. "Good dog," he said; she growled comfortably. Mr. Mills cuddled his brandy glass and narrowed his eyes at the fire.

Wearing something long and red, Mrs. Mills, whose size was average, came in and sat down on the yellow sofa by the fire. She folded her hands in her lap, glanced at the fire, then unfolded her hands, spread them, and stared at them. After a moment, she took a deep breath and said, looking beyond Mr. Mills, "Did you *really* think that steak sauce was so good?"

Mr. Mills remained immobilized. "Um," he said.

Rain tapped the windows and the wind whispered. Mr. Mills closed his eyes.

"Naturally, I know you like steak without *anything*," Mrs. Mills went on. "But I think sauce is nice for a change."

The poodle whimpered; Mr. Mills reassuringly curled his toes into her back, and she was still. Mrs. Mills smoothed her gown over her knees and said, "This is a nice at-home thing. You were right about the color, too. I don't know why I've never worn it before; I guess I just thought that red wouldn't be good on me."

"It looked good on the model," Mr. Mills said.

"Model?" Mrs. Mills repeated. "Oh. Really? What was she like?"

Mr. Mills' mouth dropped open. "Like?" he said. "I don't know what she was like. Some blond cookie. Looked a little like you used to."

Mrs. Mills put her hands to her short brown hair, smoothing it behind her ears with her thumbs. "I didn't know they ever used models to model drip-dry things," she said.

"Um," Mr. Mills said. "I guess they do."

Mrs. Mills picked up one of the full sleeves of her gown and allowed it to fall back by itself. "It's a much better color than the one Maggie Moffit has," she said. "That Jim gave her. Not that hers isn't handsome, you might say. But poison green. And with that skin. But Maggie's always been sallow."

"I'll bet," Mr. Mills said.

"Although I have to say one thing," his wife went on. "That narrow band of mink around the collar is awfully becoming. Very softening."

Mr. Mills' eyes snapped open. "Mink?" he said. "Mink? On something you stay home in? Something to sit around the house in?"

Mrs. Mills shrugged. "Didn't you notice? She wore it at the party. With a single strand of pearls. There's nothing more elegant than pearls and mink. I should think you'd remember—green velvet, tight sleeves, and an A-line skirt? And gold sandals?"

"Remember?" Mr. Mills said. "I don't go around remembering what your friends wear at parties. Why should I?"

"She relates to me, she relates to me not . . ."

"No reason at all," Mrs. Mills said. "Except that I thought you must have noticed how Maggie was dressed. Because you said that she glowed."

Mr. Mills sat up and took his foot off the dog. "I said that? I said that she glowed!"

His wife nodded.

"Well, I'll be damned," Mr. Mills said. Then he put down his cigar, which had gone out, in the large, round ashtray on the table beside his chair. For a moment, he considered his brandy glass thoughtfully. "No, it couldn't have been me," he said.

"It must have been," his wife said. "It was on the way home. You did go home with me, didn't you?"

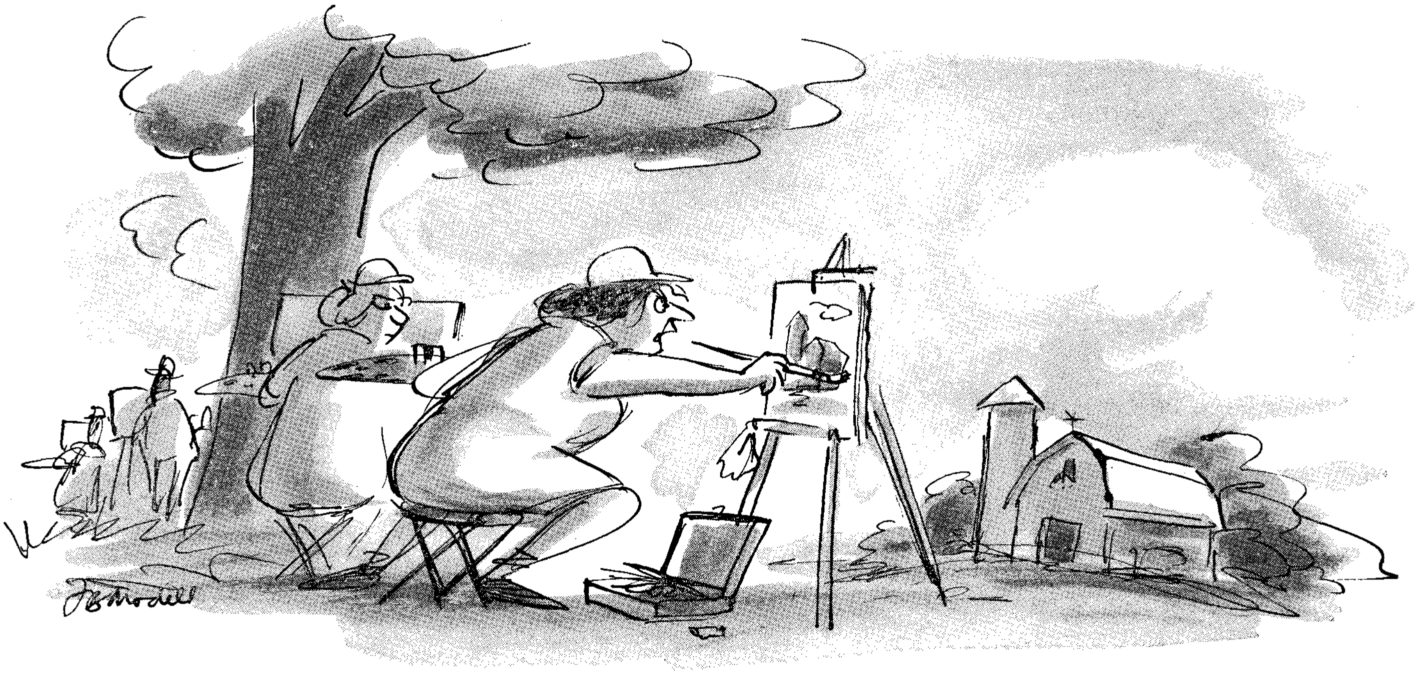
"But—glowed!" her husband repeated. "I don't think that's what I said at all. It doesn't sound at all like me. More likely, I said something else that sounded like it, and you, as you must admit you often do, misunderstood. Glowed." He looked derisive, and then thoughtful, and then he laughed. "I know what I said. Sewed! I probably said I didn't know she *sewed*. I probably thought she'd made that thing she had on." He relaxed, swallowed some of his brandy, and put the glass down. Then he shook his head. "Fascinating, isn't it, how a little thing like misunderstanding a word, one simple word, can give you the entirely wrong impression of— well, of something. Like in this case. And all, probably, because of your left ear, the one you've been having trouble with. Not that it's completely shot, by a long way, but maybe you should get a hearing aid at that, like what's-his-name suggested—one of those little ones that you can hide in your glasses somewhere."

Mrs. Mills wrapped her elbows in her hands. "Why should I have a hearing aid in my glasses?" she said. "I only use them for reading. And when I'm reading I'm not listening."

"Well, yes," her husband said.

"And I can hear perfectly out of my right ear," she went on.

"Ah, but that's the point!" Mr. Mills said. "In the car, you were sitting on my right. *Therefore* your left ear was next to me."



"No wonder paintings are so expensive!"

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"I was driving," Mrs. Mills said.

"Oh," Mr. Mills said. "Oh, well. That's the whole trouble with these late parties. I've said it a thousand times, the thing to do is, do your drinking *before* dinner, and, the instant dinner is over, get *up* and go *home.*"

The fire hissed; Mrs. Mills frowned at it. "Of course, Maggie doesn't have children," Mrs. Mills said. "I guess it's easy enough to glow if you don't have children."

Mr. Mills allowed his chin to drop. He spread his hands, palms up. "My dear girl," he said when he was able to speak. "Motherhood *is* the glow. All over. Show me a woman who has never borne children, and I will show you a woman who definitely does not have about her the aura of fulfillment."

"I don't have to show them to you," Mrs. Mills said. "You apparently know where to find them for yourself."

Mr. Mills slid slowly down the back of his chair.

"Oh, for God's sake," he said. "Come *on.* Here we have a good fire going and the whole, uncluttered evening before us—just the two of us—and a reputable bottle of brandy. I mean, what else is there?"

"I hate brandy," his wife said. "And you know it."

Mr. Mills picked up his cigar, put a match to it, and puffed. "Would you like to get out of the house, then?" he said. "Let's see what's playing at the Cinema; we could catch the second show."

"The children are all having tests tomorrow," Mrs. Mills said. "I have to check them to see that they're doing a little work for a change and not lying on their transistor radios." She sighed. Then she got up, moved the fire screen, and, picking up the poker, nudged one of the logs. At her touch, all three logs shifted; the flames disappeared, and white smoke flooded the fireplace. Mr. Mills came over, and, with one sure stroke of the poker, restored the logs, which flared into flame. He put the poker down, replaced the screen, and strolled back to his chair.

Mrs. Mills stood with her back to the fire, her head raised, her hands crossed in front of her. "Mothers are on their way out," she said.

Mr. Mills examined his cigar. "So are good cigars," he said. "As a matter of fact, we are all on our way out, the way things are going. You see, don't you, that if you are going to be absurd, I will be, too?" He settled back in his chair and faced his wife. "Who said so?"

"Who *said* it?" Mrs. Mills repeated. "Why, everybody says it. You can't pick up a paper or a magazine these days that doesn't say it. And now doctors are even recommending it."

"Oh, well, they'll say anything," Mr. Mills said wisely. "The best course is to ignore them, unless you're sick. But I guess I really don't know what you're talking about."

"I just told you," his wife said. "After a woman has had children and given them a good start—got them on their feet, as it were—there is no longer any excuse for her. She is simply taking up space. One doctor has even suggested euthanasia."

"Are you sure you don't mean anesthesia?" her husband said. "I can scarcely believe— Do you know what you are saying?"

"I do indeed," Mrs. Mills said. "Oh, they explain why. They describe what happens to the mother after she— well, after she has passed her first youth."

"For God's sake, what?" Mr. Mills asked in alarm.

Mrs. Mills looked steadily at the floor. "They begin to dry up," she said, "and then to shrink."

"I'm not sure we should even discuss this," Mr. Mills said, reaching for his brandy and holding it close to him. "Doesn't it happen to men, too?"

"I suppose something does," his wife said. "But they manage to keep it out of the papers."

Mr. Mills put his foot on the poodle, who opened her eyes, caressed his foot with her ear, licked his ankle, and went back to sleep.

"Mothers," Mrs. Mills continued, "in their middle years get lumps of fat across their shoulders, the papers say. Then they begin to dry up. And to shrivel up. And then—" She took a deep breath.

"And then?" her husband asked.

"And then they begin to itch," Mrs. Mills said.

"God," her husband said, and swallowed some brandy.

"I simply mean," Mrs. Mills said,

“how would you like to be a mother?”

“I'd hate it,” Mr. Mills said quickly.

“How would you like,” she went on, “to spend most of your adult years in the center of a plot of ground you can call your own, surrounded by small children, hemmed in by frozen snow or slush in the winter, soggy lawns in the spring, chinch bugs in the summer, and acres of old, sour leaves in the fall? And then have all these people tell you that you can go now, we're through with you, goodbye. Out!”

“*I* don't say that,” Mr. Mills said. “You act as if everything was my fault. Why don't you fight back?”

“We do,” Mrs. Mills said, folding her arms in front of her. “We try. Many of my friends are going back to college.”

“Good God!” Mr. Mills said. “Really? Why on earth are they doing that? I thought most of your friends had already been to college once!”

“But that was when we were younger,” Mrs. Mills said. “It was a lot different. New things come up all the time. I read about a woman who went back to college so she could learn to discuss current events in an informed way; she felt then her children wouldn't be bored by her.”

“Oh, well,” Mr. Mills said. “I suppose at that it's a lot better than staying home and scratching.” He swirled his brandy. “I suppose in a sense it takes the place of going home to mother. By the way, whatever happened to that?”

Mrs. Mills shrugged. “Mother isn't there anymore,” she said. “And you know it. She got out. Most of my friends' mothers have moved to small apartments, where there isn't room for the family anymore. Or they are away on cruises. Or they are dead.”

“Hmm,” Mr. Mills said, looking stunned. “All along, I've supposed that mothers were *the* great thing. They certainly are in everyday life—and in books. And plays, and so on.”

Mrs. Mills said, “Starting with Hamlet's mother?”

Her husband frowned. “That was different.”

She raised her eyebrows. “All right, how about children's books?” she said. “The literature we were brought up on.”

Mr. Mills looked puzzled. “I don't really remember many mothers in the books I read when I was a kid,” he said. “But then, they were mostly boys' books.”

“You are quite right,” Mrs. Mills said. “Mothers, as they have been depicted for years, are mostly sick, crazy, or dead.”

NOTES FOR THE CHART IN 306

The bubbles soar and die in the sterile bottle
Hanging upside down on the bedside lamppost.
Food and drink
Seep quietly through the needle strapped to the hand.
The arm welcomes the sting of mosquito hypodermic—
Conveyor of morphia, the comforter.
Here's drowsiness, here's lassitude, here's nothingness,
Sedation *in excelsis*.
The clouded mind would stray into oblivion
But for the grackle-squawk of the box in the hall,
The insistent call for a faceless goblin horde
Of sorcerers, vivisectionists, body-snatchers.
Dr. Polyp is summoned,
Dr. Gobbo and Dr. Prodigy,
Dr. Tortoise, Dr. Sawdust, and Dr. Mary Poppins,
La belle dame sans merci.
Now it's Dr. Bandarlog and Dr. Bacteria,
And last of all, the terrifying one,
Dodger Thomas.
And there is no lock on the door.
On the third day, the goblins are driven off
To the operating room beneath the hill.
Dr. Vandeleur routs gibbering Bandarlog,
Bacteria flees before swarthy Dr. Bagderian.
Sawdust and Polyp yield to Saunders and Pollitt,
And it's Porter instead of Tortoise who knocks at the door.
He will test the blood, not drain it.
The eerie impostors are gone, all gone but one—
Dodger Thomas.
I know he is lurking somewhere in a shadow.
Dodger Thomas.
I've never met him, but old friends have.
I know his habit:
He enters without knocking.

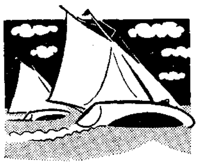
—Ogden Nash

• •

“Oh, come on,” Mr. Mills said, slumping again. “I simply don't know what to say.”

“Well, I do,” his wife said. “There is no longer room in the world for the mother; nobody has ever known what to do with her after the children have arrived. She is just in the way.”

Mr. Mills reached down and scratched his ankle. “Now, listen,” he said. “*Who* feels like that about mothers? One of the most famous songs ever written is ‘Mother Machree.’ My God, people still get tears in their eyes just listening to it. Reminds them of their own mothers—the one you can always depend on, the one who will always love you no matter what happens. I always liked that song myself.”



Mrs. Mills looked toward her husband as if he had just disappeared. “Sing it,” she said.

“Well, I can't sing it, but I can say it,” her husband said. “I think. It goes, ‘Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair . . .’ ” He hesitated, and squinted his eyes as if to see the words better. “ ‘And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care’ and so forth. You know.” He paused.

“So far, what do we have?” his wife said. “A gray-haired woman, her face a mass of lines from worrying about the family, her hands gnarled and shrivelled from taking care of them—and guess how old she probably was. Between forty and fifty. And what was her future, what good was *she*—sitting around keening, on a soft diet, taking up space? And, by the way, where do you think Father Machree was all this time? I'll take a guess: hanging around a local pub, drooling over the colleens— What do you call them? Cookies?”

Mr. Mills allowed his arms to drop beside the chair. “What is it you want, my dear?” he asked softly.

“Well, I suppose the first thing is not to be regarded simply as leftovers,” his wife said, “to feel that we have some right to go on living after we

reach our middle years, to be as important as men."

"But everyone knows you are every bit as important," Mr. Mills said. "Women are beginning to be recognized more and more. I don't think they have such a bad time. Just the other day there was that case of the young woman, mother of six, who murdered her husband. Now, they didn't make any point of her being a woman; she's going to get the electric chair anyway, just the same as if she was a man. Isn't *that* equal rights?"

"It may be the first chance she's had in years to sit down," Mrs. Mills said. "And you're not funny. Let us go back to the books we were raised on; I'll begin. Where was Sarah Crewe's mother? Dead. Where was Elsie Dinsmore's mother? Died six weeks after Elsie was born. Where was the Little Colonel's mother? The Little Lame Prince's mother, Dolorez? She died in childbirth—that's life *imitating* art. And what happened to Clara Copperfield Murdstone?" Mrs. Mills paused. "All right, then I had children," she went on, "and when the girls began on the Nancy Drew books, I looked them over, too, and guess where Mrs. Drew was? In her grave. I asked the boys, your sons, about this the other day. Want to know what they said?"

"I'll fix their wagon," Mr. Mills said viciously.

"Well, Freddy said he couldn't remember anything about mothers, but he thought there was one in the Hardy Boys series. Then he said, and I quote, 'I don't think she's dead, but she's not an outstanding figure in the series.' And Robin's mother is dead."

"Robin?" Mr. Mills whispered.

"Batman's ward, of course," his wife replied.

Mr. Mills put his thumb to his mouth and bit on it reminiscently. "I can't give you any examples offhand from my own reading when I was a kid," he said. "But I remember a line, although I don't know why—maybe because there was this comfortable feeling I got from it. It went, ‘While I was young, *I* lived upon my mother's milk.’ ” He paused. “Hmm.”

“I don't know what book you're talking about, but it sounds like a true story,” Mrs. Mills said. “Why can't you tell me more?”

“I don't seem to remember,” her husband said.

“Of course you can,” Mrs. Mills said.

Mr. Mills stared at the dog. “Oh, well, all right,” he said. “ ‘While I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass.’ ”

Mrs. Mills nodded. “I always liked ‘Black Beauty,’ too,” she said. Mr. Mills eyed the fire; the brown poodle moaned in her sleep; wind and rain snapped at the windows. “I'm surprised,” she went on, “that you haven't reminded me that the mother has staged a recent comeback on television. As a second-hand car.”

Mrs. Mills turned her back to the fire, and, taller than usual, began to move toward the stairs. Mr. Mills sat up and grasped his cigar firmly. “No, just a minute,” he said. “There's a mother we haven't talked about. Somebody we all know. I took the girls to see the movie once, when they revived it, or whatever they do. ‘Little Women.’ *There* was a woman who had a place in the world and in everyone's heart. I looked through the book after I'd seen the movie—you could say I was curious. Why, I kept asking myself, if this was such a great book, why hadn't Disney made the film? Although I don't know what even he would have done with the mother—what was her name?”

Mrs. Mills stopped with one foot on the first stair. “Marmee,” she said.

“Right,” her husband said. He took a large swallow of brandy. “Marmee.” He sighed. “What a life. You think *you* have a hard time. Think it over, cookie. What about Marmee?”

His wife turned. “What are you talking about? Marmee was a happy woman,” she said. “Nobody wanted to throw *her* away.”

Mr. Mills puffed at his cigar and sent smoke curling in front of his face. “I thought she did pretty well, too,” he said. “Considering how the girls turned out.”

“How the *girls* turned out?” Mrs. Mills said. “They were wonderful children.”

Mr. Mills considered his cigar. “All right, that's what you think,” he said. “But I don't mind telling you I had other ideas. I can't remember their names, but you begin, girl by girl, chronologically, if you will, and let me say what I think.”

Mrs. Mills took her foot off the stair, turned, and regarded her husband as if he had just materialized. “Meg,” she said.

“The first one,” Mr. Mills said. “Um. A silly little teen-ager who spent most of her time being jealous of other girls' clothes. Fell in love with and married a no-good man with no prospects and no future, and of course right off the bat had a baby—twins, if I remember correctly.”

“Jo,” Mrs. Mills said coldly.

Her husband scratched his chin with his thumb. “A real mess,” he said. “And more than an ordinary problem. A girl like that today would not be given the gentle name of tomboy, and I think you know what I mean. Furthermore, and undoubtedly in order to disguise her real tendencies, she up and marries another poor man—but, in her case, a man twice her age. *And* a foreigner.”

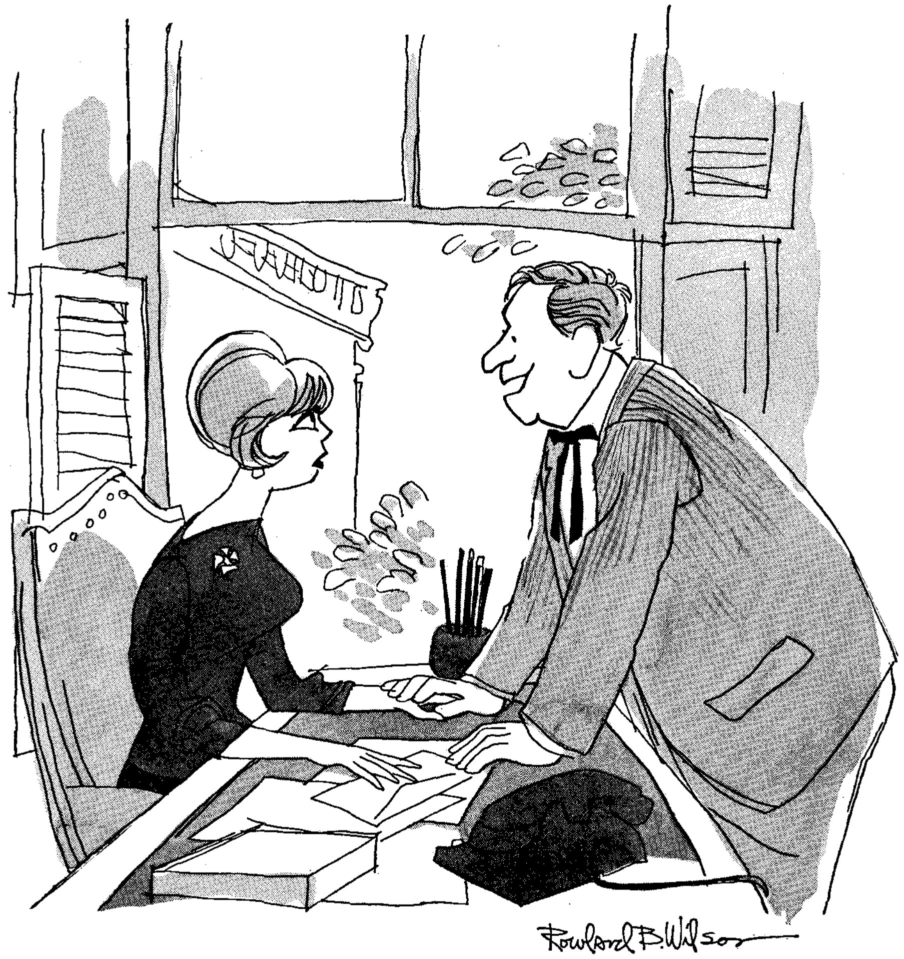
“Beth,” Mrs. Mills said carefully.

Her husband frowned. “Yes, Beth,” he said. “Let's say that if she had been living in our time, there might have been a cure for her disease. And the last one?”

Mrs. Mills did not take her eyes off her husband. “Amy,” she said.

“Ah, yes, Amy,” he said. “Raised in a good Christian household, and what does she do? Goes bohemian. Turns to art. Raised in love, and then she marries a rich boy who admittedly doesn't love her. Or she him. One of the coolest arrangements I've ever heard of. But then I suppose she'd heard that it was just as easy to love—if I may use the word loosely—a rich man as a poor man. Quite frankly, and all things considered, I thought they were a miserable lot.” Mr. Mills gazed up from his chair at Mrs. Mills. “But look at Marmee,” he said. “*She* kept her chin up. If you ask me, there aren't many Marmees in the world; I sometimes doubt that there are any left at all.”

—Katinka Loeser



“Miss Burkholtz, what do you suppose the Founding Fathers, in their wisdom, meant by the pursuit of happiness?”

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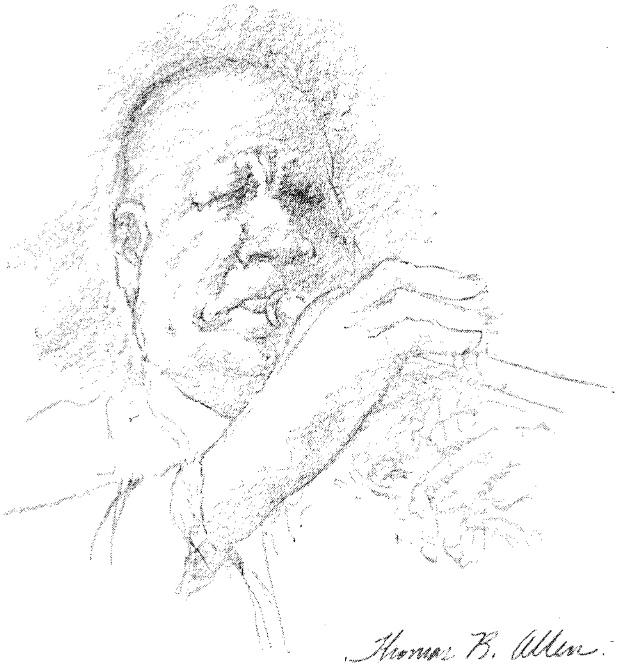
1. The HOUSEHOLE TAX for the second half of 1965 . . . will be collected from April 16, 1966 to May 15, 1966, in Taipei.—*Taipei (Taiwan) China Post.*

The mice pay it.

PROFILES

THE BLUES IS A SLOW STORY

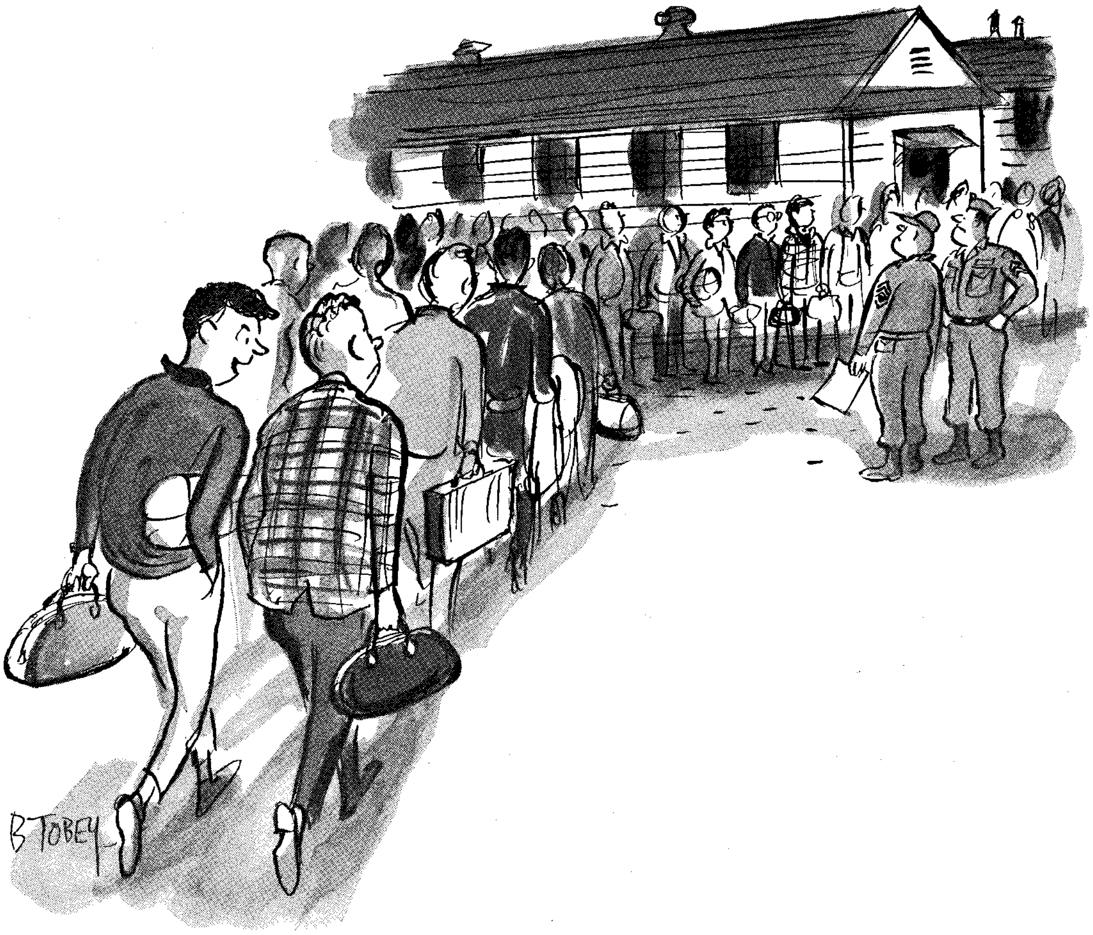
ONE of the high points of the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival was reached during the final afternoon concert, when Henry (Red) Allen, the fifty-eight-year-old New Orleans trumpeter and singer, unintentionally "cut" the three equally celebrated trumpeters who were appearing with him. But it was an uphill effort. All four trumpeters—Clark Terry, Rex Stewart, and Dizzy Gillespie were the others—played in the first number, and Allen came off poorly. His solo was strained and full of fluffs, and his generally ebullient, almost vaudeville stage manner was distracted and uncertain. The next number was even less complimentary. In the middle of it, Gillespie and Terry, joined by the singer Jon Hendricks, broke into some nonsense lyrics; Allen, who is one of the redoubtable jazz singers, was unaccountably left standing alone at the back of the stage, his trumpet swinging idly from crossed hands, a bleak smile on his face. But when Allen played again, after a slick, technically perfect Terry number, he suddenly became himself. His characteristic long melodic lines were now airborne, and his tone had taken on its usual crackle. It was a slow blues, and in it he constructed three august choruses, sang as many more in a high, husky voice, then closed the number with a climactic, high-noted chorus. That night, Allen, who had arrived from New York just the day before, flew home. Little else in the weekend matched him.



Red Allen

Allen's ugly-duckling-into-swan performance at Monterey stayed in my mind, and several months later, when I heard that he was nearing the end of a short engagement at Jimmy Ryan's, on West Fifty-fourth Street, I called him at his apartment, in the Bronx, and told him I would like to talk to him. His voice was hoarse and singsongy: "Nice. I have to go up to Providence week after next, but I'm not working next week. Why don't you stop up Wednesday, and we'll have a taste, and Pearlie May, my wife, can put a little spread on for us. Take the No. 5 Dyre Avenue train on the Lexington Avenue and get off at Freeman. I'll meet you. Look for me across the street from the bank. I have a blue Cadillac."

Allen is something of a wonder in jazz. He is, along with Zutty Singleton and Louis Armstrong, among the last of the first-rate New Orleans musicians still at large, and he is the only New Orleans musician who, barring a few stops and starts, has continued to develop. His playing has in recent years been increasingly subtle, and there are suggestions in it that he may listen to such modernists as Miles Davis and Art Farmer. His style was fully formed by 1929. Armstrong hovered in its background, but Allen's originality dominated it. It was an elegant and primitive and fearless style, and it was perfectly balanced. His full, often declamatory tone was suitably crimped by growls or piercing high notes; his basically legato approach was enlivened by rushes of on-the-beat notes; his seemingly straightforward melodic content was enriched by long, sagacious phrases and by a daring choice of notes. Allen was particularly striking at slow tempos. He would linger over his notes, holding them far longer than any other trumpeter, and he would bend them and press them, coloring them with a distinct and disturbing melancholy. His slow solos were often requiems. But this sadness, which lifted at faster tempos, was invariably toughened and guided by a subtle, leashed power. By 1934, he had become a full-fledged innovator; indeed, in the recordings he made with Fletcher Henderson he is a one-man avant-garde—a credit only recently granted him. His solos are full of long, roving lines, unexpected off-notes, and free rhythmic turns. It is the sort of I-can-get-all-this-out-in-one-phrase improvising that was perfected five or six years later by Lester Young and Charlie Christian and that still sounds absolutely fresh. Some of Allen's solos with Henderson had such completeness and authority that they were studied assiduously a few years later by Harry James when he was with Benny Goodman, and several were scored for whole sections of the Henderson band. Allen's playing changed in the forties. It became brassy and harsh, and his unevenness, theretofore occasional, became pronounced. He would start a solo with a beautiful, languorous phrase, pause, lose the impetus of it, and wander off into an entirely different mood. But this uncertainty began to lessen in the early fifties, and in 1957 he made a startling recording for Victor. It included several long ballads, and Allen converted each one into a luxurious hymn. He flowed around his horn (bulging lower-register notes—almost trombone notes—would be planted beside soft, high flutters), and the blues underlay almost every passage. He has made equally good recordings since, and gorgeous patches appear in every solo he takes in night clubs or at concerts, no matter how hard he is blowing. Allen has much in common with Pee Wee Russell. Both appear to be inimitable and both have long been lumped with the wrong musical schools—Russell with the Chicagoans and Allen with New Orleans jazz. Both are, in reality, advanced swing musicians who play best in fast, original company. Allen was invariably at ease within the big swing bands of the thirties, and he has since led a variety of comfortable small swing bands. He has recorded well with Russell, and, like Russell,



"Look at it this way. We're being accepted by the In group."

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he would be at home with Thelonious Monk.

WHEN I came down the stairs from the subway platform late that Wednesday morning, I spotted Allen's car immediately. It was new and dusty blue, and its license plate read "RA 67." Allen was seated behind the wheel reading the *Daily News*. He smiled and we shook hands and I got in. He was wearing a dark-blue fedora with a turned-up narrow brim, a brown sports shirt, and brown slacks. He made a leisurely U-turn, stopped at a traffic light, and headed west toward Prospect Avenue. He drove quickly, frequently tapping out light, staccato bursts on his horn, and humming a nameless melody. I asked him how Monterey had felt. He shook his head and fired off a horn burst. "Whoof! I got smothered out there," he said. "Flew all the way out and back just to play two numbers, with nobody telling me anything or giving me any chance to talk with the drummer and bass player, tell them what little things I'd like to do. The piano player didn't even show up, and Gillespie had to sit in for him. The only reason I called for the blues was I figured everyone would know that. What happened was the drummer and bassist tried to play *my* way, *my* style. It should be the other way around. I always try and fit myself to the guys I'm sitting in with. But I was happy to have the chance to get on there."

Allen turned into Prospect Avenue, a wide street that is flanked in his block with houses, some of them wood, and low apartment buildings. He made another U-turn and parked across the street from a five-story yellow brick building. "There it is," he said. "We got a little climb to make. Five flights." Allen rang his apartment bell downstairs and started up at a fast pace. He is tall and has become portly in recent years, but he was not winded when we reached the Allens' floor. He pushed his doorbell and there was a thumping sound inside. A muffled voice said, "Is that you, Allen?"

"I'm here, Pearlie May. Open up." There were more confused sounds and the word "doing" came through the door. Allen chuckled. "She's putting the dog away. He's a big white German shepherd that we call White Fang after another White Fang we had, and he'll jump all over you, cover you with hair. But he's a fine watchdog. When I come in late, I ring the bell downstairs and Pearlie May lets him out and he runs down to meet me."

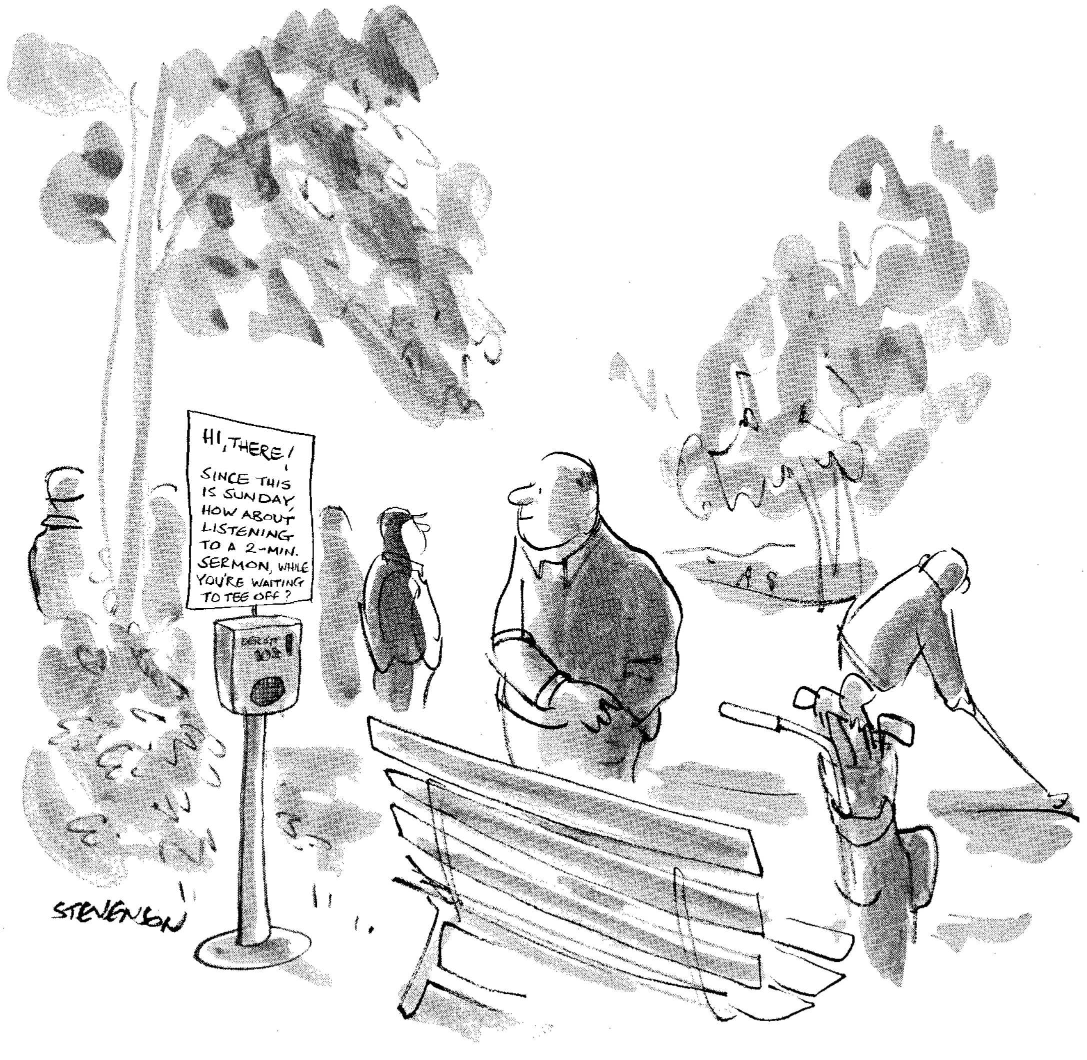
A chain rattled and the door opened. Mrs. Allen, who is short and plump and has a round, pretty face, was fastening the top button of a house dress. Allen introduced us, and she said, "Lord, that dog is so *cur*ious. Wants to see what everybody looks like comes in the house, and then sits all over them. I put him in the bathroom, where he won't bother anyone."

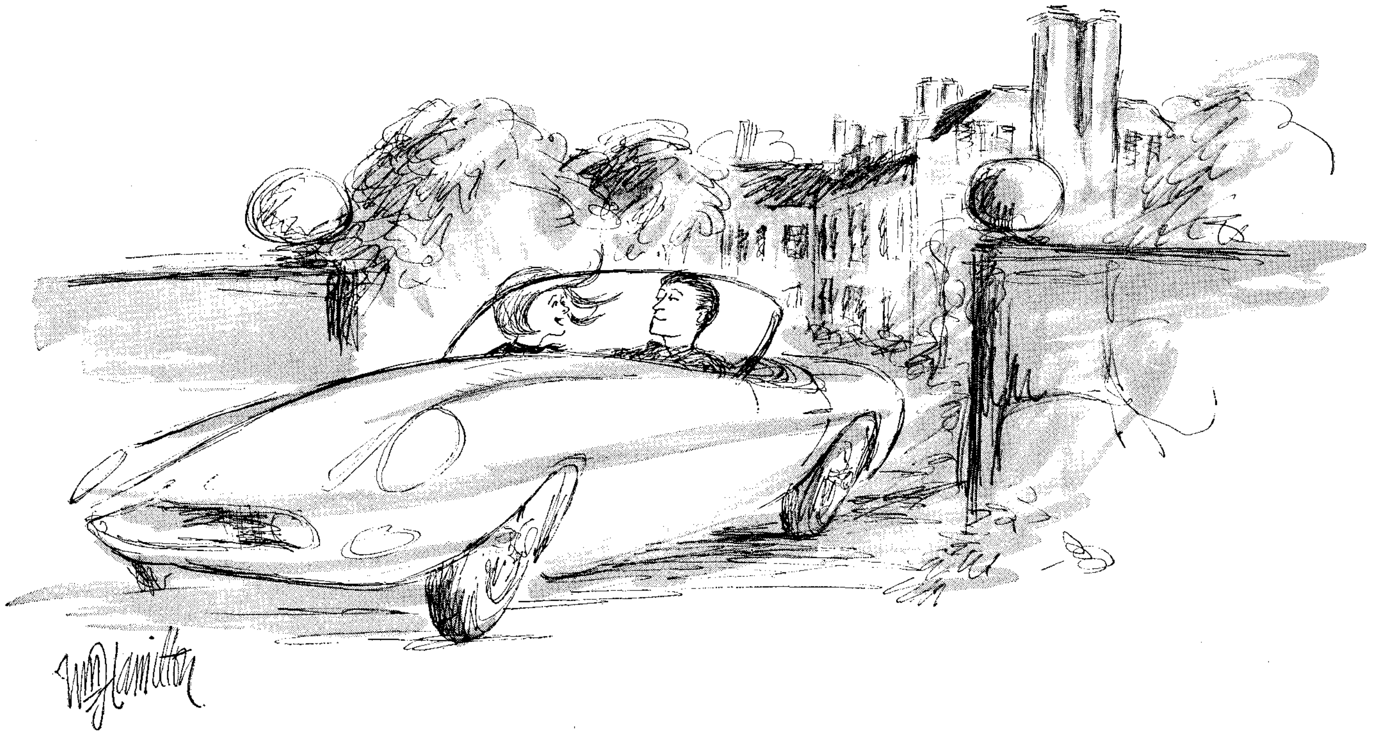
Mrs. Allen stepped back, and Allen led the way down a short, dark hall and past a small, cheerful kitchen. A rather bleary impressionistic painting of Allen hung by the kitchen door, and farther along, on the opposite wall, there was a large counteracting photograph of a thin, young, smooth-faced Allen dressed in a tight, dapper double-breasted suit and holding an extremely long trumpet. A small room with a day bed and a television set and a couple of chairs was at the end of the hall, and opening out of the hall to the left, behind glass doors, was a larger room. Allen ushered me in. "This is the front room, which is what we call the parlor. I'll close the doors to keep out the dog." The room had a small green sofa, several red chairs, and two end tables. A silver tea service and a pair of tall orange china swans were on one of the tables. A dark abstract painting hung on one wall, and another painting of Allen across from it. On the wall near the doors were two plates, one with the message "God Bless This Allen Home." The Venetian blinds at the only window were down, but the slats were open. The room was in pleasant half-light.

Allen sat down heavily in one of the chairs, his legs spread wide, his toes pointing in. His face is a study in basset melancholy. He has a high, narrow forehead and thin, dark hair. A single, ironbound furrow runs across the lower part of his forehead, and it seems to weigh on his eyes, which are heavily lidded and slant down at their outer corners. Two deep furrows bracket his generous nose and his mouth, and he has a cleft chin. His cheeks are heavy but firm. His smile is surprising; it easily lifts and lights the mass around it. His speech, I had already noticed, resembles the odd, watered-down version of the Brooklyn accent that is found in New Orleans and St. Louis. He is apt to start sentences with "der"—in the manner of the French "*donc*"—or to use it to fill a pause. Moreover, words like "rehearsal" and "bird" are pronounced "rehoisal" and "boid." Allen yawned, tweaked his nose, and rested his thick, square hands on his thighs. "I don't think I've felt as unsettled as I did at Monterey since my first visits to New York in the late twenties," he said. "My first was in 1927, when King Oliver called for me to come and meet him. I was leery of leaving New Orleans. I'd heard of too many New Orleans musicians getting stranded up in the North. But I went because Oliver had worked in my dad's brass band. It was my first time away from home. I was an only child and I'd had a lot of care. I wasn't accustomed to taking things to the laundry and making my own bed. I couldn't get used to it. I lived in a boarding house with Omer Simeon and Barney Bigard and Paul Barbarin, New Orleans friends and all in Oliver's band. Then I moved in with Oliver and his sister. Oliver and I stayed together like father and son. I used to kid with him all the time and imitate the grand marshal in one of the parades back home, and he'd laugh so hard he'd cry. His teeth had gone bad by then and he wasn't playing much, so I'd take most of the solos at the Savoy, where we were appearing, and pretty soon people started calling me King Oliver. Then Oliver was supposed to go into the Cotton Club, but somebody brainwashed him about the money, telling him he should get more, so he didn't take the job. Duke Ellington, who was just starting out, did, and that was the beginning of *that* story. Oliver's band was booked into a park in Baltimore, but we had rough luck there with weather, and that job didn't work out, either. When we got back to New York, I couldn't take it anymore. I made my first record—with Clarence Williams—and the next day I took off for home. I'd saved my fare money—kept it in my shoe—so I didn't have to send to my father for money. I was only gone two months and I was happy to get back. Even the coffee was bad in New York. In New Orleans it was so strong it stained the cup, but I drank so much of it I got headaches if I didn't drink it. In New York I drank the same amount, but the headaches just got worse, so I gave it up. And I don't drink much of it to this day, unless I'm in New Orleans on a visit."

THERE was a commotion in the hall, and White Fang appeared outside the glass doors. Mrs. Allen grabbed him by the collar and started pulling him back toward the kitchen. Allen laughed. "Let him be, Pearlie May!" he shouted. "Just put that chair against the door so's he can't get in." Mrs. Allen wedged a chair under the door handle. She shook a finger at the dog, and said, "You want to come out, you act like a grown boy." The dog sat down, his nose pressed against the glass. He stared at me a long time, then he stared at Allen, and then he jumped up on the chair and resumed his vigil.

"I joined Fate Marable's band when I got back," Allen said. "Fate worked the riverboats on the Streckfus line, and during the winter we'd stay in New Orleans and play one-nighters. Go up the river a little way and turn around and come back. When it warmed up, we'd head for St. Louis and stop at towns along the way and dock and play dances on the boat. We stayed in St. Louis about three months, and though we played on the boat we lived in the city. You had to go out and find a room—which was called every tub on its bottom, or being on your own. There were some rough places in St. Louis. The Chauffeurs' Club was so bad they built a fence of chicken wire around the bandstand to protect the musicians when fights broke out. In 1929, I started getting letters and wires from New York. Luis Russell, who had been with Oliver when I was and who had the band now, wrote me to join him, and Duke Ellington wired me. I knew most of the people with Russell. Pops Foster, who'd been a longshoreman with my father, was on bass; Charlie Holmes was on alto; and old Paul Barbarin, who had instigated my joining Oliver in 1927, was on drums. I knew about J. C. Higginbotham, on trombone, and I'd heard of Bill Coleman and Otis Johnson, who were on trumpets. So I told Russell yes, and turned down Ellington. Barney Bigard


HI, THERE!
SINCE THIS IS SUNDAY, HOW ABOUT LISTENING TO A 2-MIN. SERMON, WHILE YOU'RE WAITING TO TEE OFF?
DEPOSIT 10¢
STEVENSON

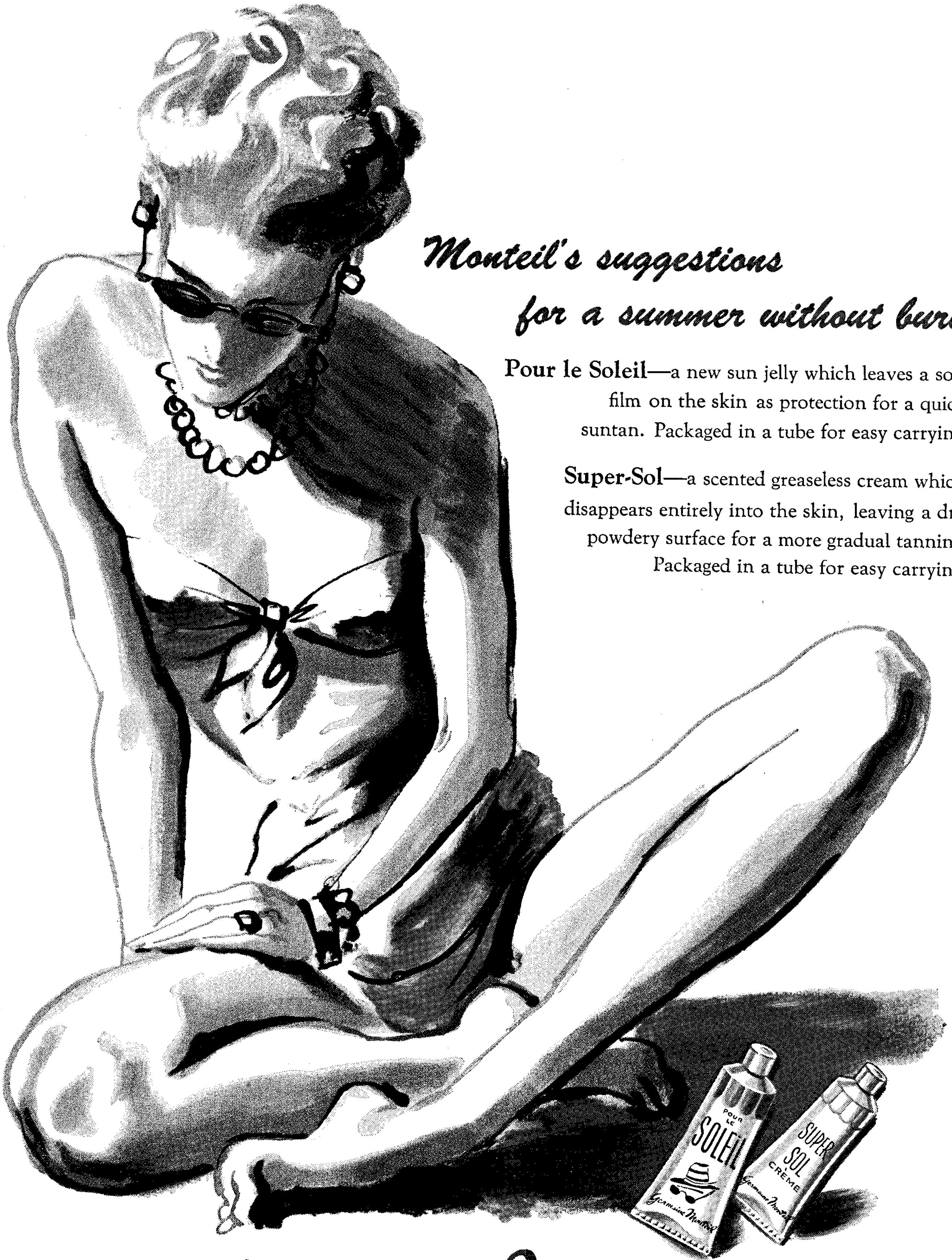


"Gee, Frank, don't you just love living in a period of extended economic boom?"

• •

was the only person I knew in his band. I believe he hired Cootie Williams instead. Fate Marable said O.K., I could go. He also said, 'Red'—that was a nickname given me because I was light-skinned and my face got red when I blew—'Red, if you see my man Jelly Roll Morton, tell him hello. He used to work for me, you know.' The first time I ran into Jelly in New York, I gave him the message. Well, Jelly Roll had a lot of posing and hot air in him, always saying things like 'My car is so long I got to go over to Central Park to turn it around,' and he just stood there and looked around and after a while he said, 'Oh, Fate *Mar*able. He had this big old band that wasn't doing *nothing* and so one time I let him use my name to help him out.' " Allen laughed and rubbed his hands together. White Fang was on the hall floor, asleep.

"That first week back in New York was scary," Allen went on. "Teddy Hill, who played tenor for Russell, met me at the train and took me straight to the Roseland Ballroom, where the band was playing. I was to learn it was the kind of band that hung out like a family. It had brotherly love going. It was also the most swinging band in New York. It put the audiences in an uproar. One of the reasons was rhythm. Ellington had switched from tuba to bass and from banjo to guitar, and so had Russell. All the New York bass players were taking lessons from Pops Foster, and they even began carrying their basses on their shoulders, like the New Orleans men. Before that, you'd see them in the street carrying that fiddle in front of them in their arms like a baby. Russell did most of the arrangements, and whenever you took a solo there was a lot of fire up and down the band. But it wasn't Russell that made me nervous that first week. It was the after-hours jam sessions. I'd heard a lot about them and about the 'cutting' contests and I didn't know if I'd make it or not. I couldn't look to alcohol or tobacco for support, either. My father had never allowed me to drink or smoke, and I obeyed him. I don't believe I took my first strong drink until the forties, and I still don't smoke. I hadn't been in New York but a day or two when Alphonse Steele, who was a drummer, began taking me to the sessions at the Rhythm Club, on a Hundred and Thirty-second Street. He used to be a Paul Revere, sending around the news of sessions and announcing a new man in town. They would have trumpet nights and trombone nights and saxophone nights at the Rhythm Club. The first sessions I went to, every trumpeter was there—Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Ward Pinkett, Freddy Jenkins, Sidney de Paris. I don't believe Joe Smith showed up, but I learned later that when he did you were really in the lion's mouth. Whoever was on piano decided on the key and set the tempo, and then everyone soloed. If you wanted extra choruses, you stomped your foot. The applause decided the winner." Allen laughed. "I guess I did all right, because I'm still in New York. But those sessions were more than just outblowing someone. They were the only way of getting noticed, they were our publicity. If you made a good appearance, stood on your own, the word got around, and that's where the jobs come from. If you lost out too often, you just wouldn't make it. There were challenges all the time. One night, Big Green challenged Higginbotham. It was late, so Big Green went back to the Saratoga Club, where he was working, to get his horn and had to break down the door, which was locked. He came on back and I believe Higgy took care of him. Another time, the St. Louis clarinettist Thornton Blue—'the reputed Blue,' he called himself—took on Prince Robinson and Omer Simeon and Buster Bailey. When Buster got going on 'Tiger Rag,' that sealed it up. I heard Rex Stewart and Bix Beiderbecke battle, but, all due respect for the dead, Rex must have been in better form that night. And of course the bands battled all the time—at the Roseland and the Savoy and the Renaissance. And white musicians came up from downtown to sit in or listen: Jack Teagarden and the Dorseys and Krupa and Red Nichols and Goodman and Bunny Berigan. And there were breakfast dances at Small's Paradise, which began around four or five in the morning and went on half the day. I'd developed a strong embouchure on the riverboats,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where the hours were long, so I could stand it."

THERE was muffled barking, and two little girls in school uniforms appeared outside the doors. "Oh, that's nice," Allen said, and smiled. "Here's the grands, home from school. Their address is with my son and his wife, who are only four blocks away, but they practically live here. They come by every day to do their homework and spend the night. They only go home Saturdays, but their parents stop in most every day, too. That way we get to see them. The grands call Pearlie May 'Mama' and me 'Papa.' " The taller girl opened one of the doors and came in and kissed Allen. "This is Alcornette," Allen said. "She's eleven. Pearlie May's maiden name is Alcorn, and of course there had to be some mention of a trumpet or cornet. And this is Juretta. She's named after my mother. She's six. They go to a Catholic school nearby. Go change your clothes and get on that homework. Alcornette, ask Mama can we have some ice and two glasses. And close the door. We'll have a little taste, a little Scotcherini.

"I stayed with the Russell band until 1933, when I got a telegram from Fletcher Henderson asking me to meet him at a drugstore uptown. Russell Smith, who played trumpet with him, mainly persuaded me to join. I didn't like leaving the Luis Russell band, which was my home. But I guess Henderson offered me more money, and it was *the* band. Most of the arrangements were by Fletcher or Horace, his brother, and they were in difficult keys—D natural and the like. I'd learned all the keys in New Orleans by playing along with records set at every different speed. Each speed would put the music in a new key. I'd try all kinds of things with Fletcher, loafing through the channel of a number like 'Yeah Man,' with the result that Horace liked what I'd done so much he wrote it out for the brass. Horace would just sketch out the chords for new numbers and you could skate on that. I got accustomed to him. Take my thirty-one bars, or whatever, and get out. I was with the band for a year, and during that time Coleman Hawkins left and Lester Young replaced him. He only stayed a couple of weeks. He had a light tone and it just didn't fit with the arrangements, which called for a rich, deep sound. But I was happy for Lester to be in the band, because his father and my father had played together in New Orleans. Ben Webster took his place. I got ninety dollars a week when I joined, and I made something on the side with small-band dates for Brunswick. They paid a hundred dollars a date. I picked the men—mostly from Henderson's band—and we made popular things like 'Red Sails in the Sunset' and 'If I Could Be Twins' and 'Boots and Saddle.' They sold very well in Europe. Fletcher always had money, even when he said he didn't. It seems he had these special pockets—a two-dollar pocket, a five-, a ten-. Because whenever you asked him for a slight advance he'd go to such-and-such a pocket and bring out just the amount. In 1934, things got bad. Henderson couldn't find work. The Mills Blue Rhythm Band, which was fronted by Lucky Millinder, was having trouble, too, but when Lucky sent for Higgy and Buster Bailey and me, we went. Irving Mills made the proposition of making me the leader of the Blue Rhythm Band, but I couldn't see cutting in on Lucky. I was satisfied to be what I was. Every band I'd been in I'd been featured. I got good money and didn't have the headaches. It's not so easy to relax when you're the leader. Imagine, you have fifteen or sixteen minds going you have to control. I joined Louis Armstrong's big band in 1937, which was like coming home again, because it was still the old Russell band, but expanded. Higgy came with me. Louis was very good to me. He gave me little solo parts here and there. In fact, it was just the other month Louis and Lucille Armstrong climbed these five flights to come and see me. They'd heard something had happened to me, but it was only rumor. We had a fine dinner together."

Mrs. Allen put a bowl of ice, two Old-Fashioned glasses, and a bottle of Scotch on a table. Allen poured two fingers into each glass and added ice and handed me one. "You hungry, Allen?" Mrs. Allen asked. "I got something coming up in a few minutes." She leaned into the next room, where Juretta and Alcornette were. "Now hurry up and change those clothes," she said. "And, Alcornette, when you finish, set up that card table in the front room."

"I eat around two o'clock in the evening and after work," Allen said. He poured a little water in his glass and took a sip and coughed. "Even though I got to be a leader, the forties were all right for me. John Hammond arranged for me to see Barney Josephson, the owner of Café Society Downtown. We weren't doing all that much work with Louis, so I formed my own

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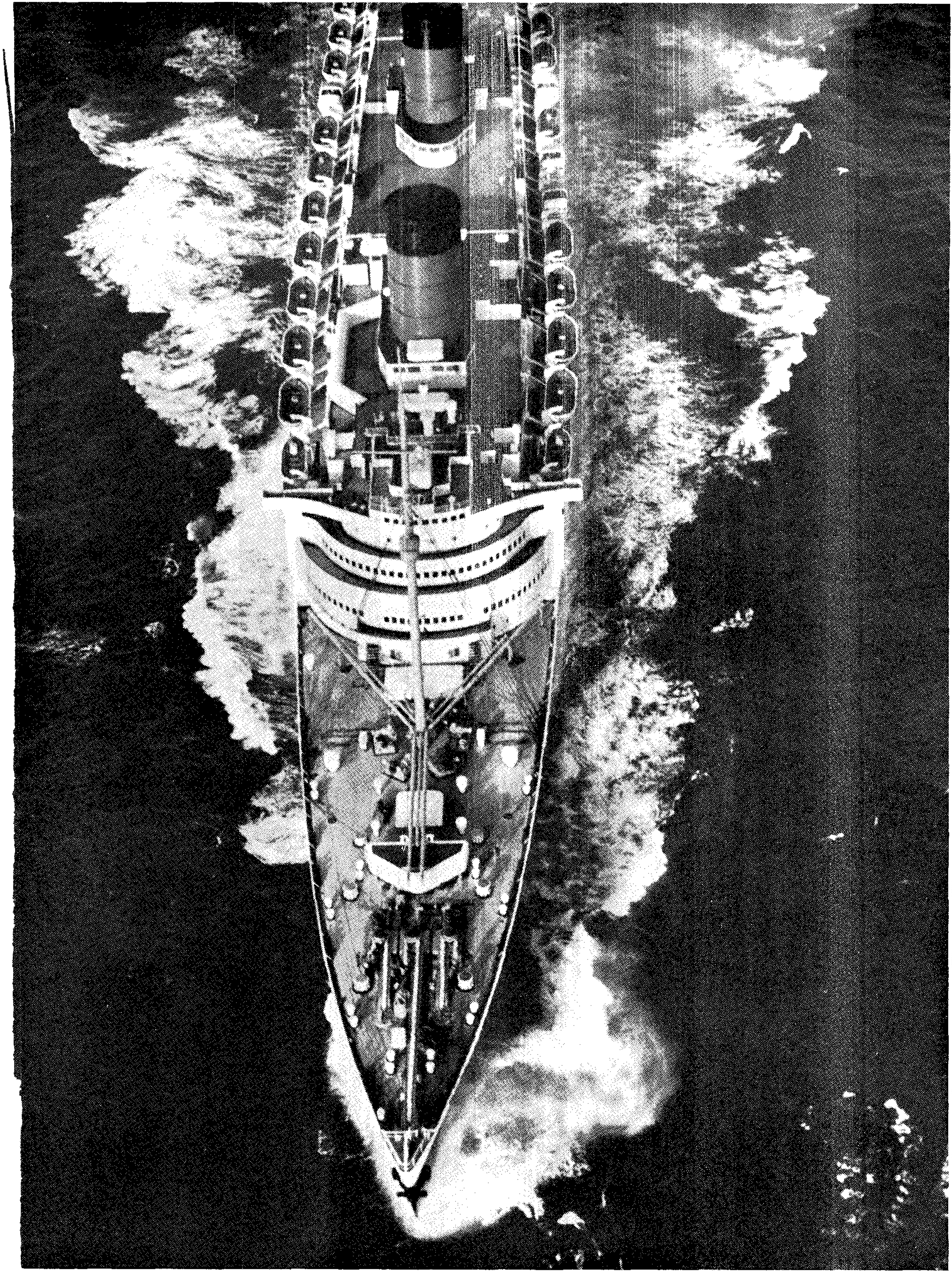

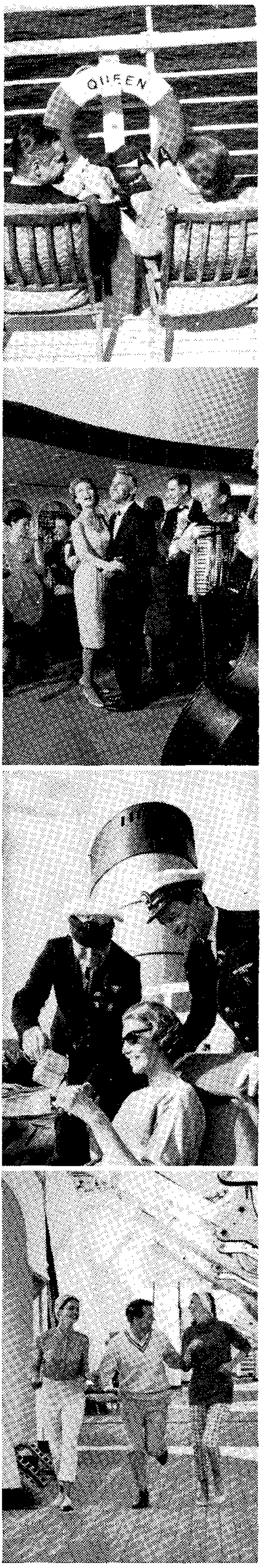

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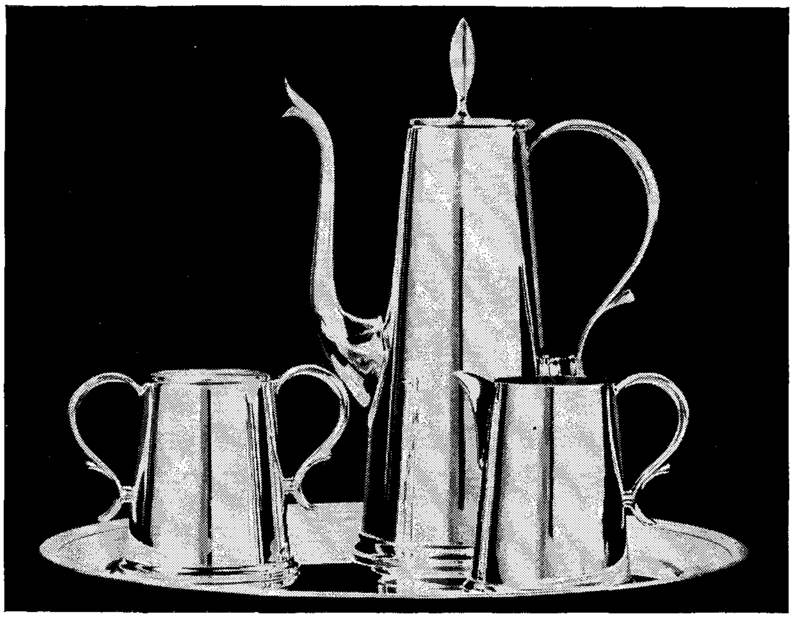

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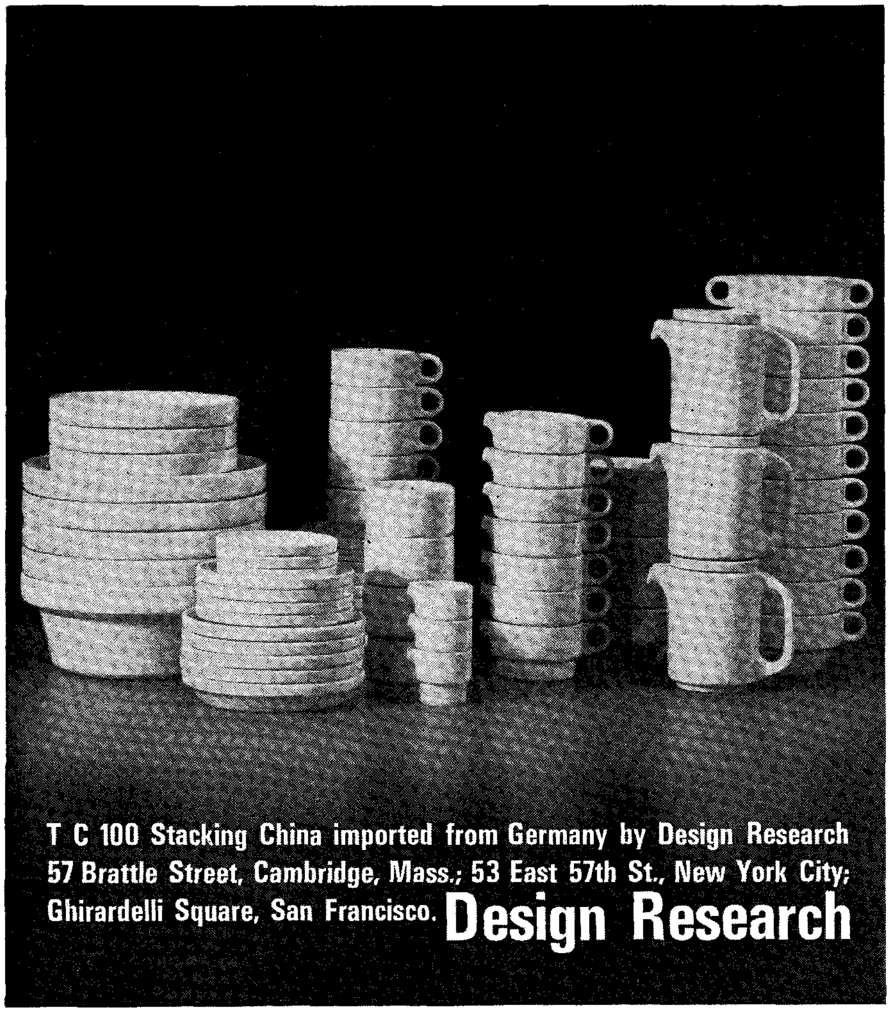

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group in 1940, with Higgy and Edmond Hall. We were at Café Society a year with people like Pete Johnson and Billie Holiday and Art Tatum and Hazel Scott and Lena Horne, who was in the chorus at the Cotton Club in 1934, when I played there. I took the band to Boston from Café Society for a long gig at the Ken Club. Sidney Bechet played with us. Don Stovall replaced Edmond Hall, and Kenny Clarke came in on drums, and later Paul Barbarin. We had another long stay at the Down Beat Room in Chicago, where we worked with Billie again. She missed a lot of shows and so we'd use a girl named Ruth Jones, who was always hanging around waiting for the chance to sing. I'd announce her—burlesque style—as Dynamite Washington, which later became Dinah when she joined Lionel Hampton. I added Ben Webster to the band. Later, we worked in San Francisco, and in Salt Lake City and at the Onyx and Kelly's Stable on Fifty-second Street, and back to Chicago and to Boston. They were all long engagements. I went into the Metropole in 1954. I had Higgy and Buster Bailey and Cozy Cole, and I took Claude Hopkins out of deep freeze and put him on piano. It was a seven-year gig. The owners of the Metropole were very good to me. *They* didn't make us play loud. It was the people. We'd try a soft number or two, and they'd say, 'Now what's the matter with you, Red? You sick or something?' And we'd go up again."

Juretta sidled into the room and handed Allen some schoolwork papers. He held them at arm's length, read through them slowly, and handed them back. He smiled. "That's just fine, darlin'. Lovely. You go and finish now." Alcornette brought in a card table, and Allen heaved himself to his feet and helped her set it up. Then he walked around the room, peered through the Venetian blind, and went back to his chair.

Mrs. Allen called from the kitchen, "Alcornette, put on that white tablecloth that's in the chest in your room! And set some plates and glasses and napkins for two, please!"

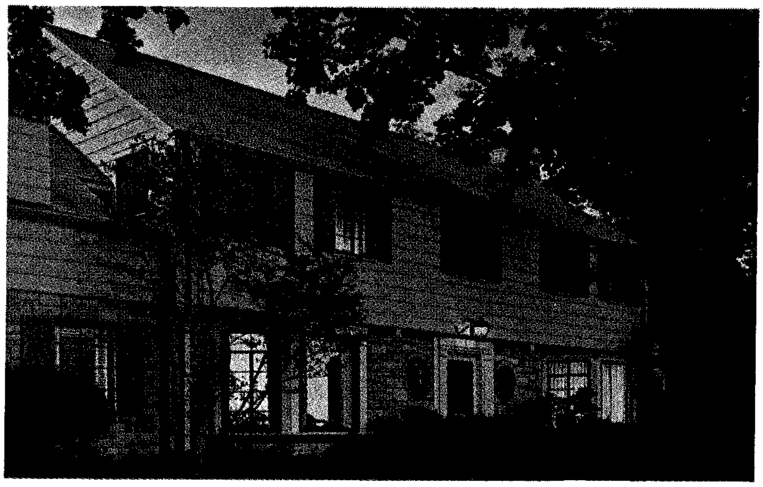
"You got some peppers, Pearlie May?" Allen called.

"I got them right here, Allen," she replied.

I asked Allen how much influence Louis Armstrong—the most influential of all jazz musicians—had had on his work.

"The most influence Louis had on me was on the records he made in

Tonight in Winnetka, Illinois



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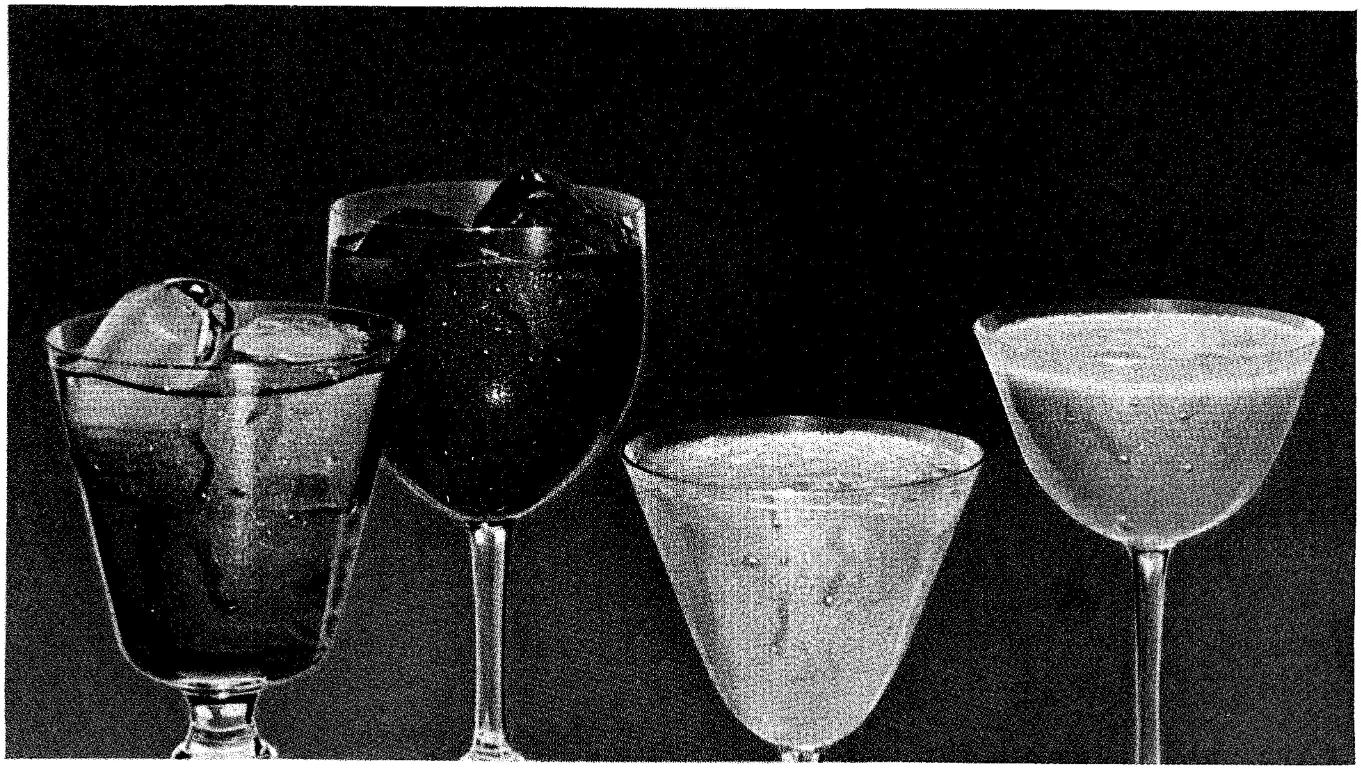

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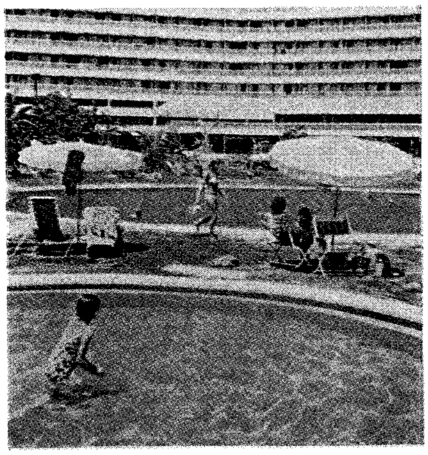

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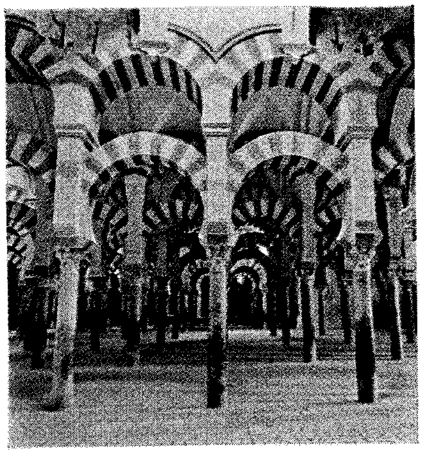

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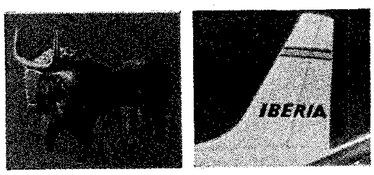

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the twenties—the 'Savoy Blues,' 'Cornet Chop Suey.' We used to learn those numbers from the recordings in New Orleans. And I'd hear Whiteman recordings that Mr. Streckfus brought back from New York with him. I also listened to people in New Orleans like Buddy Petit and Chris Kelly, who never recorded. And to Kid Rena and Punch Miller. Rena was the first trumpeter I ever heard play high. Those things worked together to make my style, and the rest was me. When you play, so many things work together. You have your brain. You have your fingers. You have your breathing. You have your embouchure. Playing, it's like somebody making your lip speak, making it say things he thinks. I concentrate a couple of bars ahead at all times. You have to have an idea of where you are going. You have more expression of feeling in the blues. And you have more time. The blues is a slow story. The feeling of the beautiful things that happen to you is in the blues. They come out in the horn. You play blues, it's a home language, like two friends talking. It's the language everybody understands. You can inject into people with the instrument, I think. I've had nights when it was better than others, but I've been a little fortunate in my loving to play so much."

Mrs. Allen brought in a platter of fried chicken and a dish of boiled cabbage. She put a jar of pickled hot peppers between them. Allen grunted, pulled his chair up to the table, and helped himself. "Bring some of that Rheingold, please, Pearlie." He turned to me. "Try a hot pepper. Birds' eyes, we call them. My aunt just sent them from New Orleans. It's what they make Tabasco Sauce from. People live on hot peppers and mustard and garlic in New Orleans."

I bit into a tiny olive-colored pepper. Waves of scalding heat filled my mouth and went up my nose, and my eyes watered. I gulped down some beer and sucked in some air, which felt icy. "You eat them with every meal, you get used to them," Mrs. Allen said. She was standing arms akimbo. Juretta stood beside her, staring at the chicken. "All right, a *small* piece," Mrs. Allen said. "Otherwise, you'll ruin your supper. And don't chew all over the carpet."

"I visit my mother and my aunt in New Orleans every year," Allen said. "My mother is eighty-two and spry. She still lives in the house where I was born, at 414 Newton Street, in Algiers, which is to New Orleans what the Bronx is to New York. My father

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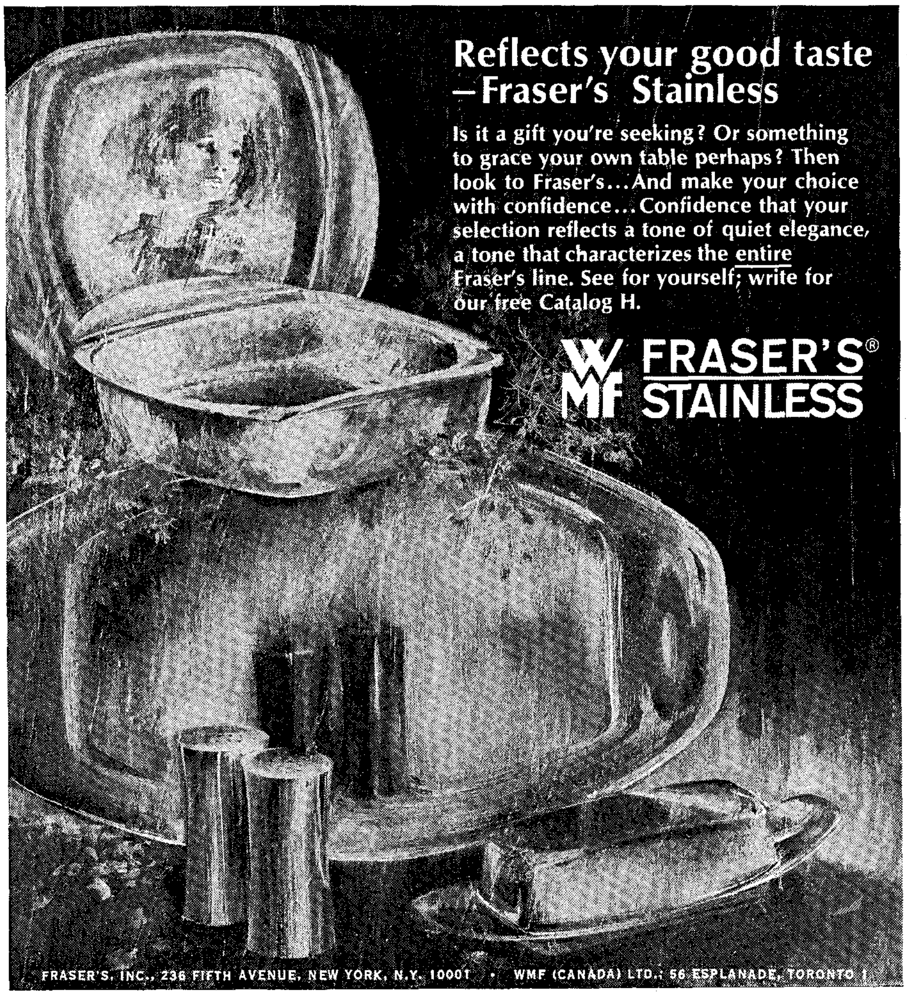
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passed in 1952. He was seventy-five. He was born in Lockport, Louisiana. Everyone was in his brass band at one time or another—Punch Miller, Papa Celestin, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet. My father played trumpet. His brother Samuel was a bass player, and a younger brother, George, played drums. The band generally had two trombones, three trumpets, a bass horn and a baritone horn, a peck horn, a clarinet, and two drummers. The trombones marched in front, so they wouldn't hit anybody in the back. The bass and the baritone came next, then the clarinet and the peck horn, the trumpets, and then the drummers—bass drum to the left and snare drum to the right. The bass drummer played his drum and a cymbal attached to it, and the other drummer played snares. The two of them got a sound like a regular set of drums. The horn players needed strong embouchures. The roads were rough, and if you stepped into a hole you had to hold on to that horn to not break your notes. Maybe that was the reason King Oliver never marched with the band but always next to it, on the sidewalk, where it was smoother. There were generally parades on Sundays, and of course when there was a decease and for special occasions, like housebuildings and the regular outings of the social clubs. I don't know how many social clubs there were—the Money Wasters, the Square Deals, the Bulls, the West Side Friends of Honor. You paid dues and when you passed, your club paid for a band and for putting you away. The big men belonged to four or five clubs and they'd have four or five bands. My father had six when he passed. If you wasn't a member of any club, they put a saucer on your chest while you lay in the front room, and pretty soon there'd be enough for the proper arrangements. Each club had its own colors and its own banner. In parades, the two men who carried the banner got twenty-five cents apiece, and the man who carried the American flag got fifty cents. And each club had its own button—black on one side and its colors on the other. You'd wear the colors for regular parades and the black for funerals. The men who played in the bands were stonemasons or slaters or plasterers and such, and their jobs would let them off for a funeral. These funerals went according to the Bible—sadness at birth and rejoicing at death. If the deceased belonged to several clubs, he'd generally stay on view in the front room for three or four days to give all his brothers time to pay their respects. If you

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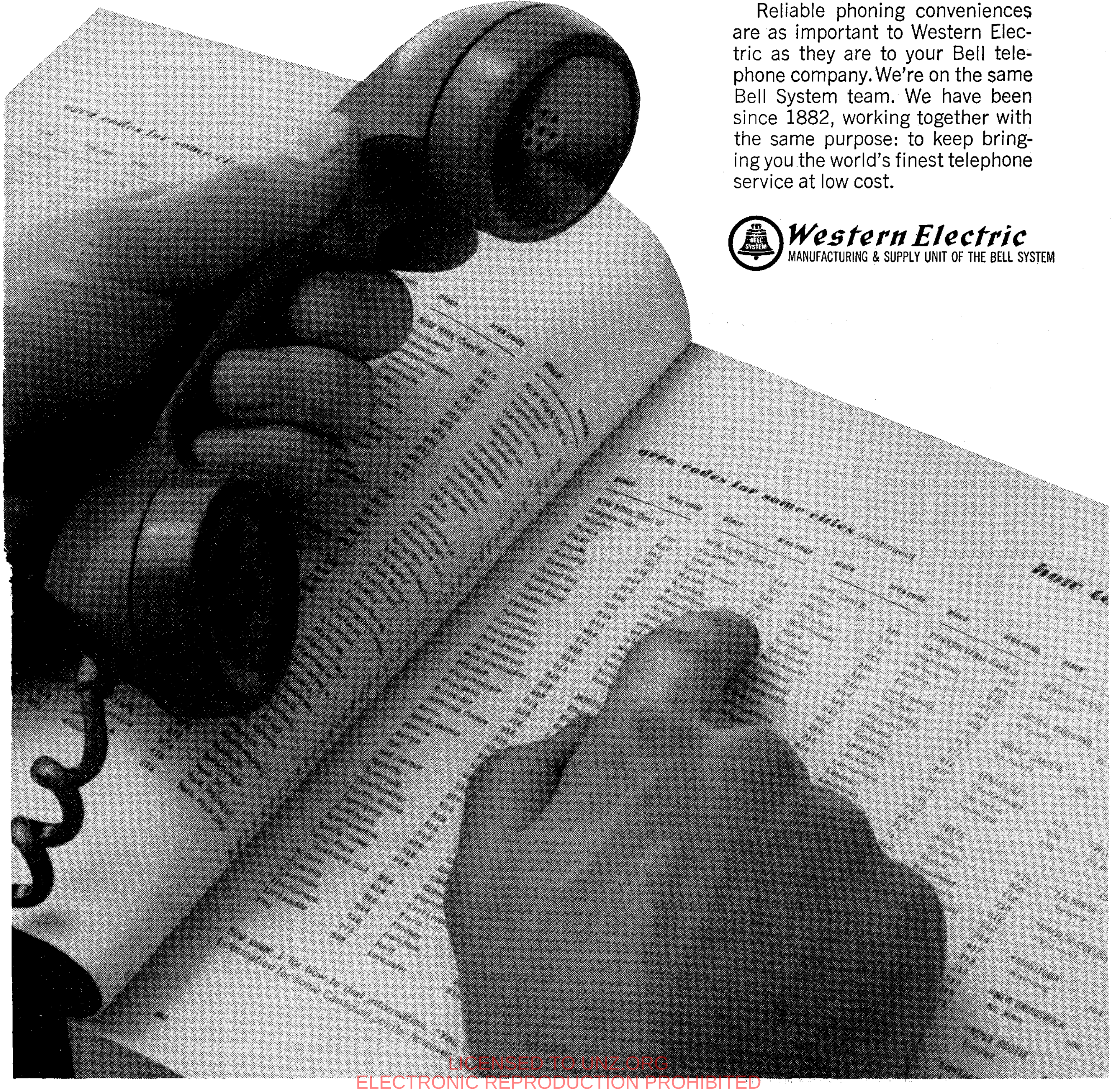

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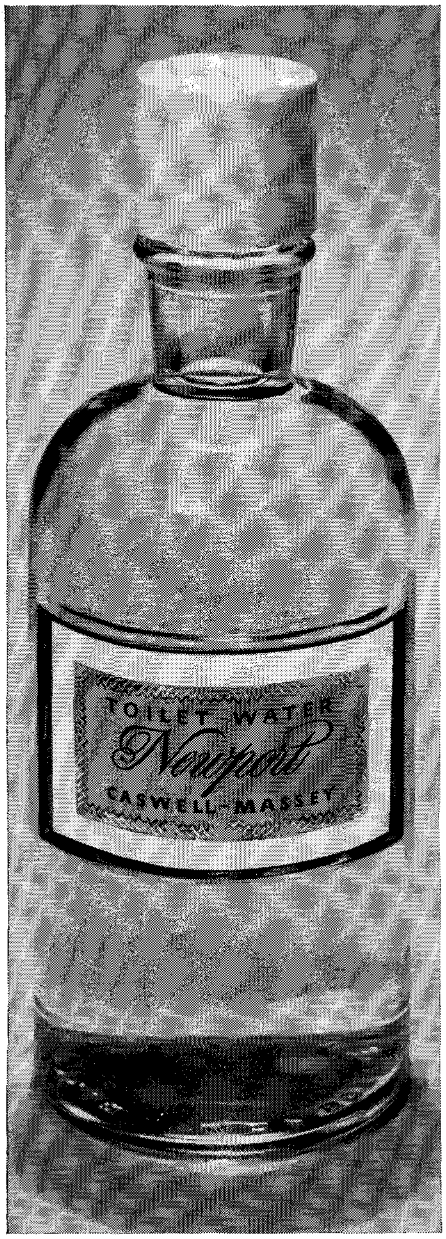

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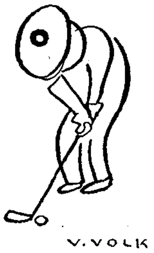
were very sacred, you'd stay with the deceased some while, then you'd go through to the kitchen, where they'd have a bousin [pronounced "booze-anne"], which is a Creole term for a party. There would be gumbo and ham salad and burgundy and sangaree, a kind of punch." Allen helped himself to another piece of chicken and more cabbage.

"On funeral days, the club and the band assembled at the deceased's house and then they'd march to the church," he said. "The band played very slow, very slow. The snare was taken off the snare drum, giving a kettle effect. When the deceased went by, everyone in the street would stop talking and moving and take off their hats and put them over their hearts, and then go back to what they were doing. While everyone was in the church, the musicians sometimes went to a saloon nearby, and it was my job when I was little to run from the church to the saloon when the service was over and get the musicians together. We'd march to the cemetery, and the band would stand in the road and wait until the moans and cries went up, which meant that the preacher was saying 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust' and throwing the dirt on the coffin. Then the drums rolled like thunder and the band would break into a fast 'Oh, Didn't He Ramble' and march back. On a wide avenue, when there was more than one band, the first band would split in half, one half lining up on one side of the avenue and the other on the other side, and the band right behind would march between these lines. The bands would be playing different tunes. Then the second band would split open and the first one would form up again and march through *them.* You could tell by the applause of the onlookers who was best, and the winner would go a roundabout way to the house of the deceased and play there up on the gallery, really swinging, for ten or fifteen minutes, and then go inside and enjoy the bousin. Pearlie May, let me have one more beer!" After shouting to the kitchen, Allen pushed himself back from the table and took a bite of a red pepper the size of his finger.



"Of course, we played at dances, too," he said. "The men in the band would get three dollars apiece and the leader four, and there was a dollar allowed for phone calls and such. And there were building parties. When a man decided to build himself a house, it was like the pioneering days. The members of his club and his neighbors would all gather on a weekend on his plot—wives and children, too. The men would put down the foundation and get the frame up. There would be a few kegs of beer or some home brew—Sweet Lucy or Son Kick Your Mammy—and a band to play. They'd build and eat and build and drink and build and laugh and have a fine bousin. The man whose house was being put up would turn around next time a house had to be built and help with that. At Mardi Gras, musicians got scarce in New Orleans, and a week or so before, my father would hitch up a sulky and travel maybe a hundred miles into the country to round up musicians he'd heard or heard about. He took me when I got big enough. The roads were poor, and we never went too fast for fear the horse's legs might get stoved up or swollen. We'd stop and visit every few miles and spend the night with relatives or friends."

MRS. ALLEN cleared the table and brought two more bottles of beer. Then she went to the window and looked out, her hands clasped behind her. The room was darker and Allen switched on a lamp.

"I started on the violin. My mother preferred it because most of the boys who took up the trumpet got balls in their cheeks and necks from all that blowing. But I'd practice on my father's trumpet, and he'd keep telling me to tell my mother it would be all right, I wouldn't get those balls in my cheeks, and finally she said yes. From the age of eight I played the upright alto—the peck horn—in my father's band. He'd carry me in parades some of the way and then put me down on a corner and I'd play and a little crowd would gather and he'd tell everybody 'Sonny's got it, Sonny's got it.' My first teacher on trumpet was Manuel Manetta, but my father taught me to read. I did pretty nice in school. I had to—my father signed the report cards. He was a serious man, a strict man. I had to obey the New Orleans curfew, which was nine o'clock. It was sounded by a calliope on one of the riverboats. Come nine every evening, you'd see nothing in the streets but children running, this way, that way, like mice. I also indulged in track in high school, and I set up a few records in the cross-country. My father was never rich, but he tried to give me everything I'd think of. At one time, I even had a couple of horses—a pacer, which puts down

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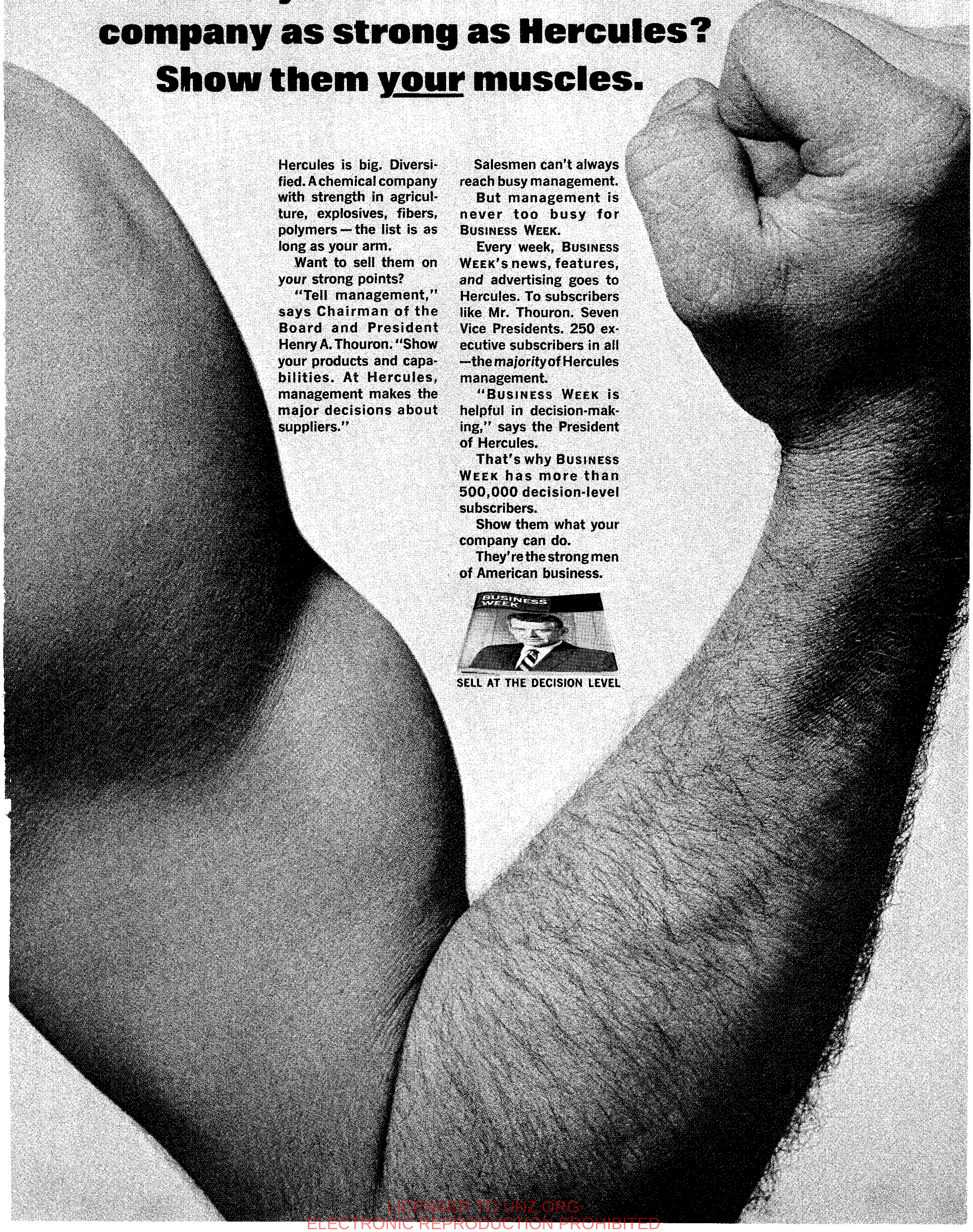

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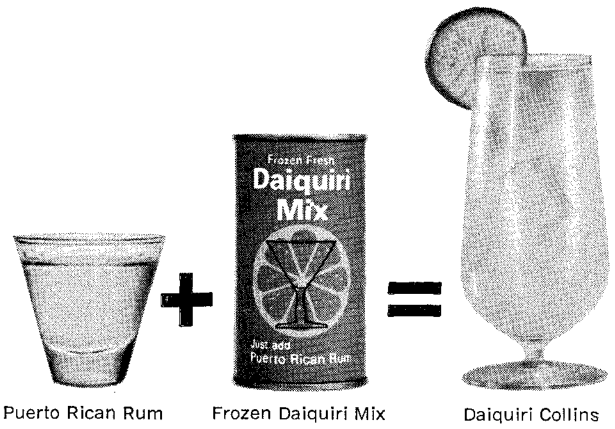
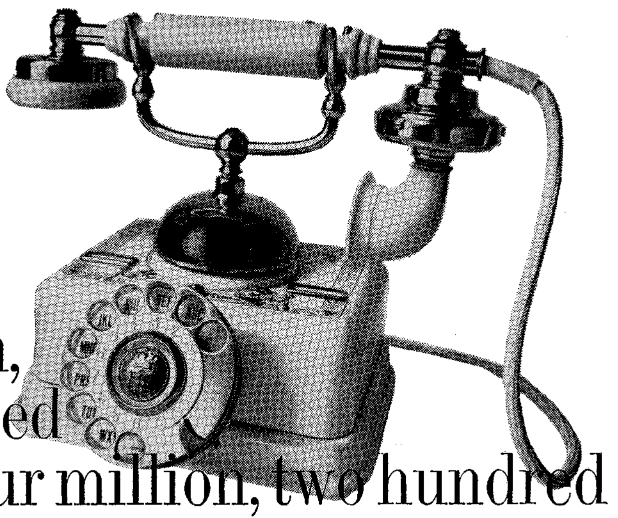

Frozen Fresh
Daiquiri Mix
Just add Puerto Rican Rum
Puerto Rican Rum
Frozen Daiquiri Mix
Daiquiri Collins

two feet at a time, and a racker, which puts down one foot at a time. We were building a neighbor's house once, and I was sent over the canal into the woods to drag back a cross-stile, which was made of six-by-twelve beams, and when my horse got on the bridge over the canal he balked. He wouldn't *move*. I blew a whistle and rang this bell I had, and all of a sudden that horse moved. He moved right into the canal, cross-stile and all, everything mired down in mud. Sometimes I'd go to auctions where they were selling horses and watch the pep man. He stood kind of backstage, and before the horse—it was usually an old nag—came out of the chute to where the people was, the pep man would take a rag soaked in turpentine and whap the horse right across his rump end and that horse would come shooting out of the chute, head up, prancing and looking like a colt, and then, after somebody had bid and bought, he'd sag and his head would go down and he'd look like the used-up horse he was. Some afternoons after school, when my father was still at work, I'd take my horse and ride over to the poolroom—Louis Kohlman's poolroom—and tie him up outside. The horse got so used to the route that once when my father asked me to ride him over to the ferry to New Orleans, the horse got to the corner near the poolroom, and instead of going straight to the ferry he turned the corner, with me pulling and straining at him, and headed right for the poolroom and stopped dead in front of it. My father looked at me and I didn't say anything. He said, 'Sonny, I thought you didn't hang around here.' Then he smiled, and I knew I was off the hook. My father wanted me to be a musician and nothing else, so I was already working in brass bands and in cabarets when I was in my teens. You weren't allowed to wear long pants until you were eighteen; just short pants—knickers they were. Leonard Bocage would bring me home at night, or my father would come and get me. He got so set in the habit that when I visited him not long before he passed and went out somewhere and didn't get home until three or four in the morning, I found him in the front room waiting up for me—and me not a junior anymore but a grown man."

Mrs. Allen was sitting in a chair, her head resting on one hand, watching Allen. "You used to try and get him to stop playing when he got old, Allen."

Allen smiled. "That's right, but you said I was wrong. 'Let him play,' you said. 'It's good for him. He'd suffer



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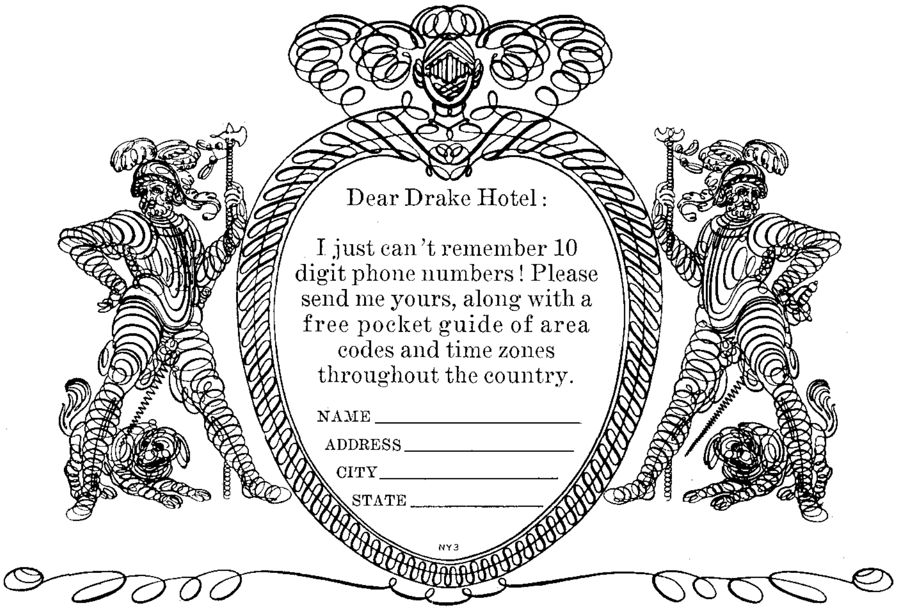

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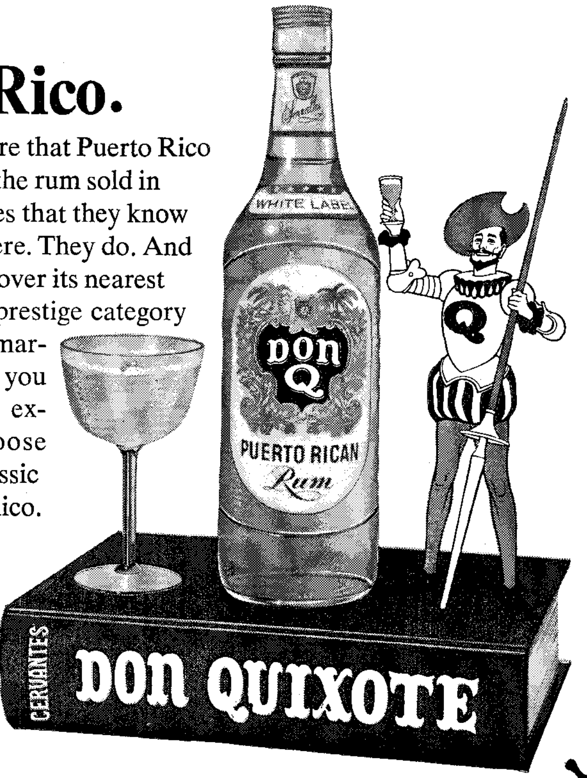

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without it.' He played right up to the end."

"My father died when I was but fourteen," Mrs. Allen said, "and my mother when I was two. I was born a Creole—the last of three children. My father was a slater. New Orleans was famous for its slate steeples, and most of the roofs were slate, too. I went to public schools and then to New Orleans University. My parents were gone, but I had thirteen people on each side of the family, and they contributed to put me through. I took a general course, and then I went to Guillaume College for a business course for two years, and then went to work teaching in Utica, Mississippi, for a year. I was working for an insurance company in New Orleans when I met Allen. He was playing at the Pelican, a ballroom, and I sold tickets there at night. We were married in New York in 1930, and my son Henry—he's our only child—was born in 1931."

"He's been with the New York police for eight or nine years," Allen said. "Before that, he was an M.P. in the Marines in Korea. He plays trumpet, too, and he's good. Pearlie May and I have never been apart much. If I was on the road more than a week, Pearlie May would come and stay. If I was away and had a couple of days off, I'd come home for a quick visit. We're rare ones. Most of the others have been divorced and married three or four times. Pearlie May knows how to carry things on. She's very good brainwise. All my flexible brains are musicwise. She pays the bills and does the taxes. I get the loot."

"If I can close myself up in my room, really get my brain to it, the taxes don't take too long," she said.

"We have relations in Chicago and Michigan and New Orleans, and we have a tremendous phone bill," Allen said.

"A letter's something you keep putting off," Mrs. Allen said. "I'm gonna write, I'm gonna write, I'm gonna write, and then you never do."

"If you do, then you call up the person on the phone and say, 'Oh, here's something I forgot to say in my letter.' "

"We have plans to move out of this neighborhood someday. We've been in this apartment since 1940. Before that, we lived at St. Nicholas Place, around a Hundred and Forty-eighth Street."

"One day, my boy got tagged up there, with a brick," Allen said. "Kids in the street called him out and then dropped a brick on his head from the roof. We lived on the ground

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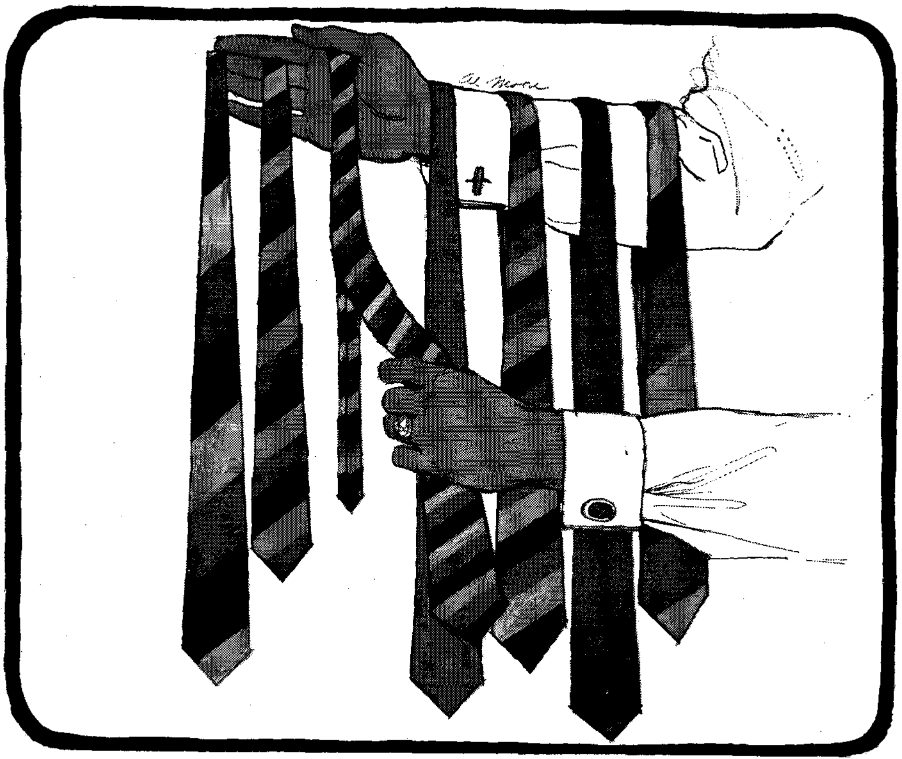
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and we were robbed a couple of times."

"That's why we live on the fifth floor. I like it here. I know everyone in the neighborhood and they know me. People'll carry your groceries up for you and things like that. Allen can leave his car unlocked, and if he's parked on the wrong side of the street someone calls up and tells him he better move, the policeman's coming."

I asked Allen if he planned to retire.

He chuckled. "When I pass is when I retire," he said. "I love to play; that horn is good for me. When I'm not working, I sit in front of the television when there is a decent musical show and play along with it. Or I go and sit in at Jimmy Ryan's. A couple of weeks ago, I played with Tony Scott at the Dom on St. Marks Place. I think those young cats were a little surprised."

"When Allen's on television, the children and I watch. Even that dog sits and watches, turning his head from side to side. When he finishes, we applaud."

"Jobs are scarce now," Allen said. "But this isn't the first time."

"In 1934, Allen told me, 'Let's pull in the belts and tighten up a little.' " Mrs. Allen laughed, showing perfect teeth. "You get a few nickels together in the good times and you survive the bad ones."

"Nineteen-thirty-four was with Fletcher," Allen said. "We'd been booked to go to Europe and before that we were supposed to go into Connie's Inn. We never made either scene. In fact, I didn't get to Europe until 1959." He took a sip of his beer. "They ask me what I've done, I don't have any regrets. Pearlie May is happy. She has her grands. I've raised my family, even if I don't have a mansion. If I was anyway fixed financially, I would still want to play the music on my way out, all the way. The only thing gets to me once in a while is the dropouts, the guys that are gone. Just yesterday I was listening to a record I made with Lionel Hampton in 1939—'Haven't Named It Yet.' It shook me some when I looked at the label. Sid Catlett gone, Artie Bernstein gone, Charlie Christian gone, Earl Bostic gone, Clyde Hart gone. Just Higgy and Hampton and me left. But I guess we carry on for them. Least, that's the way I like to look at it." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

VERSAILLES: FRENCH ANSWER TO COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
—*Headline in the New York Motorist.*

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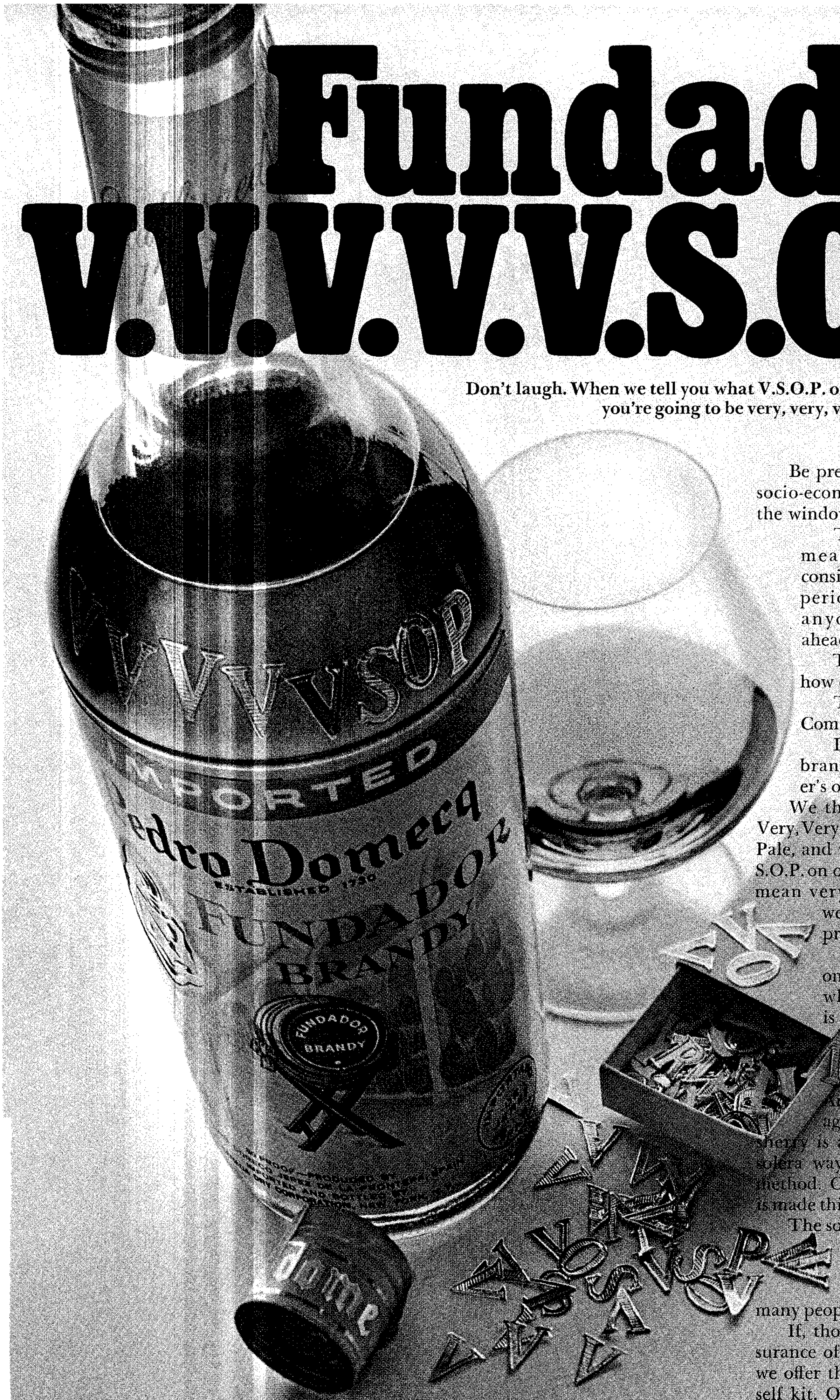

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The O means it's old. But how old? You're rarely told.

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In truth, V.S.O.P. on a brandy represents the maker's opinion of his product.

We think Fundador is Very, Very, Very, Very, Very Superior Old Pale, and we could put V.V.V.V.V. S.O.P. on our label. But it wouldn't mean very much, except maybe we'd be able to raise the price a bit.

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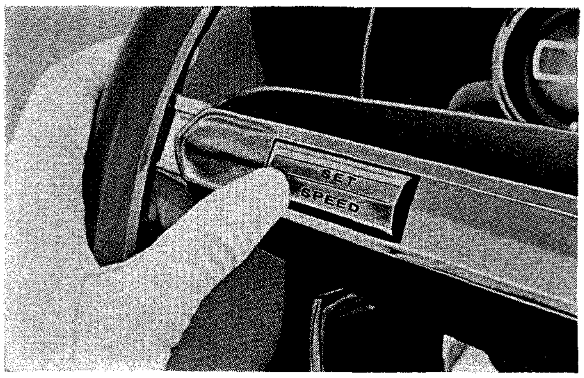

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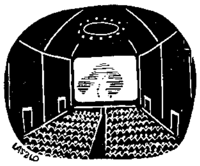
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Whirlwind Courtship



ALFREDO GIANNETTI, the scriptwriter of "Divorce—Italian Style," that satiric trend-setter of a few years back, has now both written and directed a new movie, whose title, "Engagement Italiano," forces a comparison. I must say, then, that although I enjoyed "Engagement Italiano" and found it quite funny from time to time, it seemed to me more diffuse than its predecessor and not so lucid or biting. The comedy is somewhat broader, but it is real comedy all the same. There is no evidence that time has in any way blunted Mr. Giannetti's point of view—a kind of eruptive contempt for his self-indulgent countrymen and, by indirection, sympathy for those of his countrywomen who must put up with them. The setting this time is Rome, which, come to think of it, is much more diffuse than that little sun-baked town in Sicily, and, of course, Romans are more loosely knit than provincials. The principal character of "Engagement" is the most loosely knit Roman of them all. He is a middle-aged man of undimmed, if somewhat mechanical, friskiness, and he is beginning to go to seed. His fiancée is a young woman of twenty-eight. She works as a secretary in a bank and seems to be completely unattached—no family or friends. He lives at home, in a household of doting women, including among the doters the mistress of his late father. The couple have been engaged for six years. He spends most of his nights in her bed and most of his days and evenings with a crowd of bachelors, also running to paunch and baldness, who are always raising ruckuses of one kind or another in the cafés and restaurants and poolrooms and sports arenas around town. In a prologue that sets the tone of the whole movie, the heroine is sitting in her apartment, engrossed in a romantic scene on television in which Mastroianni can be seen giving aid and comfort to Maria Schell. The door bursts open and in come the fellows. They switch the dial to a football game, and her fiancé orders her into the kitchen to fix spaghetti. She is clear-eyed about this aging boy, obviously attracted to him, and tolerant of his furtive preening and his tiresome monkeyshines. As the action proceeds, we watch her patience slowly fraying until it finally snaps. Along the way, there are fights and brief amnesties, and she even tries a trick to pull him into shape, but it doesn't work.

Annie Girardot is very good as the put-upon heroine, playing with considerable subtlety and humor, and winning sympathy without ever slopping over into pathos. Rossano Brazzi, a romantic leading man playing a fool, never attempts by look or gesture to get in personal touch with the audience or allows himself to be even slightly appealing, which is admirable. His performance is a bit too busy for my taste, and although what he does is often funny and right, it doesn't quite fuse into a character. Once the picture is over, one realizes that the real difference between it and "Divorce" is that "Engagement Italiano" is not really indigenous at all. The settings are *italiano*, all right, and so is that extraordinary household, but the situation and the story could just as easily have taken place in Milwaukee.

IF you are planning to skip "The Blue Max" for fear it will be too harrowing, I can at least reassure you about that. There are plenty of other reasons not to see it, but since it never impinges on your credulity, it will make no inroads on your feelings. It tells a story about the German Air Corps in 1918, when the Fatherland was on the skids. All the characters, except for two dead British pilots, are meant to be German. "The Blue Max" is the nickname for the highest medal a German flier can get, and the leading role is that of a lowborn oddball whose only ambition is to get it. During the century and a half that the film takes to unwind, many props—biplanes, monoplanes, cannons, and such—are burned or smashed; the effect is that of an upheaval at F. A. O. Schwarz. George Peppard, Ursula Andress, and unlucky James Mason appear in the cast, but not much is required (or given) in the way of acting. "The Blue Max" flunks on every count but one. It was made in Ireland, and the Irish fields look as lush and green and the Irish sky looks as big and empty as they did in Olivier's "Henry V."

—EDITH OLIVER

•

He found joy in collecting a book called Incunabula printed in Strasburg in 1495, 35 years after Gutenburg invented printing.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

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MICRONESIA

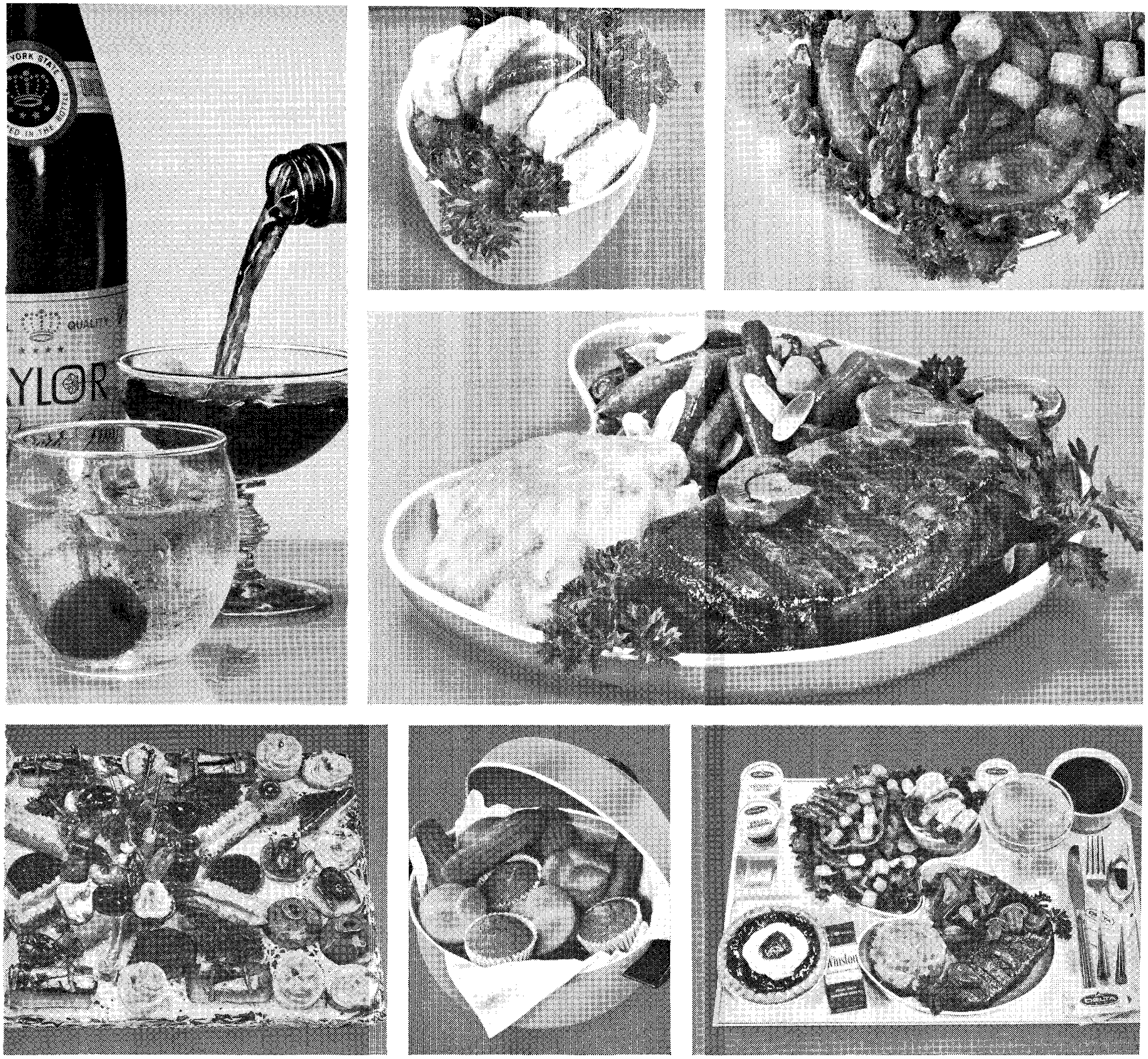
III—WITH A BAA BAA HERE AND A QUACK QUACK THERE

THE Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, a vast tract of water, lightly sprinkled with land, that the United States has been governing for the last twenty years, has only ninety thousand inhabitants, but they speak a babel of tongues. There is no agreement among linguists who have explored the area as to how many different languages it has. The generally accepted minimum number is nine, or one for every ten thousand indigenes. The Trust Territory (or Micronesia, as it is often called) is divided administratively into six districts: the Mariana Islands and the Marshall Islands are two of them, and the four others—Palau, Yap, Truk, and Ponape—are all parts of the far-flung Caroline Islands. In the Marshalls, the native language is Marshallese, and in the Marianas it is Chamorro. (Guam, though part of the Marianas, is not part of the Trust Territory, which is officially a political ward of the United Nations. Instead, it is a full-fledged territory of the United States.) From there on, things start to get complicated. Among the languages that contribute to disputes about the total number is a rare one used by the eighty-three inhabitants of Sonsorol and the sixty-six of Tobi—two minute island groups in the Palau District. It has been argued that the Sonsorolese and Tobians don't really have a language at all but merely speak a dialect of Palauan. Yapese is a major language, and a complex one, with thirteen vowel sounds and thirty-two consonants, but the atolls of Ulithi and Woleai, in the Yap District, have their own languages—provided one accepts Woleaian as such, and not as a dialect of Ulithian. The speech of the three hundred and twenty-one residents of Satawal, still another Yap District atoll, may also be a separate language, though some assert that it is simply a dialect of Trukese, the main language of Truk. Not counting Satawalese, there are at least ten distinctive dialects of Trukese, among them Puluwatese, Pulapese, Pulusukese, and Mortlockese. (James Mortlock, an English captain, discovered the Mortlock Islands on November 29, 1793.) A number of scholars insist, though, that Mortlockese is a bona-fide separate language. Micronesia is mostly above the equator, and Polynesia is mostly below it, but the Ponape District contains two Polynesian atolls—Nukuoro and Kapingamarangi. Thus, in addition to Ponapean and Kusaiean, which is spoken on the island of Kusaie, there is a third language in that district, and one, moreover, that has considerable dialectical variations between the version spoken on Nukuoro and the one spoken on Kapingamarangi. And, finally, some linguists maintain that the languages spoken in still two more Ponapean island groups (Mokil and Pingelap) are not, as other linguists claim, mere variations of standard Ponapean but authentic separate languages—Mokilese and Pingelapese.

"My own son—a do-gooder!"

The United Nations, committed by its charter to the advocacy of self-government for all dependent peoples, expects the United States ultimately to turn over Micronesia to the Micronesians—a status they have not enjoyed since the sixteenth century. The U.N., accordingly, has been urging the United States to help the Trust Territory attain internal unity, for the islands, having fallen under Spanish, German, Japanese, and American domination, in that order, have not been precisely cohesive. Thanks to this history, some Micronesians have become remarkably versatile linguists. The Trust Territory headquarters not long ago compiled biographical summaries of three hundred and twenty-four local leaders. A hundred and sixty of them were credited with a command of both Japanese and English, plus as many as half a dozen indigenous tongues. But these are the élite, and they are far outnumbered by Micronesians who have found it difficult to cohere because they can't communicate.

Three years ago, the American administrators embarked on an all-out, long-range program to achieve universal comprehension by teaching all Micronesians English, and since then English has been the language of instruction in Trust Territory schools, beginning with the first grade. A good many Micronesians are sorry this didn't happen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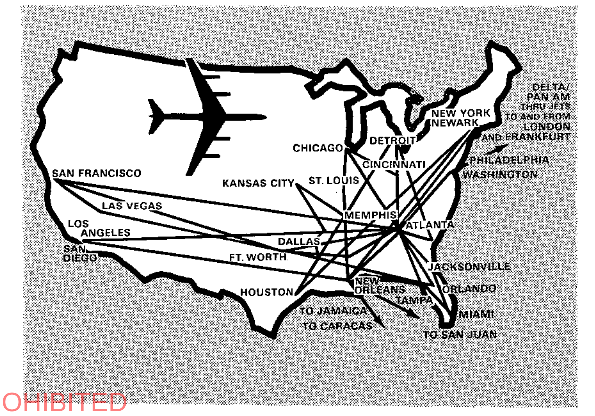
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twenty years ago. Living in a region where nature has always been bountiful, they have rarely hungered for food, but they have long felt deprived of education. The Japanese, who didn't believe in giving their colonial underlings more than rudimentary schooling, spent four times as much money on policemen as on teachers. Between the First and Second World Wars, only a handful of Micronesians went beyond the seventh grade, and quite a few of the older Micronesians are now trying to retrieve lost opportunities; for instance, there is a thirty-two-year-old man in Truk who has just entered the ninth grade.

From 1945 to 1963, there were few American teachers in Micronesia; by and large, the natives were expected to provide their own educational facilities and their own faculties. The Micronesians were as anxious to learn then as they are now, but they had neither the resources nor the manpower to do much about it. Many municipalities allocated ninety per cent or more of their meagre budgets to education. In spite of this, most of the school buildings were dilapidated, and most of the teachers—few of whom had had much schooling themselves—were so inept that, as one visiting U.N. observer put it, the blind were leading the blind. Even today, less than half of the Micronesian teachers in the public-school system have had as much as a ninth-grade education—and that is the equivalent of perhaps a fifth- or sixth-grade education in a run-of-the-mill American public school. In one outlying island group of the Truk District, a fifteen-year-old boy is doing his best to teach a class containing some students nearly twice his age. At the other end of that particular spectrum are dozens of middle-aged Micronesians who have been teaching school most of their adult lives but are barely educated themselves and could never hope to complete high school, let alone college.

This year, the Trust Territory administration is spending six million dollars—just about a third of its budget—on education, with most of this going into an accelerated elementary-school program. Nearly twenty-five thousand children are enrolled in schools (five and a half thousand of them in mission schools), and school attendance has been running at about ninety per cent. Some children, to be sure, prefer school to home and its chores, and in some districts parents are liable to a ten-dollar fine for each day a child is truant, but even so the record is impressive. The enthusiasm for education has been contagious. An hour's ride by motorboat from the big island of Ponape, for instance, is a small island called Parem. About a hundred and twenty-five people live there. Until recently, they had never had a school of their own, and few of their children had been to a school of any kind. When they heard that education was being accelerated, they sent a delegation to Kolonia, the capital of the Ponape District, to say that if the district Education Office would furnish them with a teacher, they would build a school. This arrangement was soon carried out. The school is a modest affair—a one-room, open-sided structure, twelve feet by twenty-four, with coconut-log uprights, a thatch roof, and a dirt floor. The Education Office provided some nails, a blackboard, and a pencil sharpener. There are eight desks, made of dunnage supplied by a sympathetic ship captain. Twenty-four children, between the ages of seven and thirteen, are enrolled. They are all in the first grade.

The attempt to teach English to Mokilese, Woleaians, Pulusukese, and the rest is all the more challenging because most Micronesian children, however diligently they may study the new common language at school, are unlikely to hear it spoken often at home. Nor will they get much chance to improve their mastery of English through reading. Books are alien to Micronesian culture. Even high-school students who were studying English long before the new language program began are at a reading level far below that of their American counterparts. The most popular works of fiction among last year's graduating class at the Ponape District high school were "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," but since Mark Twain's prose was considered beyond the seniors' grasp, most of them were reading simplified versions. The chief librarian on the High Commissioner's staff was pleased last year to hear about a book called "The Story of the Interior," one of a series written for teen-agers about federal departments in Washington. Since the Department of the Interior is the arm of the federal government that is specifically charged with overseeing the Trust Territory, the book sounded like an ideal one for older Micronesian high-school students. The librarian sent for a copy, and when it arrived he was dismayed. In all its hundred and seventeen pages, there was not a single reference to the Trust

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Territory, or even to the Office of Territories, the branch of the Interior Department by which Micronesia is linked to Washington. The librarian changed his plans, not wishing to import further evidence of what many Micronesians of all ages and levels of literacy gloomily suspect—that very few people in the rest of the world, including the omnipotent United States, know much or care much about their existence.

BECAUSE so few Micronesians are qualified to teach in any language, the Trust Territory has been recruiting Americans to implement its accelerated program, and because so few Americans have ever heard of Micronesia, recruitment has been a problem, even though the pay is generous (everybody gets a twenty-per-cent hardship bonus) and the standards are minimal (a B.A. degree will generally suffice). Some teachers were obtained when the Department of the Interior was given access to the Defense Department's lists of applicants for jobs in overseas schools for armed-forces dependents, and others when Interior began to draw on a similar list that it had in its own Bureau of Indian Affairs. Beyond that, Trust Territory headquarters, at Saipan, sent packets of recruiting literature to nine hundred American colleges and universities. The literature is remarkably candid, and deliberately so. The Trust Territory's Director of Education, John R. Trace, an Ohioan who, before coming to Micronesia, spent three years on American Samoa and five on Guam, has said, "Our basic problem is to exclude those who shouldn't come out." To that end, prospective teachers are warned that they should have "a broader and more flexible mental outlook than is normally expected of teachers in more conventional schools," and that "the Micronesian child has no English inner voice to be cultivated; before he can read or write, such a voice must be created." Prospects are also told, "Here in Micronesia the matter is further complicated by the fact that English is the only language you will have available for communication with the students, and thus all schoolwork will have to be done in this language so new to them. It is as if a teacher from Latin America were to attempt to teach first-graders in Kokomo not only Spanish but also all subjects to them in Spanish, and to teach them to read and write Spanish instead of English. This sounds like a big order, and it is." Prospects are urged to address them-

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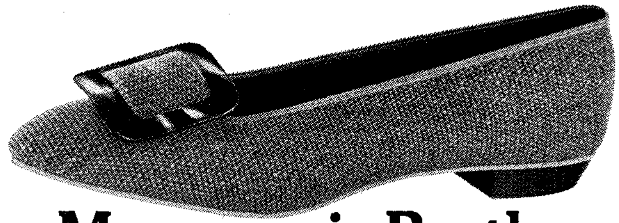

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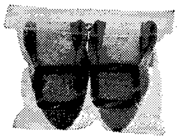

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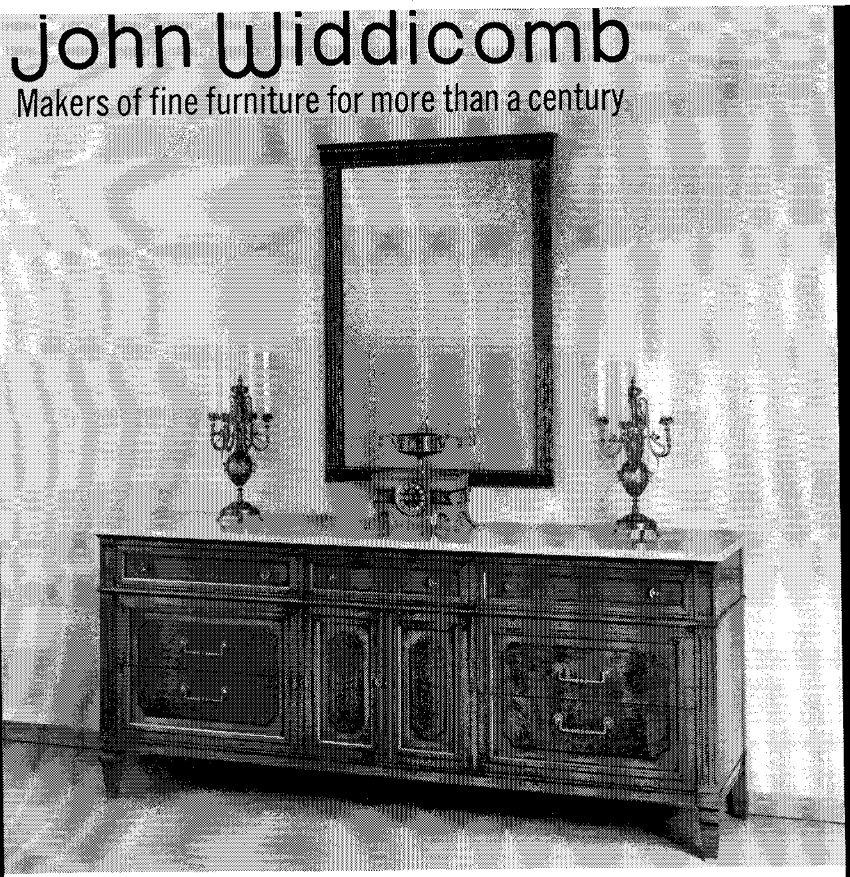

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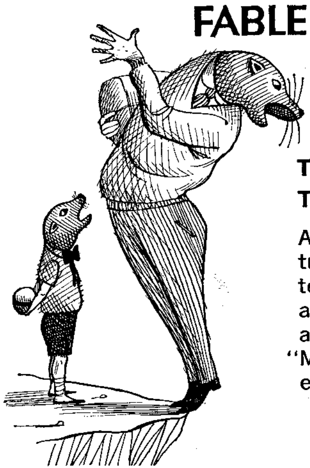

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selves thoughtfully to questions like "Can you stand being around harmless bugs and lizards?" (the literature adds, "You don't have to like them, and we don't care how much you stomp on or spray them, but you must be able to live where they are"), and to assess carefully their ability, and that of all members of their families, to "climb into and out of small outboard motorboats and outrigger canoes when in water as much as waist-deep on the reef or in the surf, and ride up to thirty or forty miles in such boats in major (deep) lagoons in all kinds of weather." After a long recital of other hazards, inconveniences, and challenges, the Trust Territory's appeal concludes, "We want no teachers to come into the Territory who do not have a full realization of what they are doing." "They really lay it on thick," one American now teaching on an island in the major (deep) Truk lagoon says. "Their idea seems to be to make the teachers say, 'It can't be *that* bad.' "

At present, there are a hundred and fifty Americans teaching in Micronesia. (The total will increase when the Peace Corps, which probably needs less briefing on bugs, arrives in October.) They have agreed to stay for at least two years; if they don't, they have to pay their own fares home. Nearly half the group that arrived in 1963 signed up for another two years—a rate of turnover not much different from that in the American public-school system. The Trust Territory looks with favor on married teachers, who tend to adjust better to a strange environment, and with special favor on teachers whose wives or husbands also teach, for housing is limited. Domestic spats can be awkward in Micronesia; an American and his wife there were formally separated several months ago, but because there was no place for either of them to move out to, they went on occupying the same quarters, not to mention sharing the same motor scooter.

A husband and wife who both hold teaching jobs can jointly earn from twelve to fourteen thousand dollars a year, and can save a good deal of it. (Nearly every American wife in the Trust Territory has some kind of government job.) There is little to spend money on in Micronesia. Some young teachers embarking on married life and looking for a quick nest egg go there expecting to return home after their two years with five or six thousand dollars tucked away. Enough such couples have turned up in the Trust

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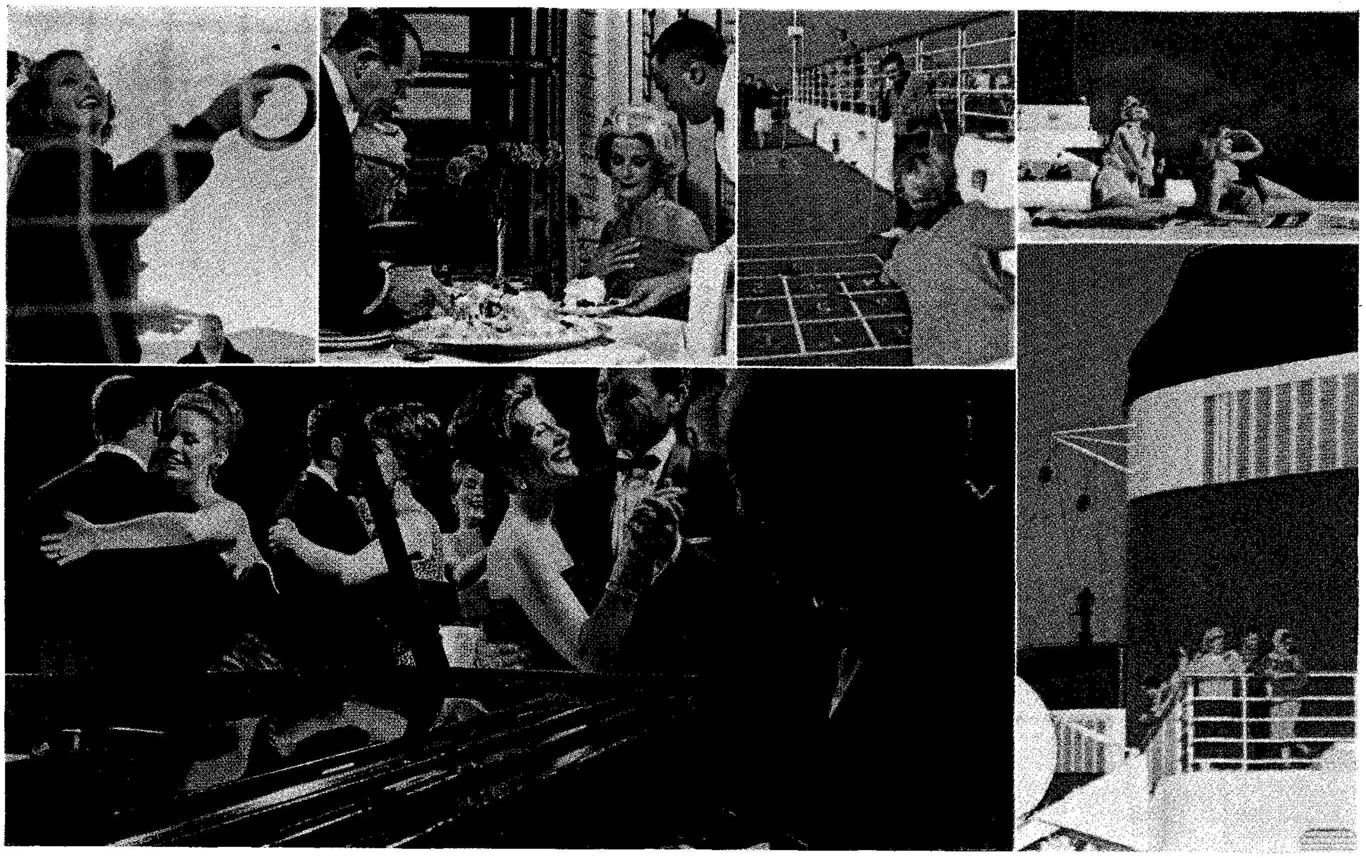

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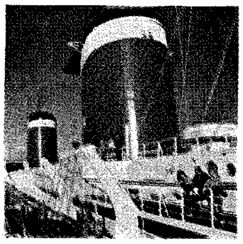

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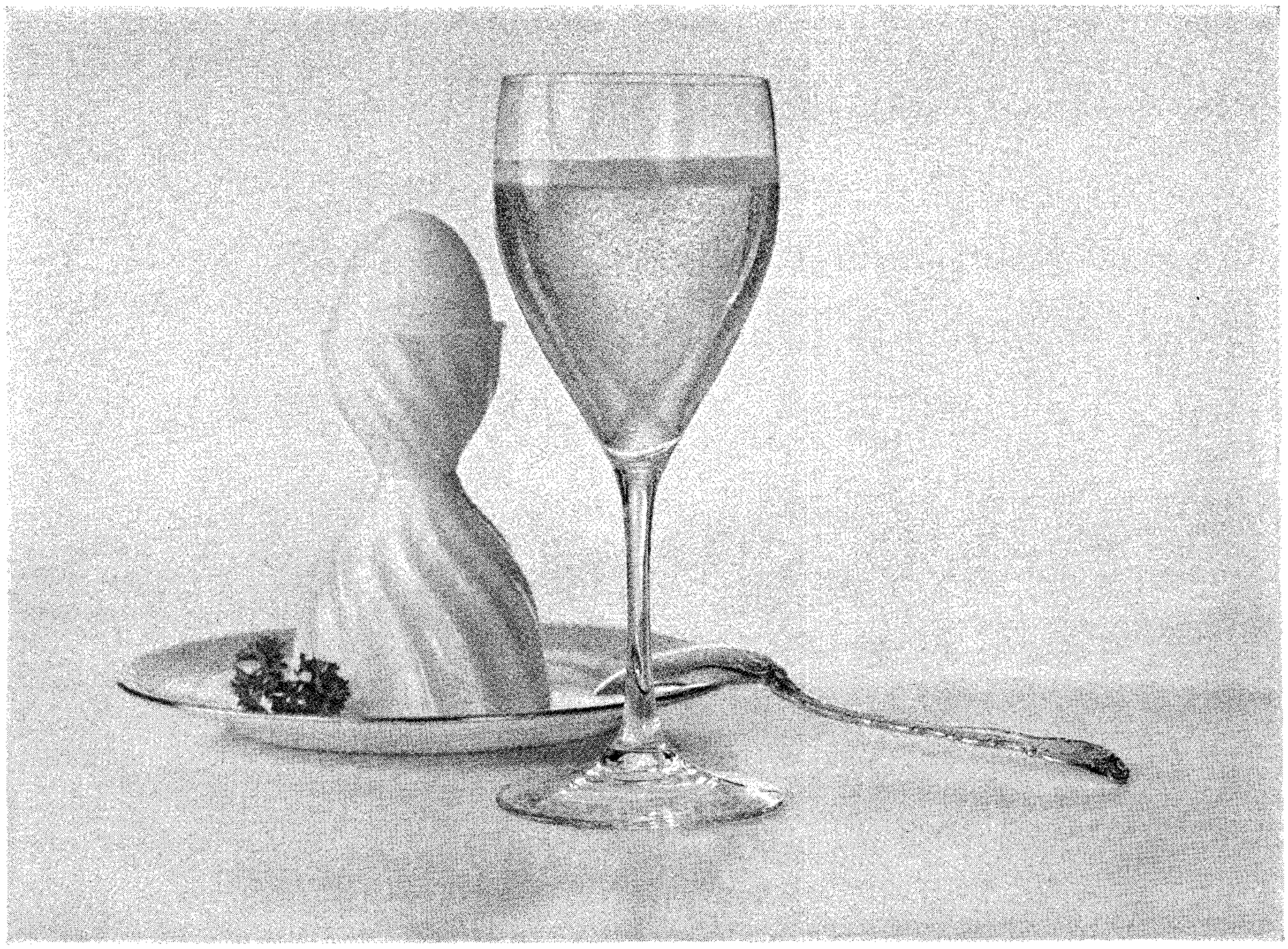

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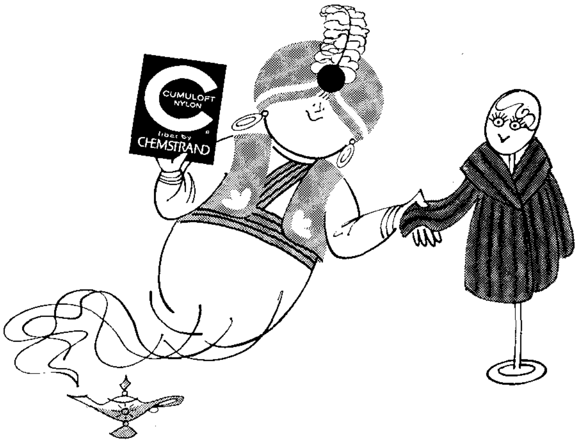
Territory to have given rise to a special name for them. They are called "the mercenaries." But there have been just as many with loftier motives, and they, in general, have had a better time of it and have proved to be the better teachers. A twenty-three-year-old single girl from the Southwest, while somewhat disappointed to learn that there was only one American bachelor in the district to which she was assigned, was pleased to discover how eager and alert her third-grade pupils were (they ranged in age from eight to twelve), and flattered when they took to dropping in at her house after school hours for informal chats. "In the States, I never cared to see my students after school," she said. For some Americans, the excitement of being in an area as special and remote as Micronesia never wears off. One woman teacher at Truk exclaimed, as she was about to renew her contract, "This place is as fascinating today as it was the day I stepped off the plane," and a male teacher there, having occasion to set down some of his impressions for the weekly district newspaper, described Truk unequivocally as "Heaven on earth."

The working day in Micronesia runs from seven-thirty in the morning to four-thirty in the afternoon, when the bars open. Some Americans tend to segregate themselves after hours from the native community, and it is somewhat difficult, as a matter of fact, for an American to immerse himself in Micronesian life even if he wants to. Micronesians hardly ever entertain outsiders in their homes. An American teaching in Koror, the capital of Palau, had some Palauans at *his* home not long ago, and when he thought a feeling of camaraderie had been established, he asked his guests why it was that they never invited him back. There was an embarrassed silence. Finally, one Palauan spoke up. He said he didn't think that Americans were really interested in going to Palauans' homes and sitting uncomfortably on the floor. What was more, he went on, it was the Palauan nature to be highly competitive in all social matters; it was important for one man to try to outdo another, and how could a poor Palauan ever hope to outdo a rich American? The American host was persistent. "What would happen if I just dropped in at your house sometime?" he asked. "Oh, we'd be busy," the Palauan said.

Most of the elementary-school classrooms over which the mercenaries and non-mercenaries currently preside are cement-block boxes, thirty feet square, usually put up in clusters of seven or



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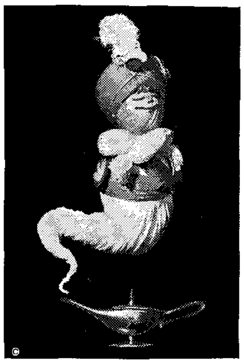

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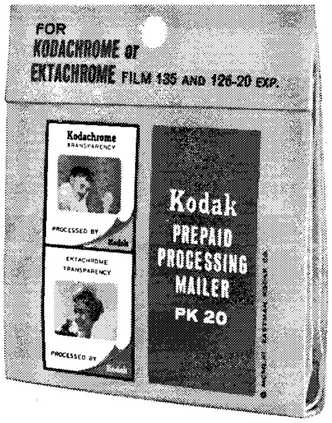

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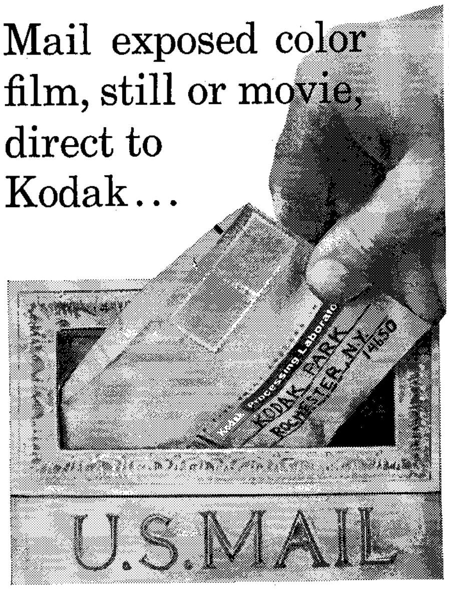

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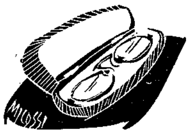
eight. They are termite-proof and typhoon-resistant, but they are aesthetically drab, and so austere that in the United States they would be unacceptable. There are no teachers' offices, and the storerooms were designed—presumably to foil pilferers—without any windows. As a result, books and other equipment locked up in them rapidly mildew. Each school has a flagpole, but few have electricity. Only one, in Koror, has plumbing; the rest were built without running water or indoor toilets, on the theory that what native children don't have at home they won't miss at school. The Koror school was fitted with plumbing because the local American public-works officer had two children enrolled in it. This school is named after another American once stationed in Koror—George B. Harris, Jr., who was killed in a plane crash in 1960. His will disclosed that he had left a two-thousand-dollar bequest to the children of Palau. The site of the Harris School used to be occupied by a concrete Japanese pillbox. It was too massive to destroy, so when the foundation of the new structure was being dug, a bulldozer clawed a big pit in the ground and the Japanese pillbox was buried beneath the American school. What a field day some future archeologists may have!



Americans who have brought their families to Micronesia often find it difficult to decide what to do about their own children's schooling. The older ones usually go to boarding schools in the Philippines, Hawaii, or the continental United States. It is the younger ones who have trouble, since they are academically far ahead of their Micronesian peers. In a couple of districts, special schools have been set up for Americans, but this, inevitably, has led to charges of segregation. In other parts of the world, any school system that has enough teachers and classrooms to handle its enrollment considers itself well set up. In Micronesia, there are further essential considerations. "The big thing here is to get the teacher's house ready before the teacher arrives," one Trust Territory administrator says. Micronesia has relatively few houses in which Westerners can live in anything like the way they are accustomed to, and a concomitant of all the flurry of school-building, accordingly, had to be a flurry of house-building. By now, more than a hundred two- or three-bedroom houses—fashioned out of the cement block that is rapidly becoming an American hallmark of this part of Oceania—have been constructed, with plumbing.

Quite apart from the living, the teaching is not easy. Even experienced teachers find it difficult to instruct in what is for their students a second language. In the Trust Territory, the teachers mostly follow guidelines established by Dr. Charles C. Fries, who has written a number of books and manuals on the technique of teaching English to Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans in the United States. Two Trust Territory American teachers—they have already expressed their intention of returning to Micronesia—are now taking graduate courses at Columbia and the University of Michigan in teaching English as a foreign language. At Trust Territory headquarters on Saipan, more manuals on this tricky business are being turned out by an educational staff man named Gregory J. Trifonovitch, who has an apt background for the job; born in Palestine of Russian parents, he spoke no English himself until he came to the United States as an adult. A good deal of the instruction in the Micronesian schools is done by rote, which, however dreary it may sound to a passing observer, is what the Fries method advocates. "As nearly as we can tell to date," Trifonovitch's major manual asserts, "memorization seems to be *the* way in which the raw materials of the new language can be fed into the nervous system of the learner in a form that he can begin analysis of them subconsciously—or, if you will, the way in which they are best 'programmed for his computer.' " Inasmuch as many of the teachers who are feeding in the raw materials on outlying islands are Micronesians who not only are totally unacquainted with computers but are on far from intimate terms with the English language, the district centers have tried to help them by transmitting radio programs to their classrooms and are now considering television.

Those teachers whose students have achieved some reading ability have found themselves hampered—like practically everybody else in the Trust Territory—by exceedingly limited funds. They can't get the books they want, and the books they do get deal with concepts as unfamiliar to young Micronesians as bunny rabbits, fire engines, and merry-go-rounds, or have such titles as "All About Dinosaurs," or contain such texts as "My name is Jane. I live in Philadelphia." (The American children for whom such books are written might well be baf-

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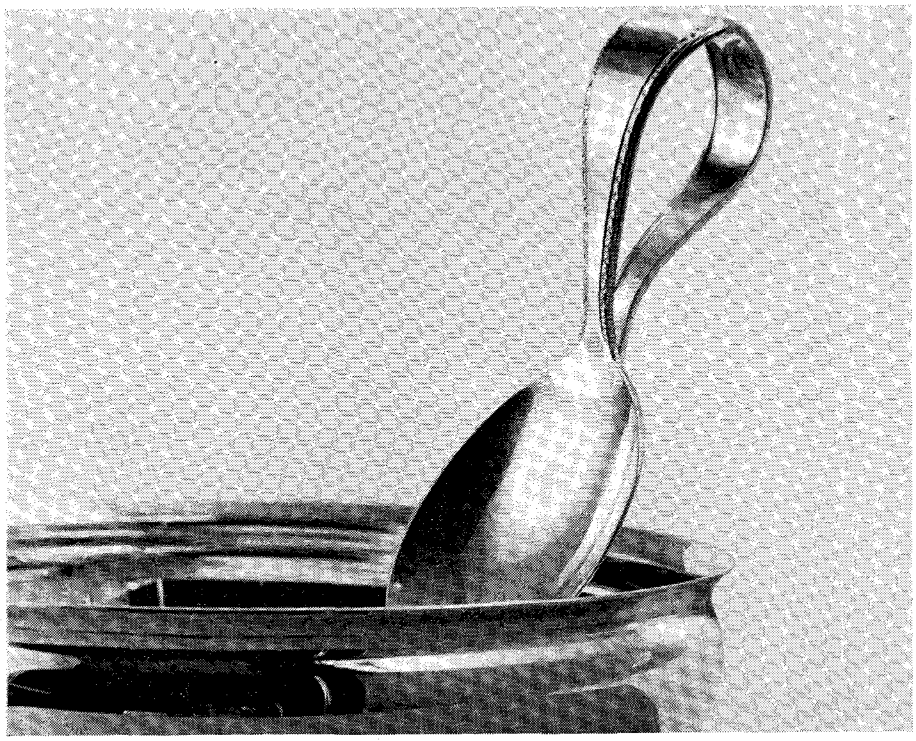

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fled by some of the items displayed in a Ponape high-school science laboratory under the label of "Common Pacific Roots": *karmihna*, *comphrenaglobosa*, and *pwomwpwemw*.) Recently, on a small scale, the Trust Territory administration has been putting out some books on its own. One entitled "Here Is a Family in the Marshall Islands" is all about a boy and a girl, Amram and Mary, their mother, Ate (she cooks), their father, Marcus (he fishes), their grandmother, Ruth (she washes), and their grandfather, James (he makes canoes).

The makeshift quality of Micronesian education is exemplified on a small island called Rumung, not far from Colonia, the district center of Yap. Rumung has one school building (a single-room affair with a tin roof, a bamboo floor, and crudely hewn desks and benches), one teacher (a young man of fierce countenance and little clothing, with two doves tattooed on his chest), who knows no English at all but is nonetheless gamely trying to teach it, and fifteen pupils, ranging in age from seven to thirteen and in grades from one to seven. This modest academy has a brand-new office-size typewriter, for some reason or other, but the machine had, at last report, never been used, because there was no one on Rumung who could type. (In the best bureaucratic tradition, teachers at non-electrified Micronesian schools who have begged for more books have several times opened shipments of instructional materials and found expensive but worthless electric tape recorders inside.) The Rumung school's small library of a dozen-odd volumes is made up largely of discarded books belonging to something called the California Developmental Reading Series. Among them are "Once Upon a Storytime," which contains tales about fawns and moose; "Our Good Neighbors," about such neighbors as a football player, a circus performer, a fire chief, and a bus driver; and "Our California," a title that may puzzle the children on Rumung when, or if, they get around to the study of both geography and personal pronouns.

Little though they know of fawns and moose, Yapese and other Micronesian children are being increasingly exposed, as part of the educational upheaval, to American fauna. One of their favorite tunes, which is played over and over on Micronesian radio stations, is a rendition of "Yankee Doodle" by a trio called the Three Little Chipmunks. The local announcers often precede its performance with

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One last thought. Your children may *insist* on trying Bitter Lemon. By all means let them. Some children grow up before others.

Bitter Lemon
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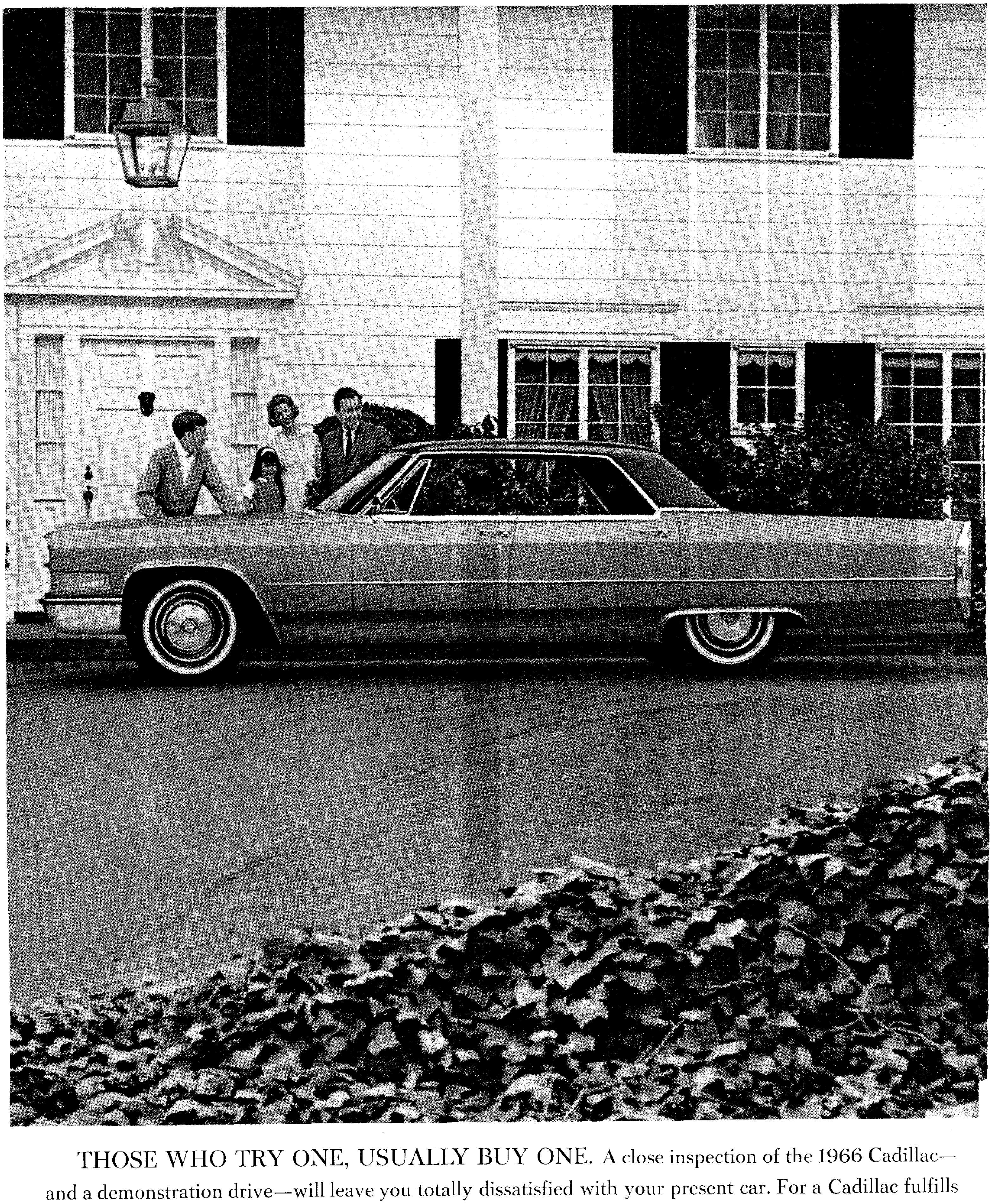

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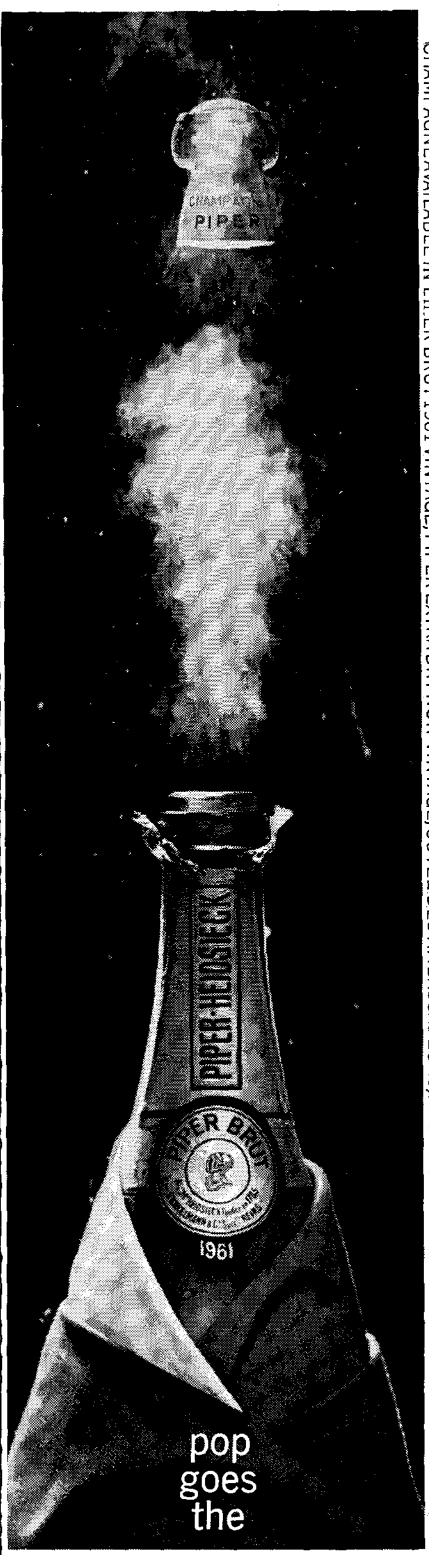
an explanation of what a chipmunk is. (They don't try to explain what a Yankee Doodle is; you can go only so far.) And on remote Rumung, as on just about every one of the dozens of widely dispersed islands where young Micronesians are coming to grips with the English language, hardly a day passes but that all the pupils raise their voices in what has come to be the theme song of the Trust Territory educational revolution—"Old MacDonald Had a Farm." Micronesian children are unlikely ever to have much to do with sheep or ducks, but they can produce a baa baa here and a quack quack there with the best of them.

In 1958, the Trust Territory had no high school. In 1962, it had one, with an enrollment of a hundred and eighty-six. Now there are eight—one for each district center, plus two others—with dormitories for students from outlying islands, who get no holidays during the academic year because there is no way for them to travel home and back within a reasonable time. The dormitories are unkempt and crowded. The high-school enrollment is twenty-five hundred—a fourteenfold increase in four years. The Department of the Interior specifies for its Indian Bureau schools that each boarding student must have fifty square feet of living space. In the Department's Trust Territory dormitories, each student has twenty-five square feet. "I see no reason that we should provide less for individuals here than for individuals elsewhere," the Trust Territory's Director of Education recently said. He hasn't had the funds, though, to get what he thinks he should have. Quite a few Americans in Micronesia who are career men in the Interior Department have worked in the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and although Indians are not generally thought of as leading an opulently subsidized existence, to these officials the contrast between our treatment of the one group of wards and our treatment of the other has been striking and disheartening. (These officials are not unaware, of course, that Indians vote in United States elections and Micronesians don't, and that the source of both groups' funds is the United States Congress.) A number of Trust Territory administrators can, and often do, recite comparative statistics—for instance, that Interior has been spending nearly ten times as much for the education of each Indian as it has spent, accelerated program notwithstanding, for the education of each Micronesian, and that, in a related field, the money appropriated by the United States for medical care and preventive health services has averaged out to $153.66 for each Indian, and $24 for each Micronesian. On the other hand, the federal funds that the ninety thousand Micronesians *do* get come to approximately two hundred dollars per capita, which is just about what Congress allocates—not counting defense appropriations—for each American citizen. Moreover, as Trust Territory officials are quick to point out whenever anyone suggests that their budget may be skimpy, Australia allots its New Guinea trust territory a mere fifteen dollars per native per year. To that, Micronesians can, and sometimes do, retort that the United States is a nation that traditionally spares no expense to get the helpless out of a jam. To rescue a child from a well or a cat from a tree, Americans will call out their police and fire departments and go to any lengths to retrieve it. Even though the Interior Department is now hoping for favorable congressional reaction to a proposal for a large increase in funds, many Micronesians feel that America is pretending it doesn't know there is a cat up a tree.

IN the spring of 1965, the public high schools in the six districts handed out a hundred and thirty-nine diplomas. Fifty-five more were awarded at mission high schools. In addition to the high-school students now studying within Micronesia, there are two hundred and twenty-four in secondary schools outside the Trust Territory—most of these on Guam—and there are a hundred and ninety-five more at institutions of still higher learning. All in all, it is quite an accomplishment, considering that there had never been a Micronesian college graduate before 1958. Moreover, there were more college graduates elected to the newly established Congress of Micronesia than there were in the territorial legislature of Hawaii when it first met, in 1901.

The question then arises: What if the American administration attains its goal of converting all Micronesians into English-speaking high-school graduates? What if a large percentage of them go on to college? A generation or so from now, educated Micronesians would be a glut on the teaching market, and at the moment there are no sure indications that, in a shaky economy, many other job opportunities for the educated will materialize. Nearly every forward-looking Micronesian wants to



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be educated himself, but not necessarily every one is enchanted at the prospect of sharing his scholarly eminence. One hears little real left-wing talk in Micronesia, but there are more than a few Micronesians who would concur with what a native professional man recently blurted out to a visitor: "What are you educating all of us for, anyway—to create a class of malcontents? Why won't you give more money to our economy, so we can have something to work with? You give hundreds of millions of dollars to Vietnam because they have Communists. O.K., we'll get some Communists over here and then you'll give *us* more money. The biggest mistake you ever made was to teach us your ways."

One answer to the problems posed by intensive education is to try to balance the emergence of a growing white-collar class by simultaneously encouraging the development of a blue-collar class. So far, though, there are just two vocational schools—one in the Truk District and one in the Palau District. At the latter, in Koror, sixty boys have enrolled annually since 1963 for a three-year course: one year of general shop training, and two years of carpentry, mechanics, or boat-building. The carpenters have already built an entire house after school hours; being students, they receive twenty cents an hour for their labor, which is thirteen cents below the prescribed Trust Territory minimum hourly wage for natives. The boat builders have completed more than a dozen craft, and one might suppose that on graduating they would have no trouble getting jobs. For one thing, Micronesia's marine resources are its greatest untapped assets; for another, it happens that the only boat-building business in the Trust Territory—a coöperative begun three years ago—is also in Koror, not far from the vocational school. Unfortunately, however, the vocational students have been taught a Japanese method of construction—a method that the coöperative boatyard strongly disapproves of. For either institution to make a concession to the other's technique would involve an intolerable loss of face.

In the districts other than Palau and Truk, some of the high schools give a smattering of vocational training. The Ponape school, for instance, teaches a little carpentry. True, most of the machine tools on the premises are antiques that can no longer be repaired, but, as one of the educators in charge said, "We want the students to learn to use basic hand tools, which is all that most of them will ever be able to

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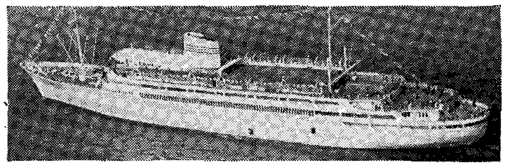

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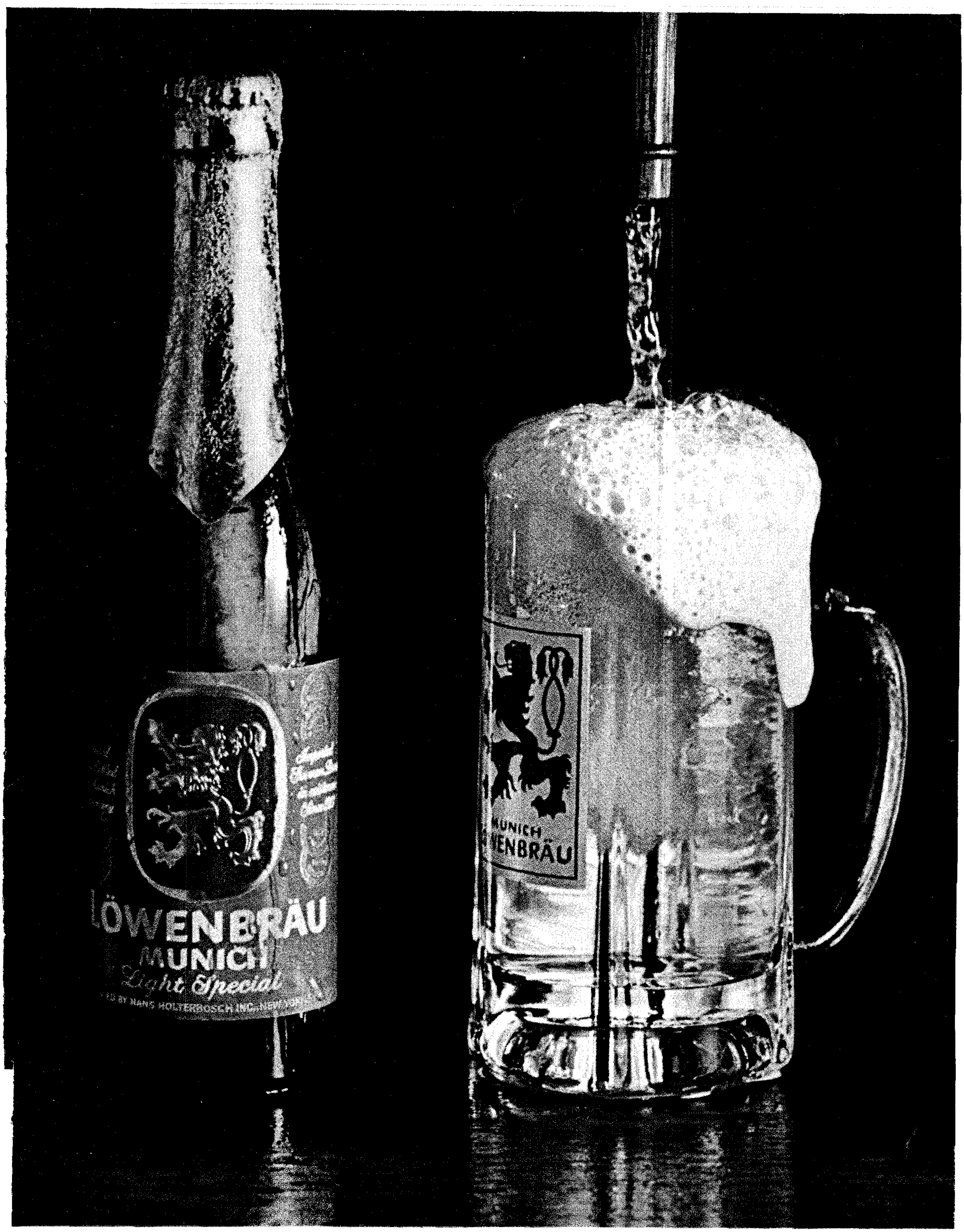
afford." The girls enrolled in the Yap secondary-school system get a couple of hours a week of basket-weaving and matmaking, which is what some, if not most, of them will certainly be doing after they graduate, and Yapese boys are taught to make fish traps and copra. Perhaps the most notable integration of academic and vocational programs has been attained on the Ulithi atoll, in the Yap District. Ulithi, unlike the district centers, has no regular air service, although until recently the Coast Guard had a station there and its planes would periodically stop by. They still do, in emergencies. Not long ago, a Coast Guard plane en route from the island of Yap to Guam made a detour to Ulithi on receiving a radio message from an American teacher there that a Ulithian had burned his eye; the plane picked him up and took him to a hospital. (Last Fourth of July, the Coast Guard made a non-emergency mercy flight to Ulithi to deliver fifteen hundred hot dogs, which the students there wanted for a celebration.) The American on the radio was James C. Boykin, a bachelor from Georgetown, South Carolina, who has been largely responsible for Ulithi's independent accelerated education program. The atoll has twelve teachers; all are Micronesians except two—Boykin and Mrs. Lavenia Stahl, an American widow from Guam. Boykin, a zoologist who has been too busy on Ulithi to finish his doctoral studies, went to the atoll in September, 1962, not long after a typhoon had left its inhabitants apathetic about life in general, let alone such particular aspects of it as education. To revitalize them, Boykin started off by persuading them to dump in the ocean a lot of rusty scrap metal that defaced the area—refuse from the Second World War—thus increasing the amount of land available for growing crops. Next, he embarked on a sanitary crusade; he helped the natives fashion rattraps, and he invented an effective fly-catching device out of old glass fish-net floats. By the time the accelerated education program came along, the Ulithians were all fired up and ready to tackle anything. They were so eager to have a new school that the Yap district center couldn't ship in building materials fast enough to suit them. Soon they had two school buildings. The furniture for these was made under Boykin's guidance by the students who were to use it, and once they had a place to sit, they proceeded energetically to construct a dining hall and another big classroom building, so that more students could share their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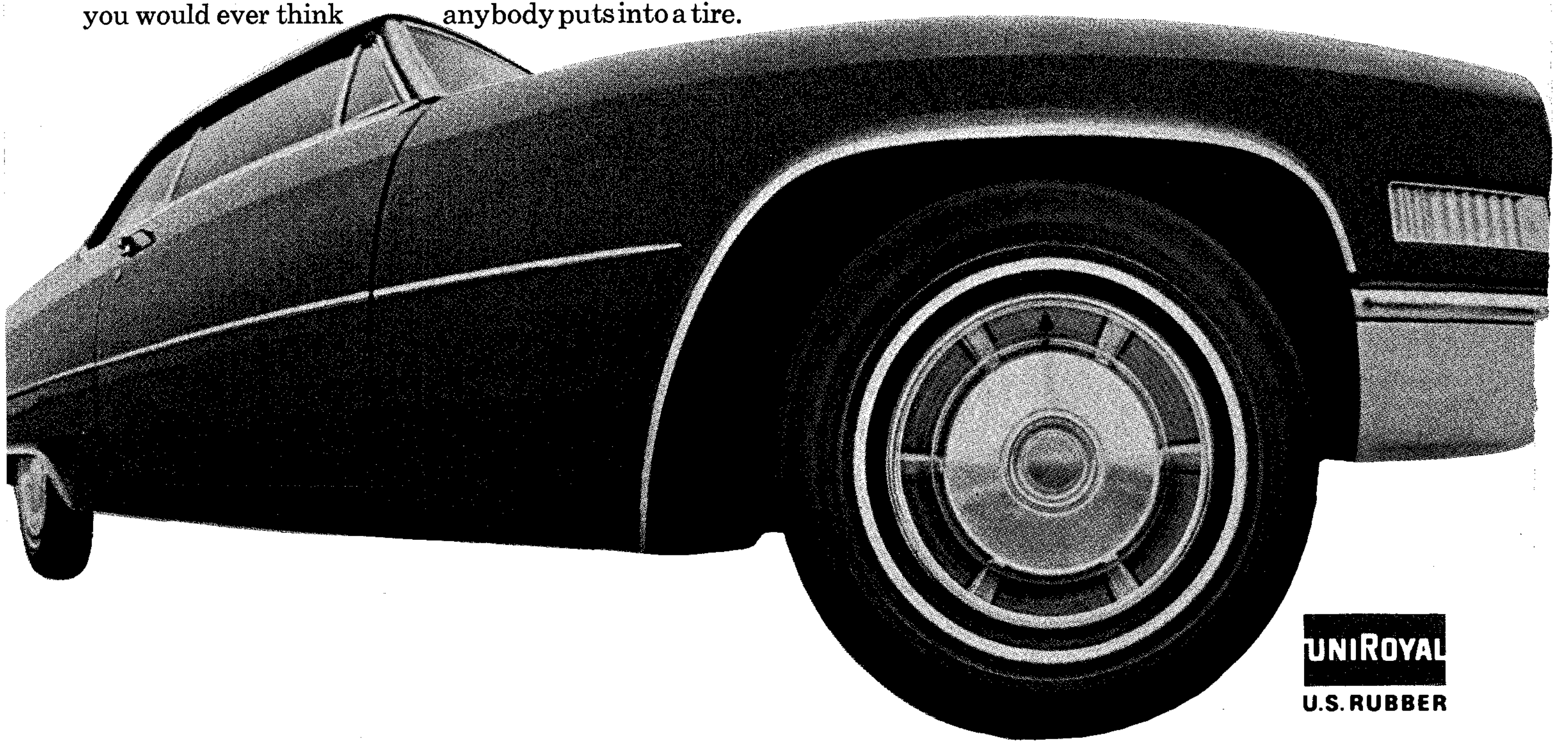

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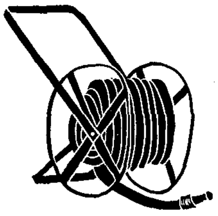
good fortune. The students are highly self-sufficient; the boys catch the fish they all eat, the girls do much of the cooking, and boys and girls together tend an ever-expanding vegetable garden and orchard.

On Ponape, the Trust Territory has a twenty-seven-hundred-acre farm institute, where improved methods of growing coconuts, cacao, mahogany, and rice are being studied, and from which twenty-four trained Micronesian farmers were graduated last fall. On Ponape, too, is the Territory's principal agricultural station. In 1954, hoping to find a crop that could readily be grown in the district and could profitably be exported, the station hit upon pepper as a likely prospect. The project got off to a limp start; it wasn't until several years after the first plantings that the men in charge realized that they were using an unsuitable variety of pepper. By the fall of 1962, they had things straightened out and had sent five pounds of dried Ponape pepper to the American Spice Trade Association, in New York, to see if the product would pass commercial muster. On receiving the Association's blessing, the Trust Territory administration began to export pepper, printing on its packages the name "Micronesian Spice Association," which sounds impressive, even though no such organization officially exists. Last year, Ponape shipped out slightly over one ton of pepper. This was only one forty-eight-thousandth of the amount that India and Indonesia together exported, but many Micronesians viewed the achievement as a promising start toward a new income-producing venture. The *Guam Times Weekly* asserted that "pepper has a bright future" in Ponape.



Under the terms of the United Nations trusteeship agreement that gives the United States its authority in the area, if commercial interests from any U.N. member nation are granted access to Micronesia, commercial interests from all the others must be, too. Thus, if Japanese or Australian capital were to be welcomed, Russian or Albanian capital, say, could not be excluded. The United States is a special case; the right of American capital to go into Micronesia is guaranteed by a most-favored-nation clause in the trusteeship agreement. Even so, it was not until 1962 that the American government (the Kennedy administration at the time) thought that the Trust Territory was ready for any outside enterprise, and in the ensuing four years only one has appeared on the scene—a fishing operation off Koror. Palauans consider this highly appropriate, for in Japanese days Koror was a fishing port comparable in size of catch and range of vessels to Gloucester or New Bedford. The trailblazer is the Van Camp Sea Food Company, of Long Beach, California, which markets Chicken of the Sea tuna. Palauan waters are full of tuna—mostly yellowfin and skipjack—and also have an abundant supply of baitfish. Van Camp was not fazed by the prospect of opening up a new territory; it had already been a pioneer tuna processor in both Puerto Rico and American Samoa. Van Camp built a million-dollar freezing plant in Palau, and in August, 1964, began fishing with a fleet of six fifteen-ton boats. Now it has six more boats there, and is thinking about starting a similar operation at Truk. The first American resident manager for Van Camp bought a small plane for spotting schools of tuna—the only privately owned aircraft in Micronesia. (Last December, while on a mercy mission, searching for a native canoe that had gone astray, he and his plane disappeared.) Impressed by all these economic goings on, three Palauan civic leaders formed their own tuna-fishing company in the spring of 1965, and imported seven boats.

There is at least one trading company in each district. Some of these enterprises are run by Micronesians and some by Americans. The trading companies are now privately owned, but they all evolved from postwar merchandising outfits that were set up and run by the United States government. Also, there are many small businesses in Micronesia—especially outside the district centers—where a store may consist of part of a room in somebody's house. The proprietors make ends meet by selling goods on credit to members of their own clans and by counting on the chief of the clan (who may or may not pay for anything himself) to act as their collection agent at billing time. In the district centers, there are much larger and much more prosperous concerns. The Marshall Islands Import-Export Company, for instance, grossed over a million and a half dollars last year, and it boasts its own oceangoing freighter, the Mieco Queen.

For years, Micronesia had a subsistence economy; now it has a subsidized one. The total Trust Territory budget runs to twenty million dollars

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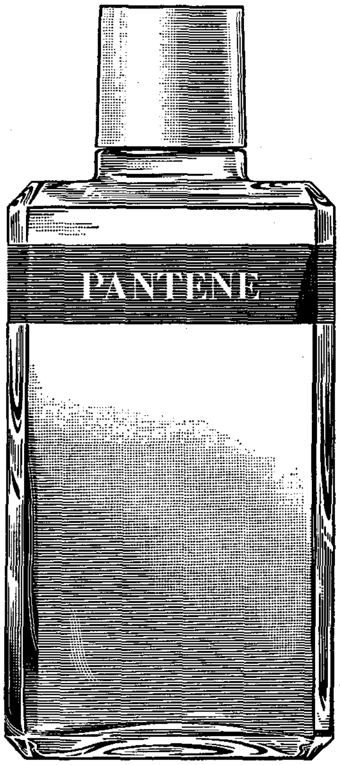

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a year, of which seventeen and a half million is provided by the United States Congress. When two B-52s based on Guam collided in midair while on a bombing run to Vietnam last summer, the cost of the mishap was put at more than nineteen million dollars. It has been hard for Micronesians to understand why a government that could take such a loss in stride could not give them at least the equivalent of a three-bomber budget. Nearly everyone who cares about the Trust Territory agrees that something should be done to reduce the existing imbalance between its imports ($7,090,916 last year, nearly half of which went for food) and its exports ($3,152,459). The biggest item of export was copra. The second-biggest was, curiously, scrap metal—junk from the war twenty years ago. There is a long way to go; at Truk alone, sixty-eight Japanese ships still lie unsalvaged on the bottom of the lagoon. The shells of just one species of local sea snail, the trochus, used to bring Micronesia hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from shirtmakers, who used them for buttons, but with the advent of plastic buttons trochus shell has all but priced itself out of that market. Under the Japanese, Micronesia exported pearls, phosphate, and sugar cane, but there are no pearl divers left, the region's phosphate ran out ten years ago, and what sugar cane remains (the Japanese exported seven million dollars' worth a year and built railroads to expedite its shipment) is barely adequate for the native children to chew on. Few Micronesian businessmen have much capital of their own, so, to enable them to expand old operations or embark on new ones, the Trust Territory administration has set up a loan fund from which they may borrow reasonable sums on reasonable terms. In each of the six Trust Territory districts, furthermore, at least one experimental project is under way that could some-day prove profitable. Ponape hopes to become a big producer of cacao as well as pepper. Palau has begun growing ramie, a fibre admired for its smoothness and strength. Truk is banking in part on coir fibre, made from coconut husks and used for brushes, ropes, and floor mats. In the Marianas, where there is relatively good pasturage, beef cattle is the big thing, and the Marshalls have gone in for arrowroot, which grows wild throughout the district and has the double virtue of being edible and usable as laundry starch. Yap has been exploring the possibilities of harvesting precious deep-sea coral, the best grades of which, at last

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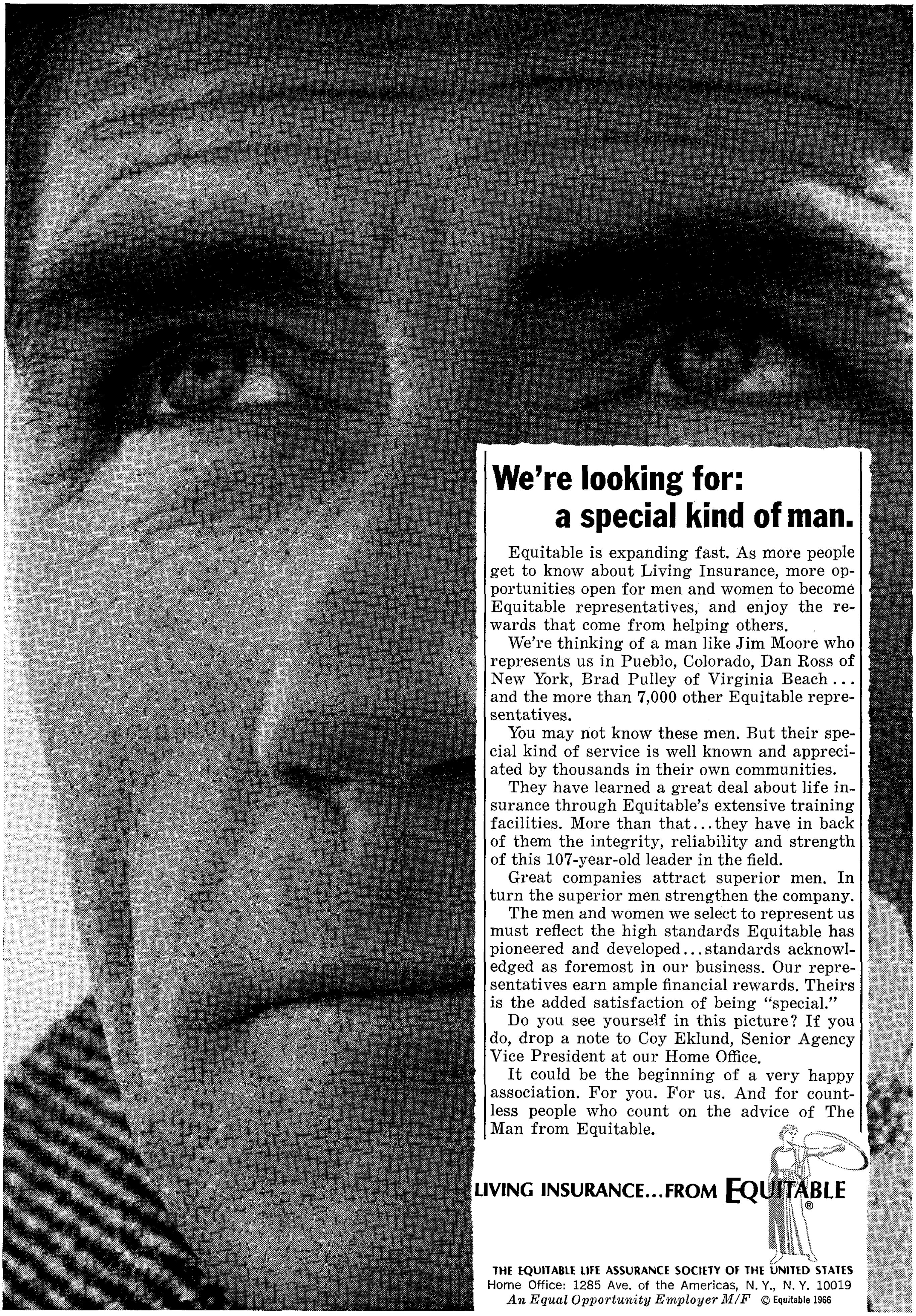

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report, were fetching forty-five dollars a pound in Japan.

Another likely source of cash income for Micronesia, as it has been for so many other regions that are considered quaint, would seem to be native handicrafts. The only trouble here is that Micronesians, except for the Palauans, are not particularly creative, and, moreover, do not particularly want to practice what skills they have. Eager to be modern, they shy away from old-fashioned cottage industries. They would rather dream about rug factories than sit at home making mats. There has been some desultory traffic in Palauan storyboards and monkey men (small statuettes assumed to protect the spirits of the deceased), Ponapean baskets, Marshallese handbags, Yapese dolls, and Trukese love sticks. (These last, now made almost exclusively for the souvenir trade, are hand-carved dagger-length pieces of wood with notched edges. A young man would show his love stick to a girl he was courting, and at night he would poke it through the side of her family's house and prod her with it. She could tell by the feel of its serrations whose love stick it was. If she welcomed the owner's attentions, she would tug on it, inviting him to crawl into the hut alongside her, and if she didn't, she would push the stick back out of the hut. Love sticks became anachronistic when the Trukese began occupying homes with solid walls.) A couple of years ago, hoping to spur the sale of handicrafts, the Trust Territory administration opened a retail store in Guam called the Micronesian Products Center, but its proceeds weren't even enough to cover the rent. Micronesian women are largely responsible for what little activity there has been in handicrafts. They have organized clubs and associations, and in general have achieved a state of emancipation beyond anything their mothers and grandmothers could have imagined. The Trust Territory government has lately added a Women's Interest Coordinator to its headquarters staff, and two young women from Yap are in training as radio announcers. In December, 1965, for the first time in Truk's history, two women were among the twenty-seven successful candidates for seats in that district's legislature.

Within the last couple of years, the Trust Territory administration has taken a number of steps designed to stimulate economic development. Most recently, the High Commissioner engaged a Washington firm of economic

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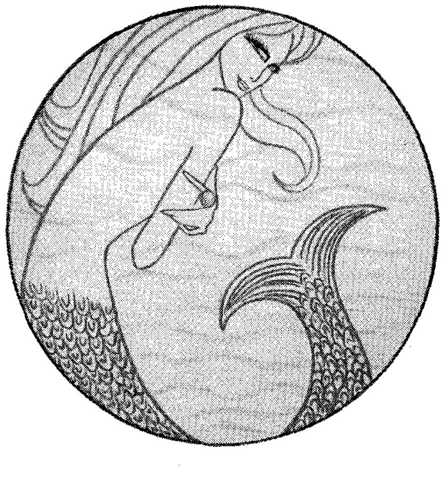

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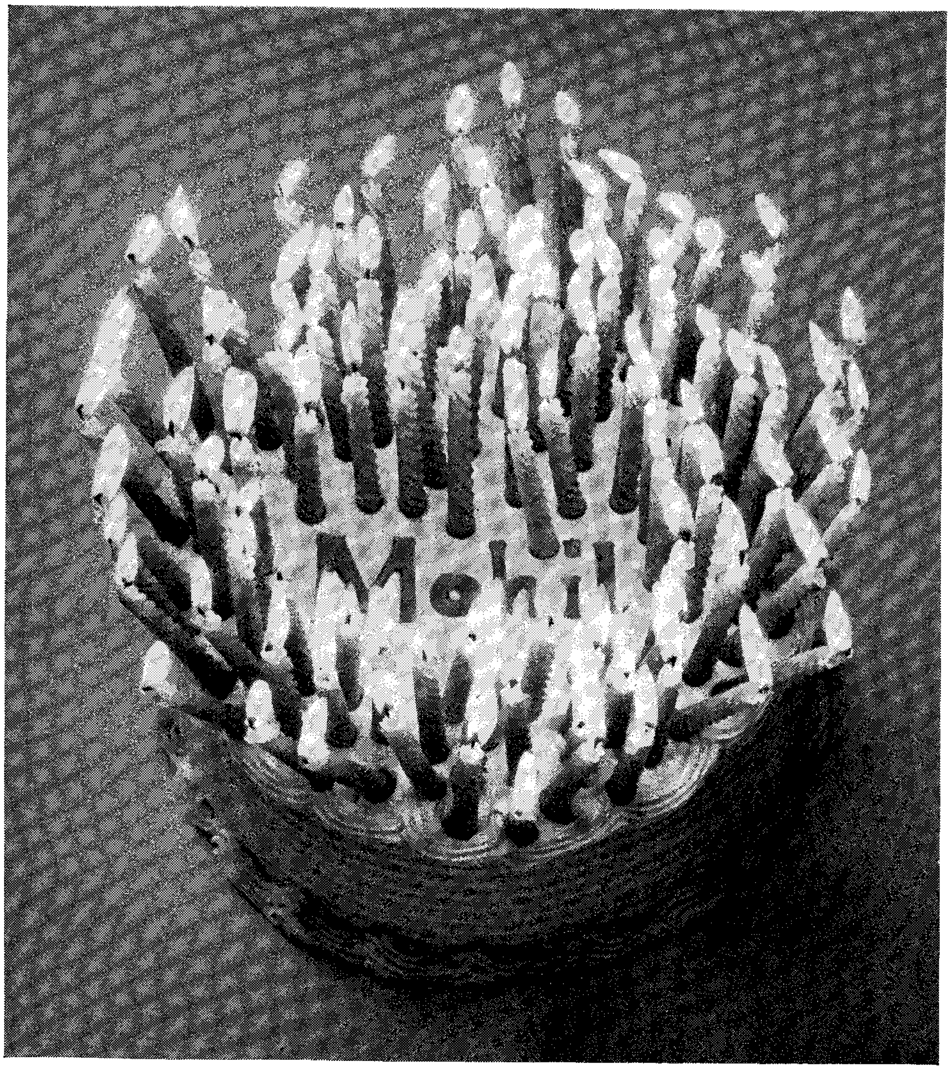

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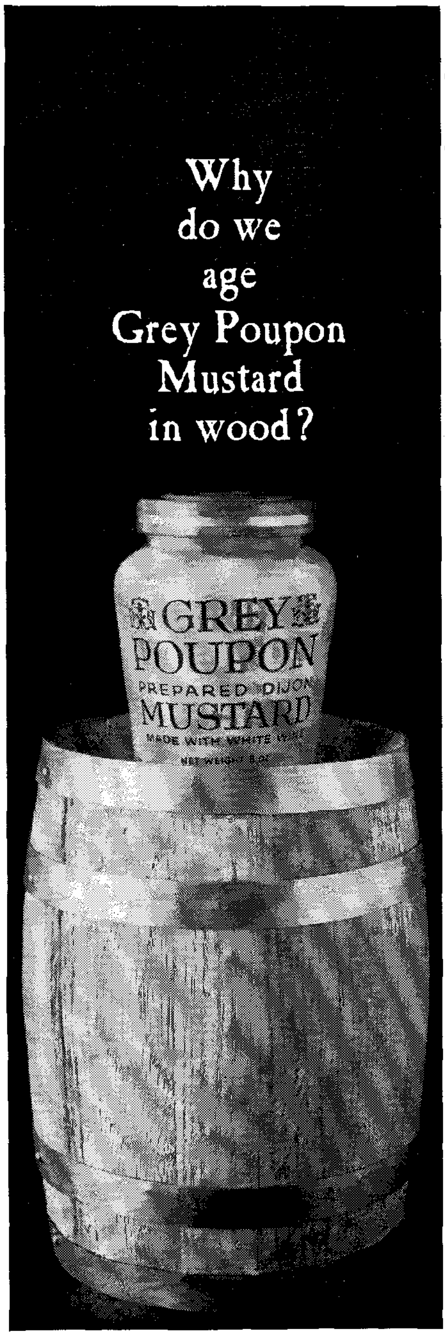
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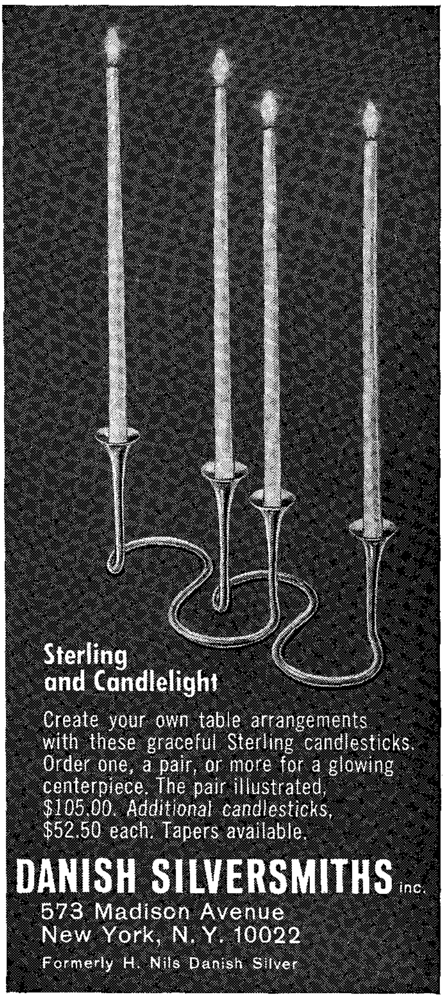
consultants, at a fee of three hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars, to make an exhaustive study of Micronesia and ascertain, among other things, what direction its economy ought to take. Although the study is still incomplete, the Interior Department has concluded that more outside money is essential, and it has asked Congress—without yet getting an answer—to make an additional hundred and seventy-two million dollars available to the Trust Territory between now and 1972. A generation ago, Micronesia was known as the Japanese Riviera, and its present administrators, up to and including Secretary Udall, hope that the area can achieve some kind of economic stability by once again becoming a resort. With its sultry climate, pure-white sand, turquoise water, bizarre shells, and graceful coconut palms, Micronesia would seem to have in abundance the raw materials of a tourist attraction. Moreover, it is one of the few exotic places left on earth that vacationers have not yet explored en masse—the only comparable area, perhaps, being New Guinea. When the Navy ran Micronesia, just after the war, it discouraged outsiders from dropping in, and even under Interior's comparatively relaxed administration no one—American citizens included—may enter the Trust Territory without written permission from the High Commissioner. Visitors do turn up every now and then. Some come by accident. Several months ago, a New Zealander pulled into Saipan aboard a thirty-five-foot boat. He was on his way from South America to Hong Kong, and had meant to stop at Wake, fifteen hundred miles northeast of the Marianas, but had missed it. He didn't have an entry permit, but he was hospitably received anyway. The few plain, ordinary tourists who have so far reached Micronesia were inspired to go there mainly by memories of the Second World War. Every so often, a veteran of the 1944 battles of Peleliu and Angaur will materialize to show his wife what the combat area he might have died in looks like. Since 1959, furthermore, some Japanese have been allowed to return to Micronesia, either to resettle there in their old age or to hold memorial services for their soldier dead at the graves or crumbling Shinto shrines of another era. The islands of Micronesia that do have tourist accommodations don't have many. Each district has at least one hotel, but these are fairly Spartan establishments. The solitary hotel on Truk has ten rooms. "We're not fancy, but we're clean,"



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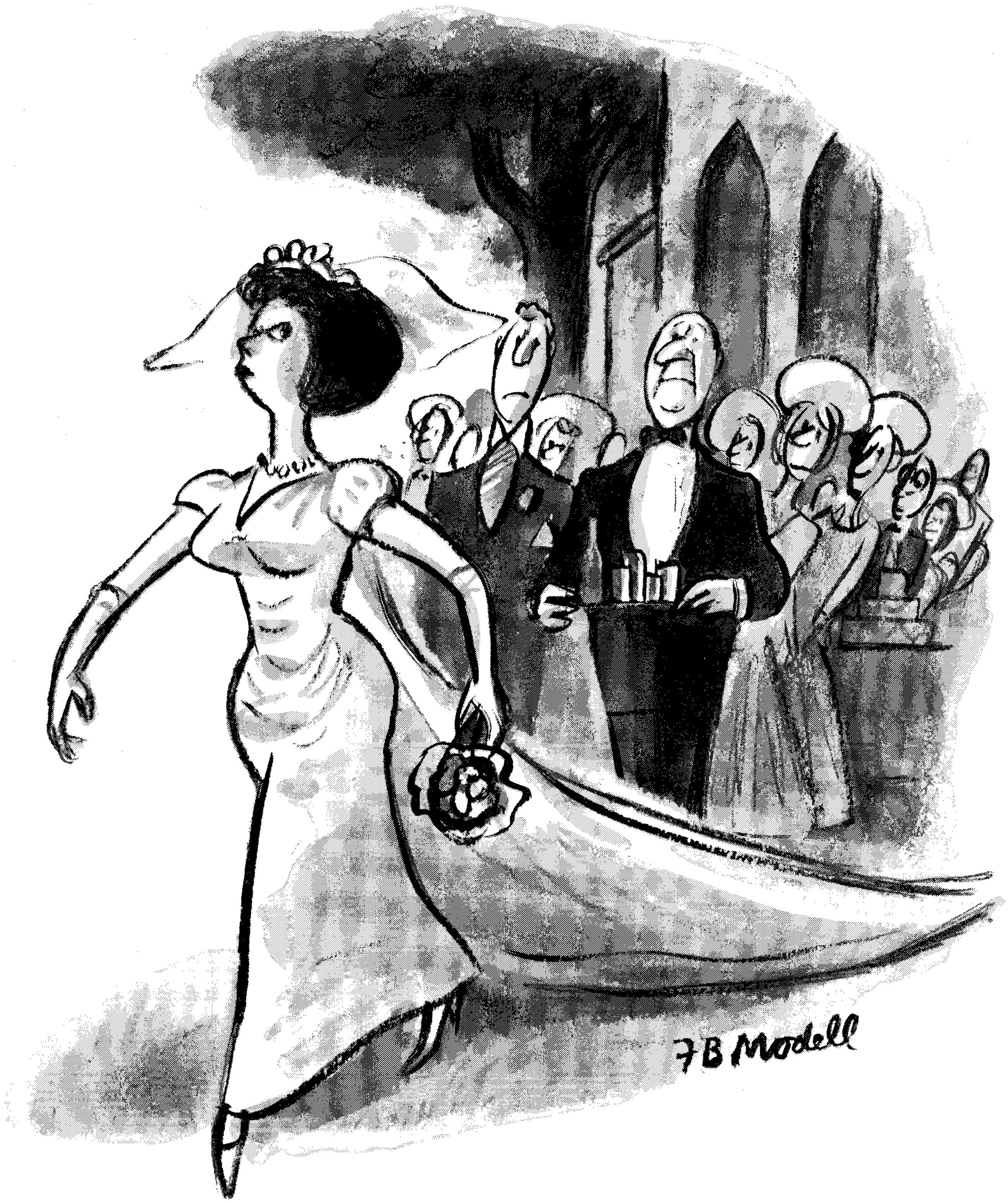

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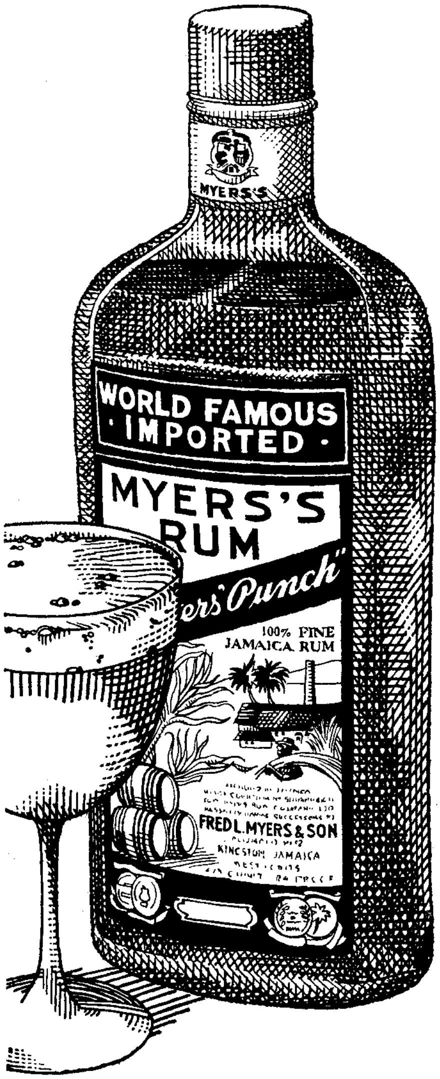

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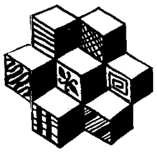
the proprietor likes to say. The hotel in Koror (twenty-two rooms) calls itself the Royal Palauan. Palau has a travel bureau (one of its claims is that the local beaches are so white you can't look at the sand comfortably without dark glasses), and in 1964 it offered a package tour to residents of Guam, thirty of whom took advantage of the offer. Saipan, the closest of any big Trust Territory island to Guam, has lately been making a determined bid for tourists. The local legislature passed a resolution last winter advocating the construction of an amusement park; members of the Chamber of Commerce have agreed to take turns greeting tourists at the air terminal; hotels are going up apace; and a new car-rental service is in the works.

Periodically, someone turns up in dogged search of Amelia Earhart. When she disappeared, in 1937, she was thought to have landed somewhere in Micronesia. There are those who are certain that she came down on Saipan, and to prove their premise have as recently as 1963 engaged in exploratory digging for her grave. Another school of thought holds that she crashed in the Marshall Islands. Not long ago, the spot was described with such positiveness—at a certain point in the lagoon of the Majuro atoll—that the American District Administrator for the Marshalls and a native friend went there with a boat and some diving equipment. They found the remains of an airplane, but it was a B-29. Still others assert that it was Truk where Miss Earhart came down, and there are natives of that district who insist—without, however, naming names—that one Trukese man has a ring that could be identified, if he ever chose to show it to anybody, as the flier's. The attitude of the American authorities is that there is no evidence that Miss Earhart ever landed in Micronesia, but if people are determined to dig for her grave, or any other grave, there is no objection, provided they fill in their excavations.

THE American teachers in the Trust Territory come from all over the United States, but of the three hundred and forty other Americans working under the High Commissioner—there are also three thousand Micronesians on his payroll—a substantial number are from Hawaii. The fiftieth state, being only twenty-seven hundred miles from the center of Micronesia, is, as measurements go in the Pacific, practically a next-door neighbor. From 1947 to 1953, the High Commissioner's headquarters were in Hawaii, and the place is a mecca for Micronesians. It is where most Micronesians who aspire to higher education go to get it, although a few of them find the climate uncomfortably chilly. At the University of Hawaii, where Micronesian undergraduates, once a rarity, are now routine, there is an East-West Center, which offers six-week to six-month courses in a variety of academic and non-academic subjects. At present, a hundred and fifty Micronesians attend the Center annually, studying, among other subjects, nursing, business administration, commercial sewing, plant quarantine, extension agriculture, and environmental sanitation. Typical of the many Hawaiians whose interest in Micronesians has impelled them to settle more or less permanently in Micronesia is J. Boyd Mackenzie, a District Administrator who recently switched to Palau from Truk. Mackenzie is of royal Hawaiian blood; one of his grandmothers was a queen of the islands. An uncle of his, Tandy Kaohu Mackenzie, was Hawaii's most celebrated opera singer. Mackenzie himself was trained as an agriculturist, and he first went to Micronesia in 1953 with the mission of devising improved methods of growing crops on low islands. He spent four and a half years on the Marshallese atoll of Jaluit, which had been the regional headquarters of both the German and Japanese overlords of that part of the Pacific but which, in the American scheme of things, had been relegated to the status of just another atoll. Early in 1958, a typhoon hit Jaluit. Typhoons are Micronesia's most deeply feared affliction. They not infrequently level every house and strip every leaf off every tree that they happen not to level, too. Mackenzie was visiting Majuro when Jaluit was assaulted. He rushed back on the first ship and found that everything he had done in those four and a half years had vanished—his experimental plantings, his house and all its furnishings, his office and all its records. A less determined man might have returned to Honolulu, but Mackenzie stayed on in Micronesia, married a girl from the state of Washington who was serving as the High Commissioner's secretary, and eventually wrote what has come to be regarded as a definitive treatise on breadfruit. (For the seedless variety alone, he discovered, the Marshallese have twenty names: *bukdol*, *bwilbwilkkaj*, *kitro-*



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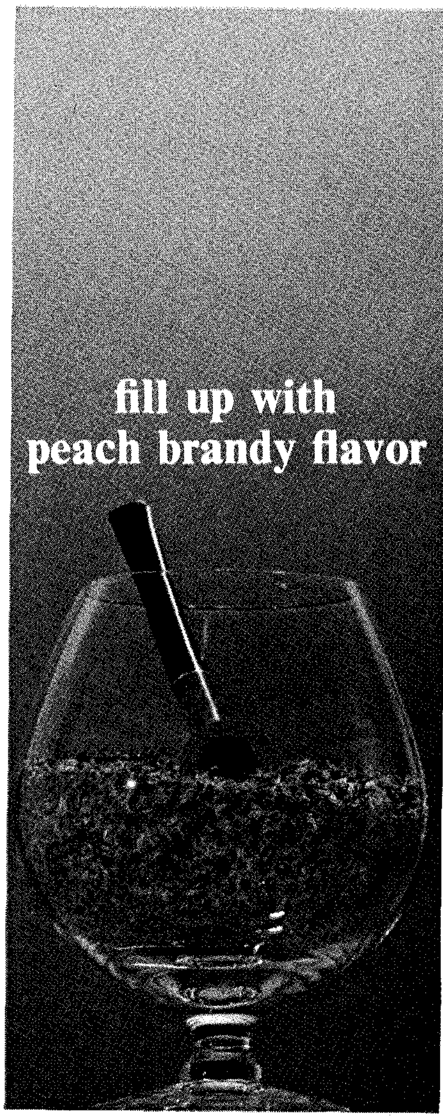

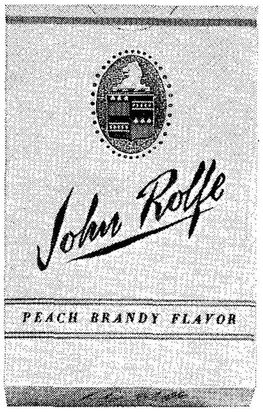

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Like every other part of Micronesia, Truk—the district over which Mackenzie presided from 1960 to 1965—has its own peculiar and cherished legends. According to one of these, life began on Truk when a woman drifted there on a large and uncommonly buoyant palm frond. Her twenty-three thousand descendants occupy the islands of the Truk lagoon, a majestic body of water forty miles wide. The Japanese converted Truk into an immense wartime base, establishing their district headquarters on the lagoon island of Dublon; the Americans have established theirs on the nearby island of Moen. (In a cave in one hill on Moen, commanding a sweeping arc of the lagoon, stands a British artillery piece; the Japanese moved it there after they overran Singapore.) The native chief of Moen is a sixty-three-year-old man of regal bearing named Petrus Mailo, now the Acting Speaker of the Congress of Micronesia, who spent thirty days in the United States in the spring of 1965 at the invitation of the State Department. Away from home, he added to his normally formidable mien by wearing a broad-brimmed hat, which he kept on even while having lunch in the delegates' dining room at the United Nations.

Chief Petrus is an *itag* man—*itag* being a Trukese word that denotes both a lofty political philosophy and an arcane language known only to a handful of leaders. The language is supposed to be used prudently, because it can cast spells and make people sick. Not long ago, speaking in conventional Trukese, Chief Petrus talked to some high-school students on Moen. After describing himself, with characteristic Trukese diffidence, as a man ill-suited to his august position because he lacked wisdom, he discoursed at length and wisely on the history of Truk, and urged his listeners never to forget what their ancestors had learned: that there will be nothing more important in their lives than the soil they live on and their relationship to it. "We take life from the soil of our land," he said, and added, "Don't reach beyond your grasp for what you don't have. If you reach beyond your grasp for the white man's knowledge but let go of your own knowledge, you will fall. . . . In the government, a job assignment just hops from one person to another, but an assignment

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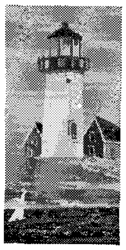
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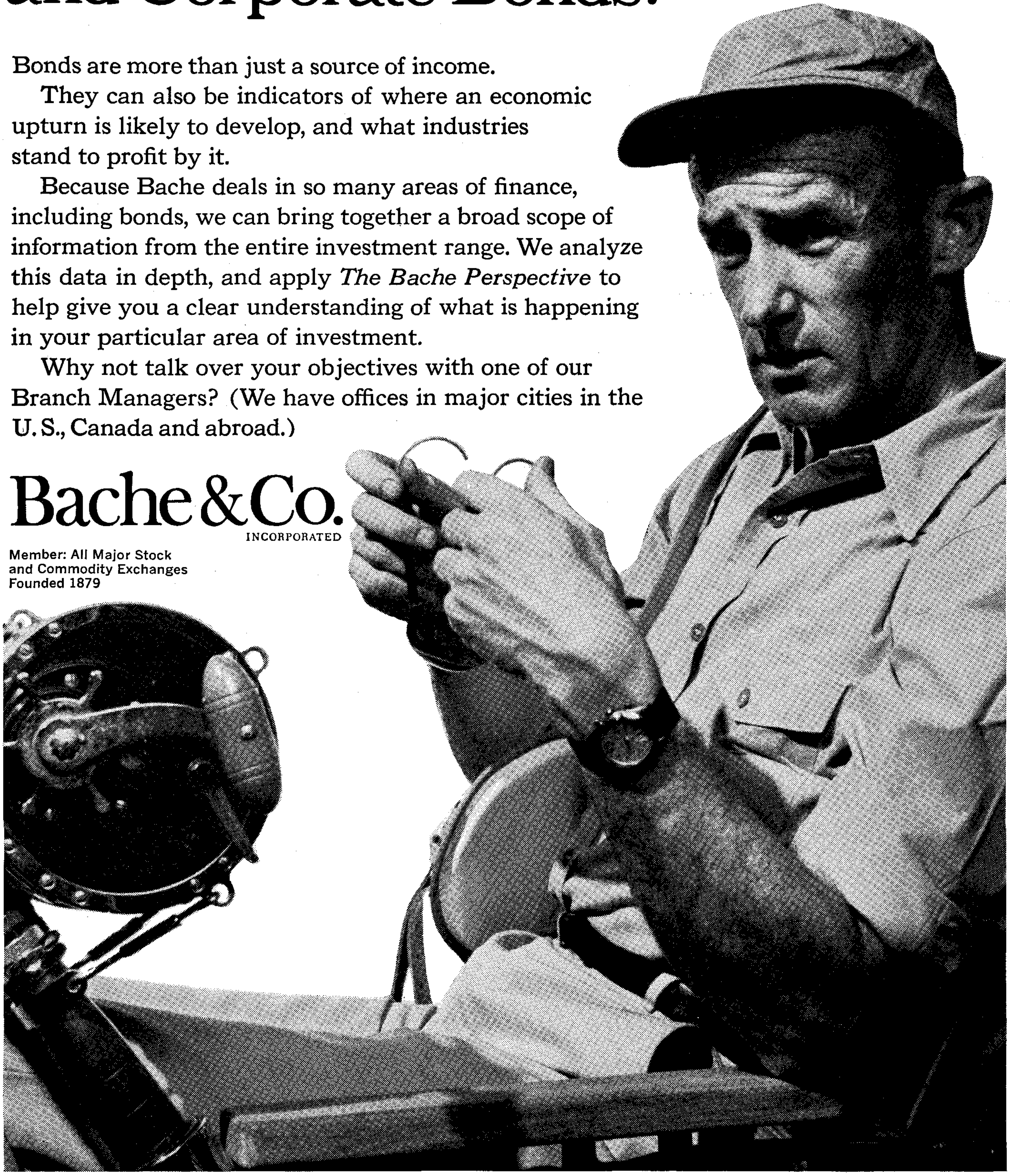

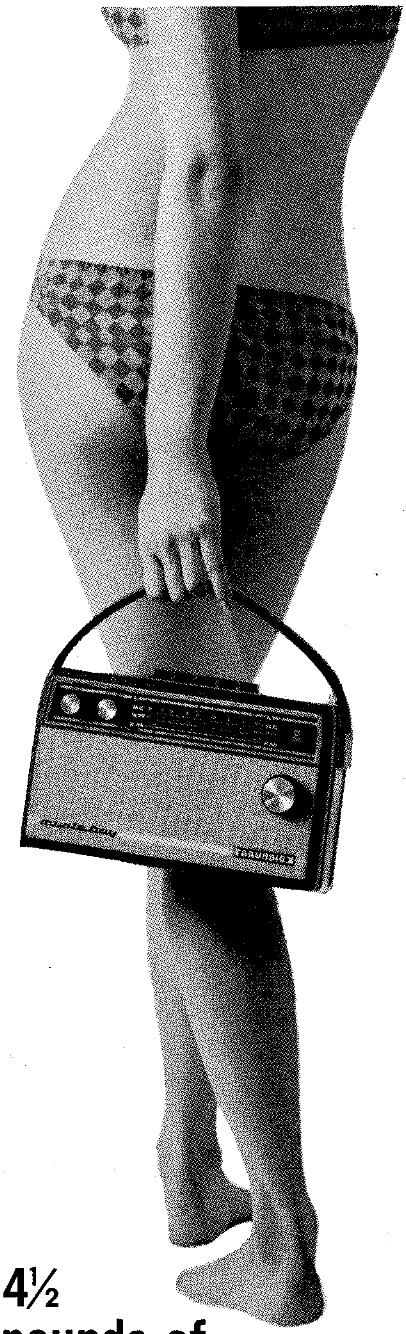

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of soil cannot hop away. . . . Hold on to the Trukese pattern of things, the Trukese customs, the Trukese ways, the Trukese orientation."

Chief Petrus, who has been a businessman since 1920, when he operated a trading boat for his father, was a founder, in 1948, of the Truk Trading Company, one of Micronesia's most thriving commercial enterprises. The company began, modestly enough, with only twelve thousand dollars in capital. It now has more than ten times that amount of stock outstanding, total assets of close to a million dollars, and a hundred and thirty employees. All of these are Micronesians except the manager, a Chicagoan named Henry Chatroop, who has been in the area since 1946, when he did accounting and supply work for the Navy. He lives over the company's main store in a commodious apartment with a panelled ceiling and, among other elegant furnishings, a grand piano. Chatroop's wife is a registered nurse from Scotland who went to Fiji with the Royal Army Nursing Corps after the war. She is also a certified midwife, and she moved to Micronesia on being offered a chance to set up a midwifery school. (But the Trust Territory administration then discovered that it didn't have enough money to start one after all.) Chatroop is a real go-getter. He sells baseball uniforms, complete with thick woollen stockings, to out-islanders who normally wear almost no clothing at all. He sells fancy foods that would be a credit to any gourmet shop, and keeps in stock a wide selection of wines and liquors. The company has more books on sale than any other place in Micronesia, has a movie theatre (unemployment in Truk is high, and it is open daily from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.), and operates a bakery, a pool hall, a lumberyard, a restaurant, and a bar. Its bouncer is one of the largest men in the district; Trukese can get fairly rough on payday. In the company's warehouses, because of the uncertainty of deliveries of anything in Micronesia, there is usually an inventory of half a million dollars' worth of goods.

In the Trust Territory there are quite a few old-timers who, like Chatroop, have been on the scene for two decades. The oldest-timer is a public-works mechanic at Koror who, as a Navy enlisted man, took part in the American invasion of Palau in the fall of 1944. He liked the place, stayed on, and married a native. Most of the other veterans are former Navy officers who attended a School of Naval Administration at Stanford Uni-

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versity at the end of the war. One of these, Roy T. Gallemore, just retired as District Administrator of the Mariana Islands, having reached the age of seventy. He is a 1917 Annapolis graduate who left the Navy seven years later to run a family newspaper in Florida, rejoined the service in 1940, and retired from that career in 1955. Like most of the Trust Territory officials with lengthy service, Gallemore was stationed at one time or another in nearly all the districts, and he came to react sensitively and sympathetically to many native beliefs and customs that people with less experience are inclined to dismiss as myth or hokum. When he was District Administrator at Yap a few years ago, there was a long and depressing spell of rain. An elderly Yapese with a reputation for meteorological magic came to Gallemore's house one day, sat on his living-room floor, lit a fire, delivered himself of some incantations, and departed, after confidently announcing that the rain would stop at once. It did. Gallemore was, and still is, impressed.

Whether it is good or bad for foreigners to stay for protracted periods in outposts like Micronesia has been debated since colonialism began. It can be argued that people who want to help the natives cannot begin to do so until they are thoroughly acquainted with the natives' environment and, preferably, have learned their language. Some of the very best and most compassionate administrators in Micronesia are those who have tarried there the longest. On the other hand, the climate of Micronesia (the humidity is oppressive, and the temperature ranges between seventy-five and eighty-five) saps energy and reduces efficiency, and people who spend long stretches in a hot, tiny, confining place tend to get into ruts, or, once they have become big frogs in little ponds, are afraid to return to a more competitive society.

Micronesians are used to living in small groups and seeing the same few faces year in and year out, but for foreigners on the islands the unvarying pattern of social relationships can lead to disenchantment. Newcomers to Micronesia are pounced on eagerly and effusively by the residents; whatever sort of people they may be, they are new people, and, for all anyone can tell, may know some new jokes. They also provide a new audience for old gripes. The Americans in Micronesia have a well-worked-over repertory of these, the leading one being that they are forgotten people in a forgotten land. It is true that in the Trust Territory

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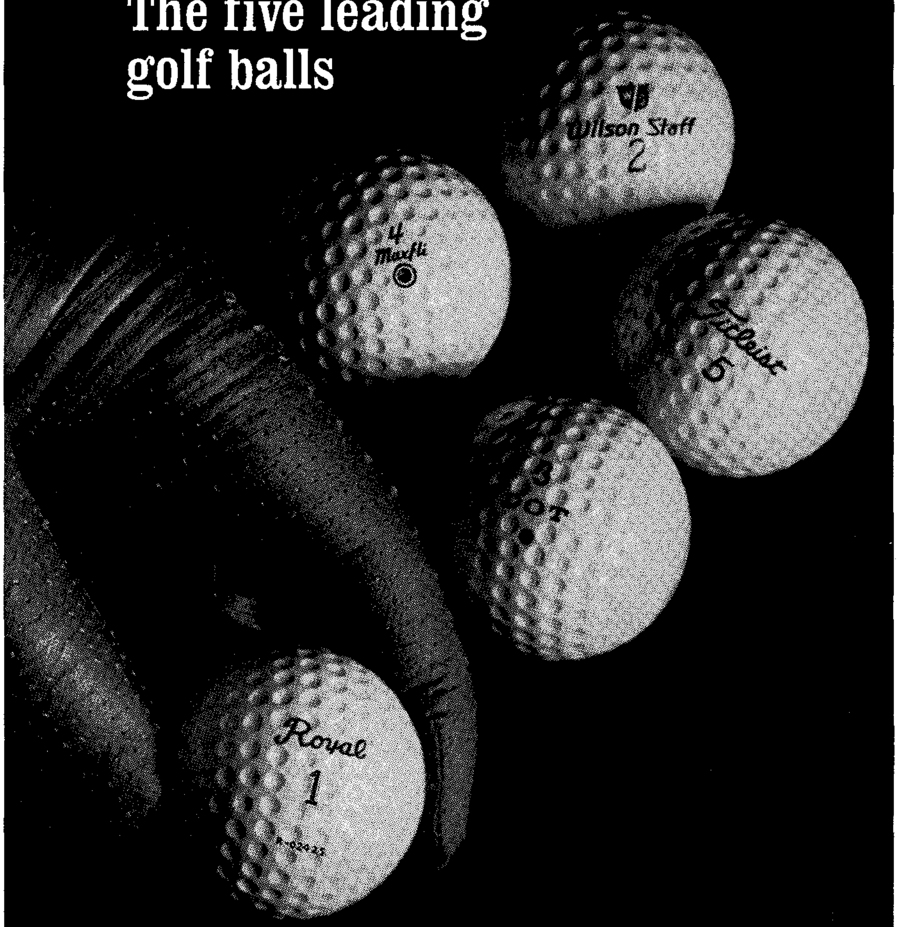

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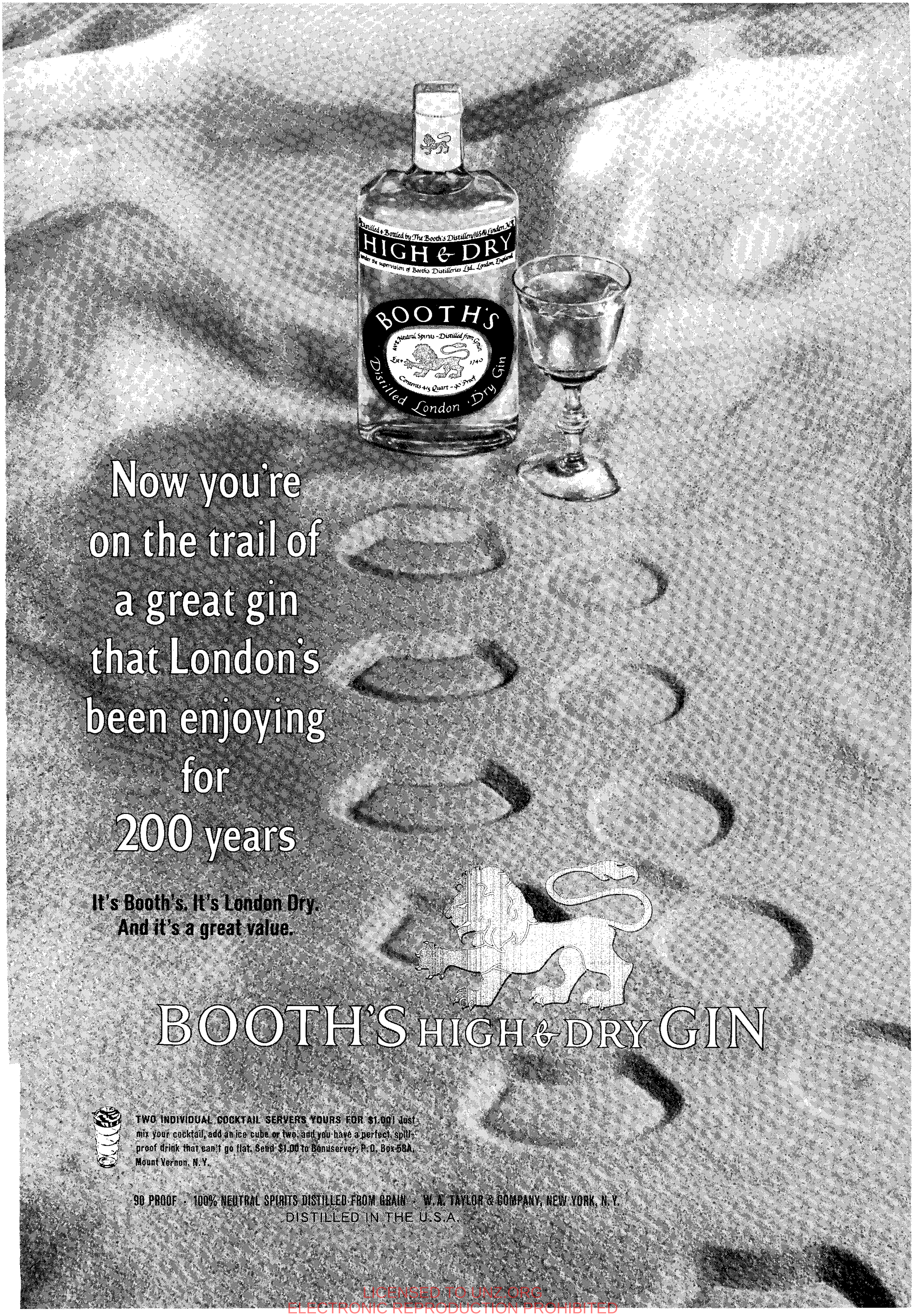
one feels as though one were in a leaky dinghy attached by a long and fraying rope to a glistening yacht. On islands far from district headquarters, this sense of isolation is more pronounced, in terms of both space and time. "Nothing much new out here," an American teacher wrote not long ago to a Stateside friend. "As usual, petty crises of broken-down machinery and lack of supplies keep us from sleeping the peaceful life of the Pacific." At the start of 1964, several dozen native Ponapeans, on receiving word from Saipan that a big new generator was on its way to their district center, went to considerable effort and expense to wire their homes. Six months later, a generator was delivered, but before it could be hooked up it was packed off to Truk. It was not until November, 1965, that the Ponapeans finally got some power to hitch their wires to. For five years running, the pre-Christmas cargo ship that calls at Majuro, the capital of the Marshalls District, hasn't arrived in time for the holiday; last year, it came in on January 8th. The Trust Territory is heavily dependent for communications on radios, yet many of the sets in the area are 1944 models, for which spare parts are hard to find. Even the seeds the local agriculturists receive are so old they have poor yields. The weekly newspaper at Ponape recently carried this notice: "Suffering from old age, our telephone switchboard now has only four active jacks available for operation. Only four calls can be connected at one time. Effective today, only business calls can be connected during working hours. Personal calls should be cut down to the minimum after 4:30 P.M. and during weekends." Ponape has no fire engine. It had one, but its tank wouldn't hold water and the tires gave out, so it was dumped in the sea. The only ambulance available to the Truk hospital is an Army one of Second World War vintage. "We spend far too much money maintaining old junk vehicles," a Trust Territory official said not long ago. Maintenance is a problem everywhere in the tropics, and few Micronesians have yet become adept mechanics. Some of the equipment in the Trust Territory is simply too decrepit to function at all. An American educator at Truk who had a used jeep for sale put an ad in the district paper that went, "Beautiful blue color, powerful engine (goes up steepest hills in second gear, when it runs). Rebuilt body. Kind of old and friendly. An especially good buy for those who want to learn more about auto mechanics." Another American recently observed, perhaps with a mite of exaggeration, "The only reason anything is here is because somebody threw it out."

The Micronesians, for their part, used to complain that they were victims of discrimination. Until 1961, they were. They were not allowed to join the Trust Territory's social clubs (there is one in each district), for instance, on the pretext that they wouldn't feel at home in them, because they were also not allowed to drink; the Navy had imposed prohibition upon them, and Interior had gone along with this restriction. M. Wilfred Goding, the High Commissioner from 1961 until his retirement a few weeks ago, lifted the restriction soon after he assumed office. Throughout Micronesia today one sees signs reading, "This is a facility operated under the jurisdiction of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. No discrimination by segregation or other means in the furnishing of accommodations, facilities, services, or privileges on the basis of race, creed, color, ancestry, or foreign origin is permitted in the use of this facility." Anybody who spots a violation of this decree is urged to let the High Commissioner know directly.

Back in 1952, an economist who had been engaged by the United States to make a survey of Micronesia concluded that "care should be exercised, as it has so far been, not to advance wages beyond all reasonable hope that the productivity of the economy will be enough to sustain such wages." He added, "This is no idle caveat. Wage reasoning shaped by the cry of discrimination or by comparison with American wages could be ruinous to the Trust Territory economy in its present stage of productivity." Productivity hasn't yet reached a much more advanced stage than it had then, but, caveat or no caveat, the cry of wage discrimination is now often heard. The most that any Micronesian can earn as a Trust Territory administration employee, no matter how responsible a position he may hold or how many years of seniority he may have, is $10,300. Until August, 1965, this limit was $7,620, which is about where an inexperienced American schoolteacher starts. At the other end of the pay scale are the unskilled Micronesian laborers, who get thirty-three cents an hour. (This is by no means rock bottom in their experience; under the Japanese, the minimum wage was the equivalent of forty cents a day.) Micronesians, it is true, don't need as much money as Americans do. Most of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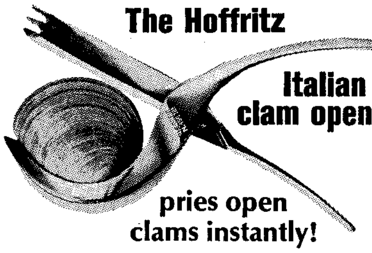

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the natives grow at least some of their food, hardly any of them pay income taxes, and they are not encumbered with insurance or social security, having instead a well-established clan system under which all elderly people can count on being taken care of by their families. (Some families, indeed, commandeer the wages of any of their members who happen to be employed. Micronesians in that fix who want to save some of their earnings often ask their employers to deposit in secret bank accounts any overtime pay they may have coming to them.) Furthermore, few Micronesians have invested in their own education anything like the sums that Americans often must invest before they are eligible for a job. Nevertheless, the natives are becoming increasingly articulate about their dissatisfaction with the double standard of compensation. One highly regarded and hard-working Micronesian currently holds a job that would pay an American thirteen thousand dollars, before taxes. The Micronesian gets forty-eight hundred, tax-free. What galls him perhaps more than anything else is that he is married to an American—he met her at the University of Hawaii—who works for the territorial administration, too. "My wife is only a clerk-typist, and she gets more than I do," the Micronesian told an acquaintance. "That hurts."

It is United States policy at present for every American employed in the Trust Territory to be replaced as soon as possible, though not necessarily at the same pay scale, by a qualified Micronesian. In theory, a Micronesian is currently being trained to take over every position now held by an American. Some Americans are displaying more eagerness than others to lose their jobs. It is not always easy, though, to find Micronesians who both want to assume responsibility and have the ability to do so. Three years ago, an American who ran the Yap Trading Company (now called the Yap Co-operative Association) turned over its management to its native owners. They struggled along for a while, but as their business grew, it became too much for them to handle, and they finally asked the American to come back. He did, but now, instead of reassuming the title of manager, he calls himself an adviser.

Micronesians are gradually playing an ever larger role in managing their own affairs, however. There are six native Assistant District Administrators, and last August the High Commissioner announced the appointment of the first native District Administra-

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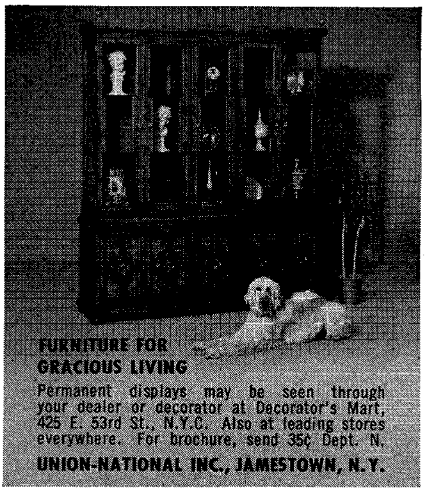

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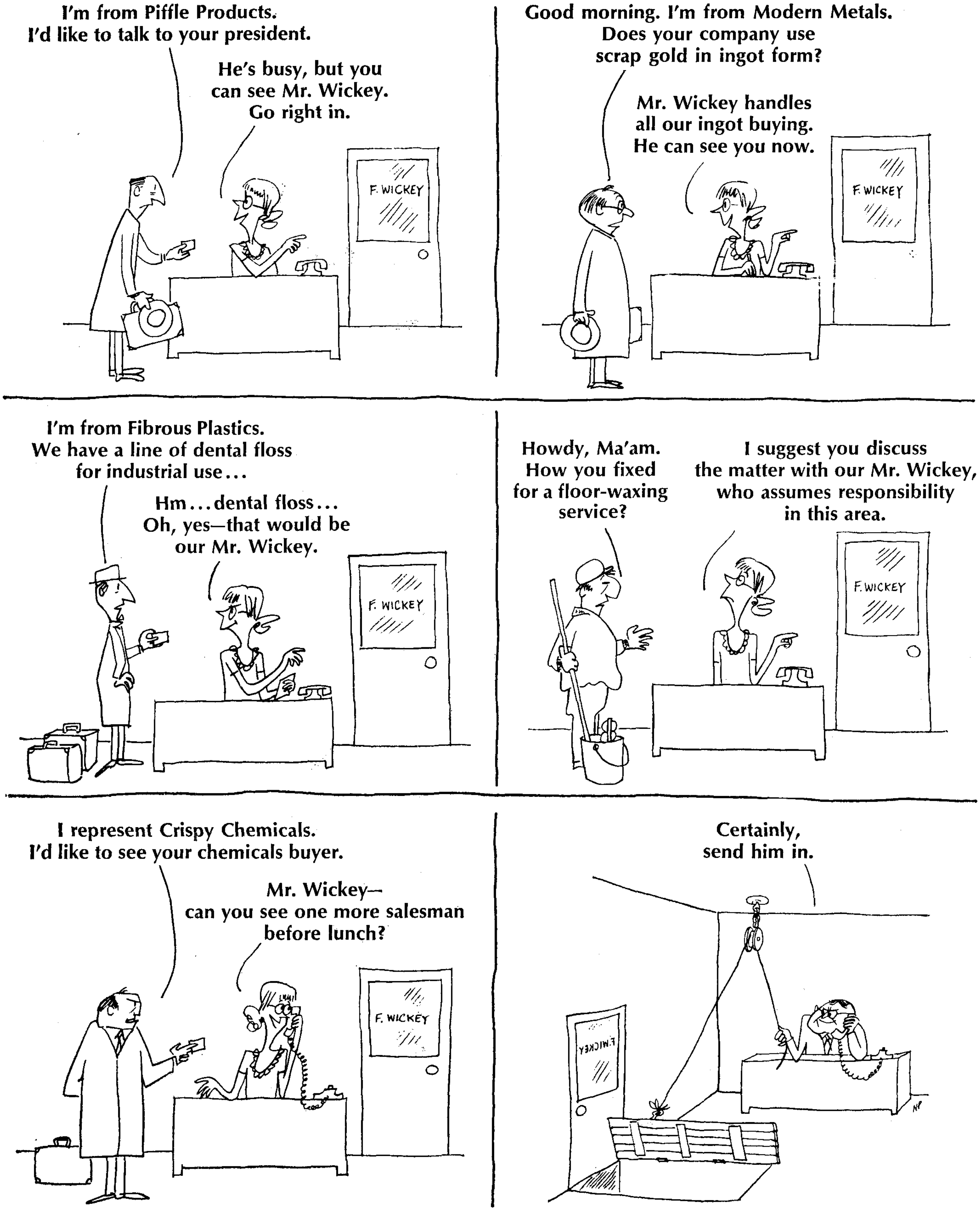
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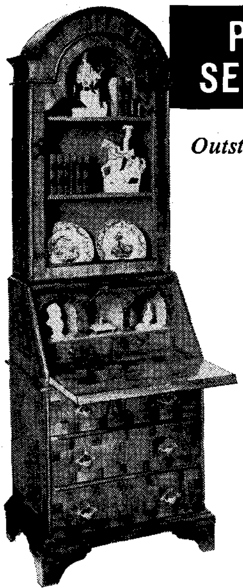

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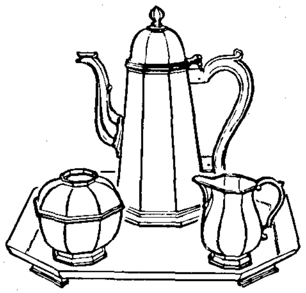

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tor. Micronesians have mixed feelings about taking over the reins. They are accustomed to working under people rather than over, or even with, them. One of the six Assistant Administrators—on duty in Palau—supplanted an American of whom the natives had become extremely fond. The Palau District legislature, though it had nothing against the Palauan who had been singled out for the high post, passed a resolution deploring the switch and saying that "the stage of our development at this time is still such that it requires the knowledge and ability of a person experienced in handling major responsibilities, capable of handling various activities, and well experienced in human relations so as to be able to win the confidence of the people." Some self-confident young Micronesians believe that they are ready right now to run the Trust Territory themselves—or, at least, to run it as well as the United States has run it—but their optimism is far from universally shared. The American in charge of seven Micronesians employed at a Weather Bureau station in the Marshall Islands asked them not long ago when they thought any of them would be ready to replace him. The most bullish among them guessed that it would take ten years, the most bearish guessed fifty. In United Nations circles, the United States is often criticized for not permitting Micronesians to assume responsibility for all their judicial affairs. When the principal native justice in the Yap District, an imposing man of seventy-eight named Joseph Fanechoor, was asked how soon *he* thought this change in jurisprudence could reasonably come about, he replied, "I don't know how many hundreds of years it will be."

THE administration of justice in Micronesia is a complicated business. The Trust Territory has its own legal code, which was drawn up in 1952 and has since been slightly modified, but while this is largely patterned after the United States Code, there are several notable differences. For one thing, there is no statute of frauds. Such a statute would be pointless, because most Micronesians put no trust in written documents. To them, oral statements carry far more weight; indeed, if one of them insists on spelling out an agreement on paper, he is more often than not suspected of wicked motives. Birth certificates issued to Micronesians are all but worthless. Even when a woman knows the name of her child's father, which is not always the case, it makes little difference to

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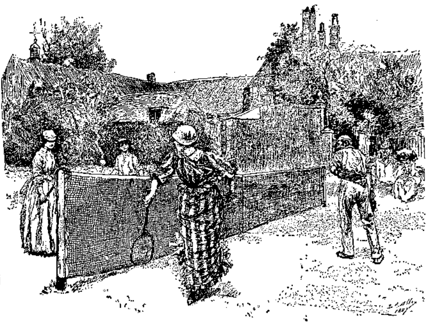

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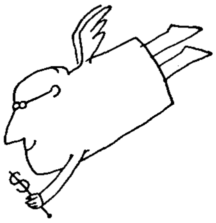

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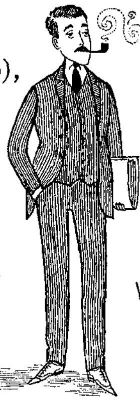

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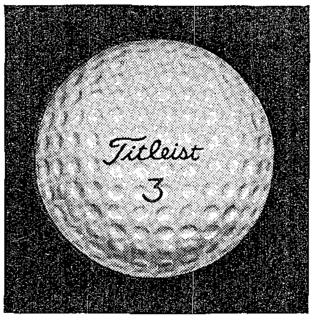

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PGA SENIORS	220	57
DORAL OPEN	39	36
JACKSONVILLE OPEN	63	37
MASTERS	28	21
AZALEA OPEN	69	33
TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS	6	4
DALLAS OPEN	70	32
TEXAS OPEN	69	29
NEW ORLEANS OPEN	52	37
COLONIAL INVITATIONAL	19	17
OKLAHOMA CITY OPEN	67	32
MEMPHIS OPEN	56	36
TOTAL	1332	652

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her what paternal name is entered on a birth certificate, since it is just a scrap of paper. Frequently, to save time and bother, a Micronesian clerk filling out a birth certificate will insert *his* name in the blank space set aside for "father;" by now some of the clerks—on paper, at least—have become prodigies of paternity.

Another difference between the Trust Territory Code and its United States prototype is that in the Micronesian version of the Bill of Rights the following exception appears: "Due recognition shall be given to local customs in providing a system of law, and nothing in this Chapter shall be construed to limit or invalidate any part of the existing customary law, except as otherwise determined by the High Commissioner." There are two American judges in Micronesia, and they try conscientiously to give the local customs due recognition, but it is sometimes hard for them to ascertain just what the local customs are. Since the natives distrust documents, few of the customs have ever been set forth in writing except by anthropologists. Along with local customs, the various districts of Micronesia have local laws, and there is some justice outside the law, too. A Yapese father whose son had been caught stealing warned the boy that if it ever happened again he would be severely punished; when it did happen again, the father chopped off the tip of one of his son's fingers. The Americans in Yap had the father haled into court and tried for assault, but he got off with a light sentence because, in the words of the American judge, it was "primarily a family matter to be dealt with as tradition decrees, within the family."

The principal author of the Trust Territory Code was Edward P. Furber, a Harvard man, now sixty-eight, who, after practicing law in Boston, went into the Navy in 1942. Toward the end of the war, and for a year after its end, he was stationed at Okinawa and some of the other Ryukyu Islands. In 1946, he moved to Guam. Two years after that, the Navy designated him Chief Justice of the Trust Territory—a position that he continued to fill when the Department of the Interior superseded the Navy in 1951, and that he has filled ever since. Judge Furber and the associate justice who shares his work are the most independent Americans in the Trust Territory, being the only ones who are responsible directly to the Secretary of the Interior, rather than to the High Commissioner. The two judges demonstrated their independence when an early High Commissioner, who was upset because thieves had broken into a couple of Americans' homes, decreed that anyone convicted of burglary in the Trust Territory would get a mandatory sentence of not less than a year's imprisonment. To the judges this seemed unreasonably harsh—especially since it is sometimes difficult to ascertain what, according to local customs, constitutes theft and what does not. The two judges therefore lodged a strong protest against the decree, and succeeded in having the one-year sentence made optional instead of mandatory.

Judge Furber considers it of the highest importance for the natives within his jurisdiction, who have had a long history of subjugation under German and Japanese overlords and who are also inured to autocratic traditions of their own, to become accustomed to democratic concepts of justice. To instill respect for his High Court, and for all Micronesian courts, he decreed that he and his associate would wear black robes while sitting on the bench—a gesture of substantial sacrifice in an environment where men of every station usually wear merely an open-necked, short-sleeved shirt and a pair of slacks or shorts. The Chief Justice thought it would be a good idea if his eighteen Micronesian associates in district courts also wore black robes. He sought their views on this, and all were agreeable except Judge Fanechoor, of Yap, the dean of the indigenous judiciary. A handsome patriarch with pierced earlobes and a tattooed skin, Judge Fanechoor has had little formal education and absolutely no legal training, but he is experienced in administrative affairs, having been an interpreter under the Germans and a policeman under the Japanese, and now serving as the chief of one of Yap's principal municipalities. (A daughter of his married an American anthropologist who served for a while as a District Administrator.) Judge Fanechoor, who has been a district judge for fifteen years, felt that he needed no ceremonial trappings to enhance *his* dignity, and he flatly refused to go along with Judge Furber's proposal. The Chief Justice eventually accepted a compromise submitted by Judge Fanechoor: that he and the other Micronesians would wear black robes only while presiding over murder cases. As part of his campaign to win respect for the law, Judge Fur-

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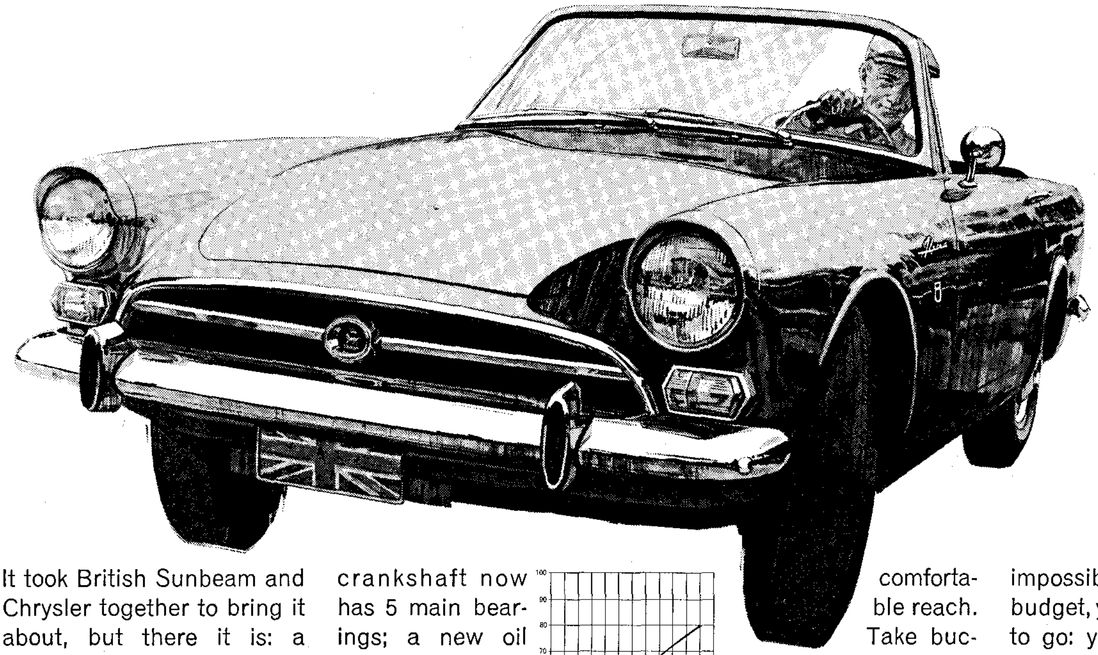

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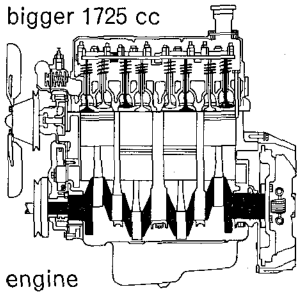

5 years/50,000 miles

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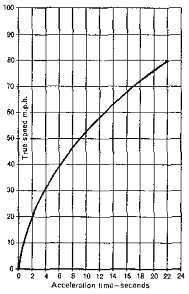

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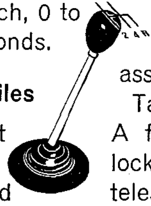

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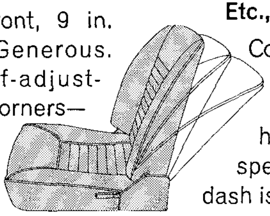

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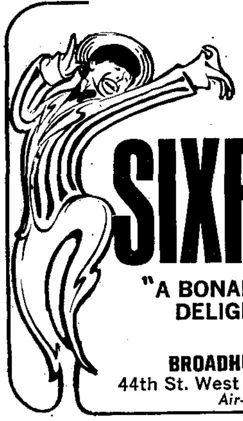

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ber also instituted territory-wide celebration of Law Day. It falls on May 1st, and is not widely observed in the United States, but it has become an important holiday in Micronesia.

Judge Furber's High Court has jurisdiction over all criminal cases involving potential prison terms of at least five years and/or fines of at least two thousand dollars, and over all civil cases in which more than a thousand dollars is in contention. The Micronesian judges who handle lesser litigation have all been trained by Judge Furber, but, like Judge Fanechoor, they have had no formal instruction in law and have to compensate in common sense for what they lack in legal knowledge. Sometimes their judgments are exceedingly stern. When several young men were brought before Judge Kabua Kabua, the paramount native jurist in the Marshall Islands, after some New Year's Eve hell-raising, he let all of them off with a reprimand except for his own son, whom he sentenced to ten days in jail.

The Micronesian courts have an easier time of it than some others because, for one thing, the environment itself is a deterrent to misbehavior. People on small islands cannot hope to get far away from the scene of a crime. Even so, there has lately been a troubling increase in burglaries that can by no stretch of the imagination be fobbed off as exchanges of family possessions. The Truk Trading Company not long ago felt obliged to hire a night watchman, and its counterpart at Yap has been thinking of following suit since prowlers twice broke into its premises. "We've had embezzlements before," the American adviser there said sadly, "but we'd never been robbed by people we didn't know."

Because many of the natives are closemouthed about what they construe as their private business, it sometimes takes quite a while for the Trust Territory administration to learn that a crime has been committed, let alone do anything about its perpetrator. Two Americans visiting a Ulithian island for a few days asked the local chief for a housekeeper, and were surprised when an emaciated man, rather than a woman, was assigned to them. He was an outcast, they subsequently learned, who had once been a navigator and, as such, had been entitled to carry a rifle with him on canoe trips, to protect voyagers from sharks. Some time before, the story went, he had set out in charge of a convoy of two canoes with twelve passengers, among them a woman he coveted and her husband. Only three

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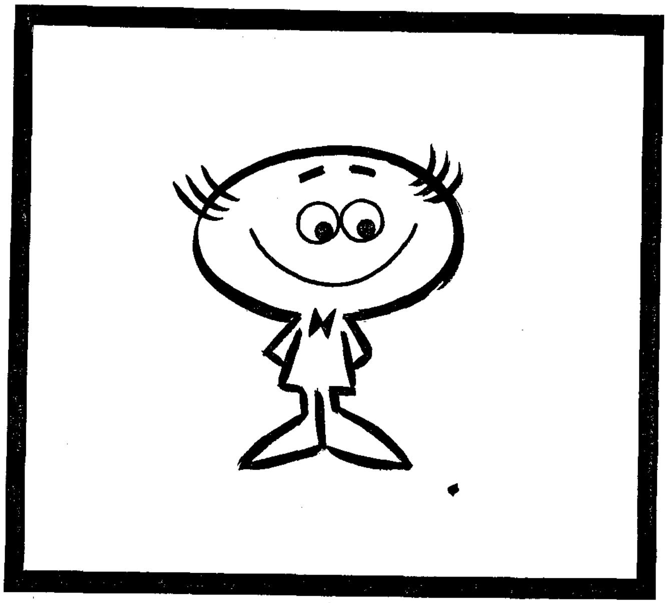
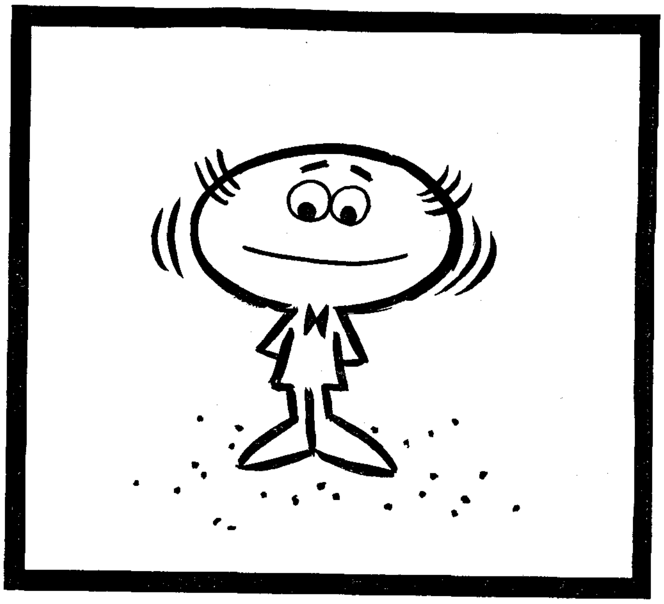
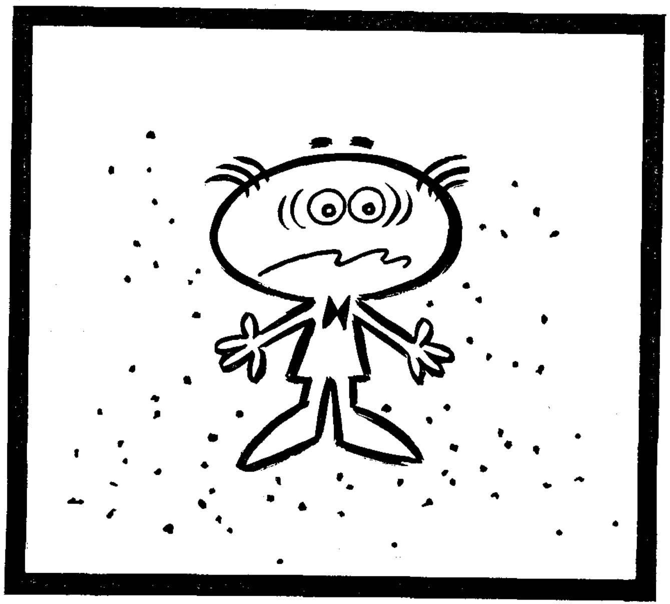


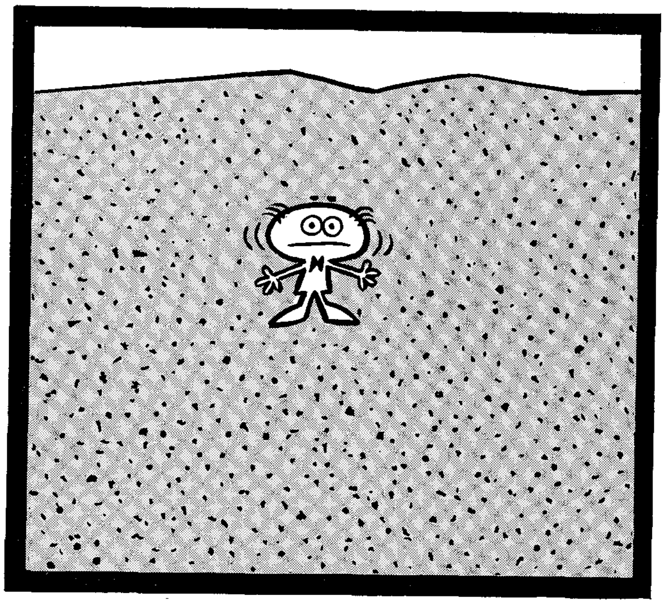
What's one little grain of sand? NOTHING.



But put enough of them together



and you've got...



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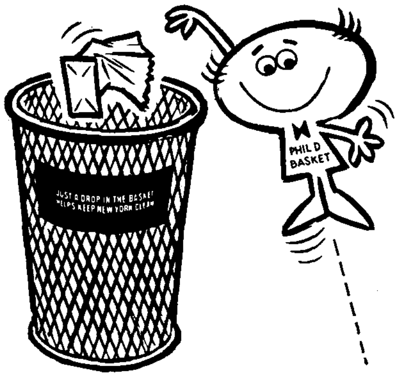
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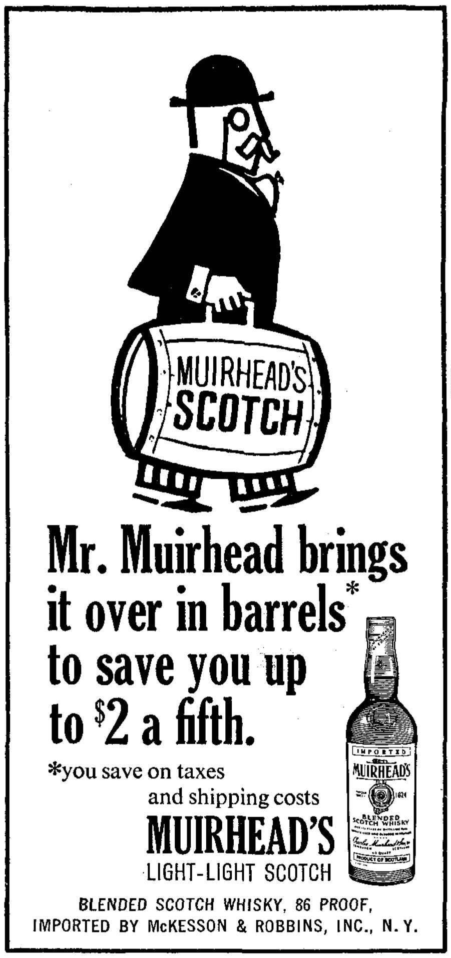
people reached port—the woman, a close friend of hers, and the navigator. He had two tales; one was that the ten missing people had been engulfed by a wave, and the other was that they had died from eating poisoned shark meat. The chief, though, believed that the navigator had murdered his companions. He told the two Americans that the man was available for domestic labor because nobody else would have anything to do with him. He had no woman to cook for him (the one who started all the trouble had moved to another island and married someone else) and would ultimately perish of starvation and loneliness. The chief said he didn't mind if the Americans fed the pariah during their visit, because a few weeks one way or the other wouldn't really matter.

When Micronesians accused of crimes are dealt with in a fashion more to their Chief Justice's liking, they are usually represented in court by public defenders. (The only indigenous lawyer is a Palauan, Kaleb Udui, who got his degree from George Washington University in 1963. An assistant attorney general on the High Commissioner's staff, he was chosen by the Congress of Micronesia to be its first legislative counsel.) One of the most effective of these advocates is Andon L. Amaraich, a thirty-three-year-old Trukese who is a delegate in the Micronesian Congress—the counterpart of a United States senator—and the president of an organization that, although none of its members is a lawyer, is called the Truk District Bar Association. Until this year, all verdicts in the Trust Territory were rendered by judges. Now the Congress has enacted a law authorizing trials by jury in certain limited circumstances, but most Micronesians are aware of the difficulties that might arise, in a region of marked consanguinity, from trying to empanel a jury on which nobody was related by real or adoptive kinship to a principal in the proceedings.

Juvenile delinquency is getting to be a problem in Micronesia, and some of the older men—among them Chief Petrus, of Truk—attribute this to drinking. (Judge Fanechoor is so deeply concerned about the trend that he is in favor of jail sentences for miscreant fifteen-year-olds.) But alcohol is certainly only one of several causes. As the younger Micronesians are becoming better educated, they are also becoming restless. The fact that many of them are unemployed would not have bothered them a generation ago. Living off their land, there was no par-



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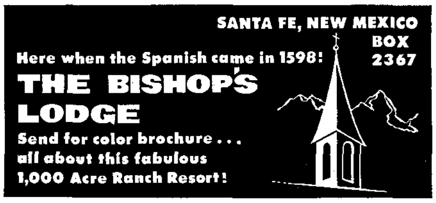
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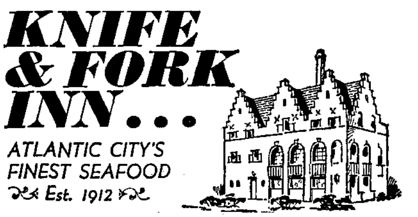
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ticular reason for them to hold jobs, and, unlike Americans, they had never believed in work for work's sake. Indeed, young Palauans were never expected to do any work, even if jobs were available, until they were in their mid-twenties. Now Micronesians are increasingly coming to think that it is prestigious to have a job, and the young people who want one and can't get one are the troublemakers. To give some of them something to do, Palau organized a Youth Corps two years ago for idle boys between sixteen and twenty-four. Some districts have felt obliged to impose curfews in order to keep the peace. By decree of the Yap Legislature, for instance, nobody under eighteen who is not accompanied by an adult may be on the streets of the district center between the hours of 9:30 P.M. and 5:30 A.M.

In his recently published "The Challenge of Modernisation," I. R. Sinai says, "A new civilization can never arise without the disintegration of the old one." Many older Micronesians, who used to maintain firm control over their children, are bewildered by their inability to discipline them anymore. In the past, a young man who wanted to get away from his seniors' authority had to travel by foot or canoe. Now he has new mobility. In 1958, there was not a single motor scooter on the main island of Yap. Today, model houses being constructed there come complete with scooterports. The island has two hundred scooters and nearly as many automobiles, and so many accidents have resulted that the adult-education staff of the Yap District Education Office felt it prudent to drop everything else several months back and put out a booklet on traffic safety. Micronesia's current population of ninety thousand is not excessive, being less than one-third of what it was a century ago, but it is twice what it was twenty years ago, and as more and more public-health measures are initiated in the area there is no doubt but that its inhabitants will rapidly multiply. The rising birth rate and the falling death rate in the Trust Territory are of concern both to the American authorities and to the Micronesians themselves, one of whom remarked wryly that the accelerated education program introduced by the United States two years ago is nothing compared to the people's own accelerated procreation program.

MICRONESIANS are much preoccupied nowadays with all aspects of their uncertain future. Their Deputy High Commissioner, in a commence-

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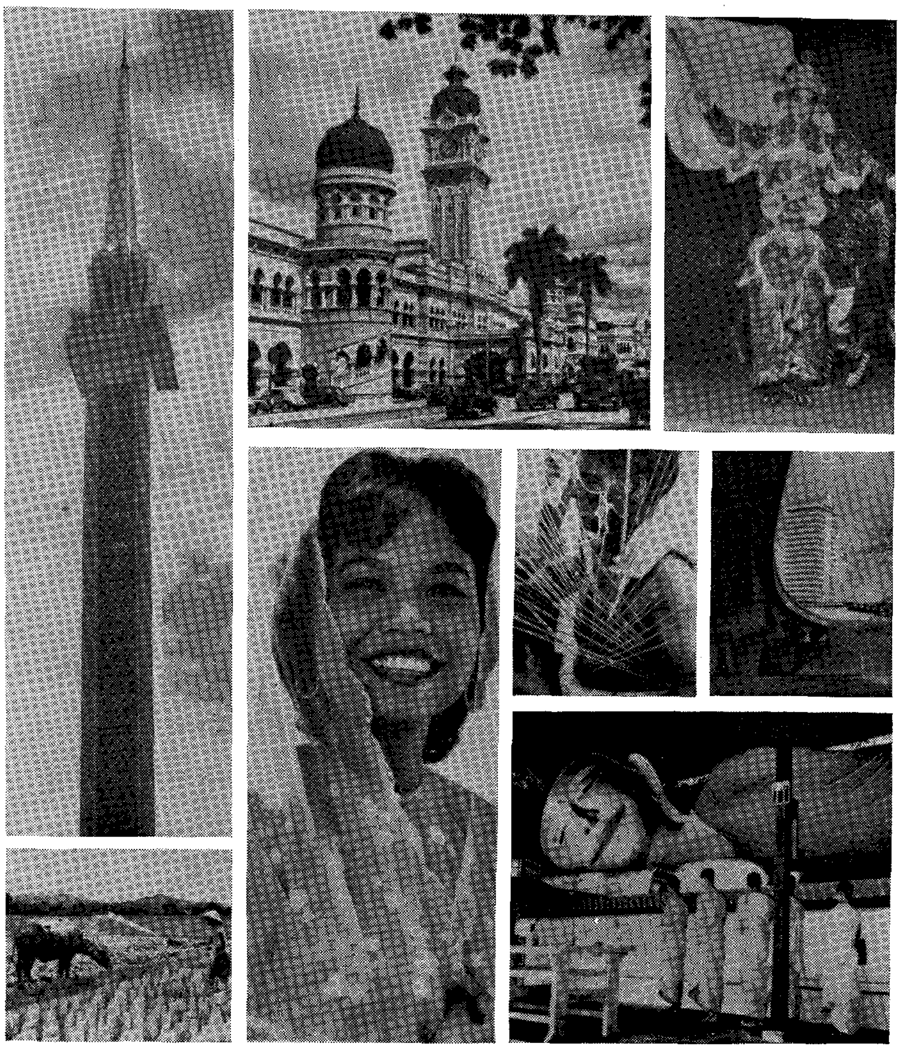

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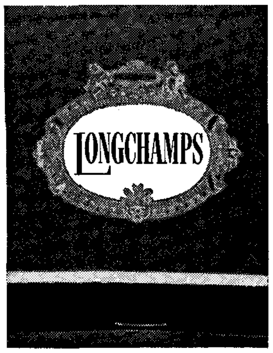

ment speech a year ago, said that the biggest question facing local high-school graduates was "Micronesia, whither thou goest?" It is a hard question to answer. A generation hence, most Micronesians will be fluent in English. Most of today's high-school graduates are already fluent, and are wondering audibly what good it is to be bilingual if you can't get a job in either language. The younger natives, like younger people anywhere, are impatient to plunge from their placid environment into the swirling outside world. The older natives, like older people anywhere, counsel moderation. "We can't move too fast, because we're still a baby," says the venerable Chief Uong, of the Palauan municipality of Ngiwal. "But we're coming along little by little." Appearing before the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations in the spring of 1963, another Palauan, Thomas Remengesau, who is an Assistant District Administrator in Koror, expressed his hope that the United States would "accelerate the economic infra-structure" of the Trust Territory, and went on to say that any discussion of the future of Micronesia put him in mind of an old Palauan saying for which there were two acceptable English translations: "You cannot hasten the ripening of a papaya" and "You cannot slow down the ripening of a papaya." Both versions, he thought, were applicable.

When the League of Nations laid down the terms of the Japanese mandate over Micronesia that preceded the American administration, little was said about political self-determination. Most of the League members were, after all, colonial nations. The United Nations, on the other hand, has been committed from the start to the fostering of self-government. Some of the African nations are especially vociferous about this, and it goes without saying that the Communists join in; the Russians were demanding independence for Micronesia more than a decade ago. At a meeting last fall of a U.N. General Assembly committee dealing with colonialism and independence, the Cambodian representative said that he was glad to note that "Micronesia possessed all the necessary resources to become a unified, prosperous, and independent nation." The Cambodian had never been there, and any Micronesian could have told him that he was way off base. It is, of course, conceivable that Micronesia may someday become independent; after all, the U.N. has inducted into the ranks of sovereign political entities the Maldive Islands, which have

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a population almost identical with the Trust Territory's. But even those few Micronesians who think they might someday enjoy governing themselves shudder at the idea of trying it now. If a plebiscite were held in Micronesia today, probably nine-tenths of the electorate would vote for some kind of continuing relationship with the United States. Just what form this might take is debatable. Many Saipanese, having family ties to nearby Guam, would like to become affiliated with that territory. (The seventy thousand permanent residents of Guam, on the other hand, have no wish to change their exclusive territorial status by becoming a minority group in a larger territory.) Hawaii has seriously proposed that Micronesia become a far-flung county of that state. If this came to pass, Hawaiians are not unaware, their state would cut a bigger geographical swath than Alaska and Texas put together. (The odds in favor of this eventuality may have been shortened by a recent switch of Trust Territory High Commissioners; an Alaskan was succeeded by a Hawaiian.) But most Micronesians are not much impressed by the idea of a change in status that—although it would invest them with both the privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship—would see them governed not by a High Commissioner responsible to a Cabinet officer in Washington but by a county commissioner responsible to a governor in Honolulu.

At the first 1965 meeting of the U.N.'s Trusteeship Council, U Thant said, "The most important question that has been asked today is not whether these remaining Trust Territories will ultimately attain the objectives set for them in the Charter, but when these objectives will be attained." The Secretary-General had apparently not been convinced by a mission that the U.N. itself had sent to Micronesia several months before, and that had reported back, "It must be conceded that the conditions for self-determination do not yet exist." Nevertheless, the United States administrators are aware that at some time or other there will be a plebiscite. Former High Commissioner Goding thinks that 1969 is a reasonable target date. Representative Wayne Aspinall, chairman of the powerful House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, is less optimistic; 1975 is the date he has in mind. Meanwhile, Micronesians are resigned—some more happily than others—to being dependent on Americans. "We have to lean on somebody to function," one realistic young Trukese says. "Obviously, we

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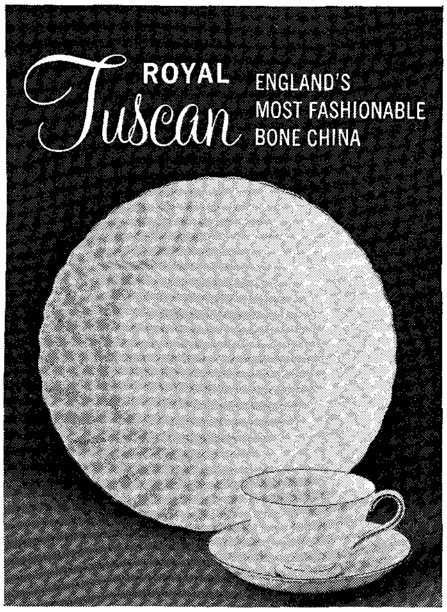

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don't have the means to support a government. When you think about our resources, it's hopeless to think about independence. And because we've come this far under the Americans, and have learned so much about America, we've probably reached the point of no return and will have to continue to rely on Uncle Sam, whether we like it or not." So outspoken are many Micronesians about the inevitability of their continuing association with their distant uncle that the United States Department of State finds their professions of dependence a mite embarrassing; after all, America is supposed to be preparing them to be, if not independent, at least non-dependent.

Inasmuch as neither Americans nor Micronesians have ever been involved in a comparable evolutionary undertaking, there are no precedents on which anyone can base an evaluation of the United States' methods of leading its wards to self-determination or self-sufficiency. At what point in its development should the Trust Territory be now? Should it have progressed as far as New York had got at the time of Peter Stuyvesant, or as far as California during the gold rush, or as far as the American Indian in General Custer's era, or as far as Texas today? Some Micronesians have all but given up trying to answer that one. "We're accepting too much too fast, and we don't really understand it," one of them has said. Douglas L. Oliver, in his excellent "The Pacific Islands," thinks it possible that "a people whose ancestors were so resourceful will be able to harmonize the cultural dissonances of the modern world into a new and equally satisfying kind of life for themselves." Today, however, most Micronesians would agree that their old pattern of life has been thoroughly shattered. So perhaps the main question is: Can the United States, which in its haltingly benevolent fashion has contributed so much to the shattering, patch Micronesia up again, or put a new kind of Micronesia together? Nearly twenty years after America assumed its odd and onerous burden in Micronesia, Secretary of the Interior Udall, who, by virtue of his office, shoulders as heavy a responsibility for the Trust Territory as anyone, said, "We obviously have to begin to move." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

The play is "The Secret of the World," written by Shelley Winters and an as-yet unselected male lead.—*Washington Star*.

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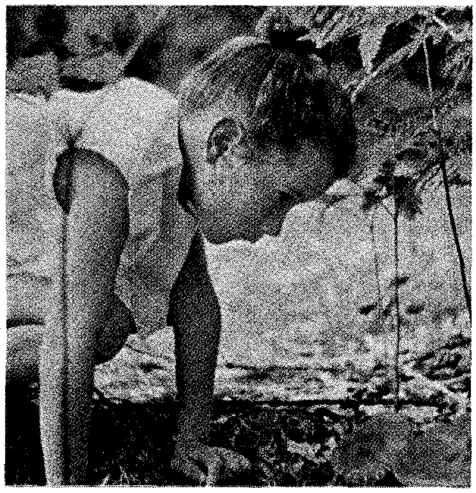

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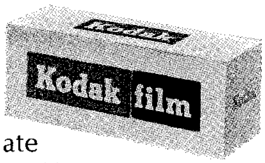

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THE RACE TRACK

Hunch Bet

THOUGH there were a lot of interesting races farther afield last weekend, I doubt if any was more thrilling than the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, over the turf course at Aqueduct. At the finish, one long length would have covered the first four. Moontrip, a 29–1 shot, won by a head from Flag, who was half a length ahead of Knightly Manner, who took third place by a scant three-quarters of a length from Cho-sun Victory. Twelve horses ran, and the time, which was 2:38⅘, was only a shade slower than the American record. You'd suppose, after the recent successful journey of our spacecraft Surveyor 1, that Moontrip would have been a hot hunch bet, but horseplayers read only past performances, and they showed that Moontrip, an Argentine five-year-old, had won just once since his arrival from South America last January. At any rate, he was always in a good position in the Bowling Green, and, coming up on the rail in the stretch, he raced Flag into submission in the last fifty yards. Maybe Ewing Kauffman, a Kansas City businessman, who bought him six weeks ago, had the hunch. He collected $38,610 in prize money.

DOWN at Delaware Park last Saturday, Buckpasser took one more step in the right direction. Giving twelve pounds to each of five other three-year-olds, he won the Leonard Richards Stakes, at a mile and a furlong, comfortably. Buffle was second and Deck Hand third. My favorite observer reports that Hy Frost, the long shot of the bunch, dashed into such a lead that many people thought he couldn't be caught, but Deck Hand and Buffle overtook him on the stretch turn. Then Buckpasser came along, and that was that. Buckpasser's big test comes this weekend, in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park. Among those he'll meet in the event, at one mile, are Creme dela Creme and Kauai King, who was syndicated last week for $2,520,000. (Michael Ford, who owned Kauai King, thus topped John Galbreath, who recently syndicated Graustark for $2,400,000. You wait, though. One of these days a horse is going to be syndicated for five million.) Holders of shares in Kauai King, which cost $70,000 apiece, will split up the prize money he earns this season and next, and after that they'll divide his earnings as a stallion in the stud.

THEY run fast in Chicago. Hedevar, who showed such a turn of speed in the Metropolitan, was certainly in high gear in the Equipoise Mile at Arlington last Saturday. Taking the lead at the break, he did the first quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:44⅗, and six furlongs in 1:08⅕, finishing out in 1:33⅕ and equalling the world's record for the distance, over a track that wasn't at its best. Tosmah was second and Bold Bidder third.

I DON'T imagine there will be more than six starters in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct on Saturday, and I expect that Lady Pitt will win it as handily as she did the Mother Goose. This will be the golden anniversary of the fixture, which was thought up by William Woodward. He was head of the Coaching Club at the time and felt that there should be a race for three-year-old fillies comparable in importance to the Belmont Stakes. The first running was at the Belmont Park spring meeting in 1917, and it was won by James Butler's Wistful, whose share of the purse was $2,300. That's less than half as much as fourth money will be this weekend. By the way, the name Wistful appears twice in the list of winners; the other Wistful, owned by Calumet Farm, won in 1949. It has become the fashion for owners to name their horses after the stars of other days. I wish they wouldn't.

IT was with regret that I learned one night last week that fire had destroyed the members' clubhouse at Pimlico, along with all its irreplaceable racing memorabilia and the twenty-two paintings in the Jockeys Hall of Fame. The wooden building, done in the best Victorian manner, was nearly a hundred years old. Before the Second World War, there were rooms for transients on the third floor, and if you were lucky enough to get one, you could hear horses doing their workouts under your window when you woke up in the morning. —AUDAX MINOR

"The Fourth Estate."

This famous phrase was first used in 1828 by Macaulay, when he referred to the reporters sitting in the gallery in Parliament as the Fourth Estate of the realm. (The others being the Clergy, the Peerage, and the Commons.)

Thomas Carlyle, in an essay written five years later, praised the literature of the eighteenth century and compared it to a great tree sprung up from a tiny mustard seed. Carlyle wrote that the power of the reporters, from a small beginning has come . . . *"the stupendous Fourth Estate, whose wide world-embracing influences what eye can take in; in whose boughs are there not already fowls of strange feather lodged?"*

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LETTER FROM GENEVA

JUNE 15

ON the surface, the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference, whose delegates have been meeting here at irregular intervals for more than four years, appears even more tedious than many of the conclaves that have preceded it at the Palais des Nations. The delegates seem to be light-years away from any accord on the two treaties that are their immediate concern: the first a pact to ban underground nuclear testing, and thus complete the limited agreement that already bans nuclear testing underwater and aboveground, and the second a so-called nonproliferation treaty, aimed at preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to countries that do not yet have their own—an objective that the Secretary-General of the United Nations and numerous heads of state, including President Johnson, have repeatedly characterized as the most urgent issue currently confronting the human species. When one considers the implications of this agenda, and recalls, furthermore, that the ultimate goal of the conference, as it has been determined by a unanimous vote of the United Nations General Assembly, is nothing less than general and complete disarmament, the glacial rate of progress at the Palais becomes understandable. Practically any success that the conference may score is bound to have a profound effect on all the power relationships now obtaining among the nations of the world. Indeed, by the fact of its existence the conference may be challenging the very idea of nations, for it is hard to see how treaties calling for the international control of arsenals can be observed without trimming the national sovereignty on which governments so proudly base their authority. The delegates, aware though they may be of this point, are not pushing it; after all, as representatives of national governments, not many of them are disposed to connive at the possible undermining of those governments. As it is, the delegates often have difficulty with the conflict between their national roles and their international roles. In talking with them, I have got the impression that half the time they are uncertain whether they are serving as propagandists for their Foreign Ministries or as prophets of the millennium. The other day, at the conclusion of a session at the Palais, the members of the press who were clustered in the marble corridor outside the closed conference chamber were handed copies of a statement that had been made that morning by an Asian Ambassador, the head of his country's delegation. As it happened, I had an appointment with him for the next day, and I studied his statement carefully. I could see at once that it wasn't something his Foreign Ministry had drafted for him back home. Its tone was too impassioned. It cried out, in effect: For God's sake, let's get on with these treaties while there's still time, let's stop our mean, intransigent bickering! When I called on the Ambassador, however, it was another day and he was another man. As I praised his statement, he eyed me suspiciously and without enthusiasm. "Platitudes, just platitudes," he said, and then, in a fashion that he presumably considered unplatitudinous, fell to belaboring the evil ways of his country's chief enemy.

Not surprisingly, then, the pressures of national sovereignty are seldom far from the conference table. Their clearest manifestation, as might be supposed, is the duel that goes on without letup between the United States and the Soviet Union, charter members of the Nuclear Club and of the even more exclusive Deterrence Club. Of the other delegations here, four, from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Rumania, are in the Soviets' corner; four others, from Canada, Italy, the United Kingdom, and France, are theoretically adherents of the United States viewpoint—although France has in fact been boycotting the sessions. Eight delegations are from nonaligned nations—the United Arab Republic, Sweden, India, Burma, Brazil, Ethiopia, Mexico, and Nigeria. The United States and the Soviet Union, abetted by their supporters, dominate the proceedings, each seeking to rout the other not only by the strength of its logic but by the inherent weight of its virtue. This unrelenting contest demands alertness on everyone's part. As one of the nonaligned delegates, Ambassador Hussein Khallaf, of the United Arab Republic, told me, "We have to be so much on our toes for moves and countermoves that it leaves us little time for the kind of long-range reflection that I believe is required for important solutions." There are, of course, other factors impeding the progress of the conference, not the least of them being the arms race between Moscow and Washington. "Atmospherically, our working conditions are far from ideal," a scientific adviser to one of the delegations told me. "Even if our world were a tranquil one, the question of disarmament would be hard enough to solve. The way things are, all we're really trying for, as far as I can make out, is agreements, *any* agreements, that will exercise a braking effect on what I could call the anti-disarmament activities going on everywhere." The war in

GLEN LEDGE
STATE PARK
SORRY
FULL
H. Martin

Vietnam is, of course, high on his list of atmospheric liabilities—although, like some other people I have talked with here, he did volunteer the information that the Russians, despite token fulminations, have carefully refrained from making propaganda capital of our involvement in Asia. In fact, it is generally agreed that this Soviet restraint has been one of the few positive features of the conference thus far.

The nonaligned countries—or the Eight, as they are called—exert a further moderating influence, and yet they are by no means detached referees. Since each of them has a stake in the outcome of the conference, their disposition has been to keep things moving by making useful suggestions for compromise. Of special interest to the "non-nucs"—the jaunty name given here to the non-nuclear powers—is the proposed treaty to ban underground testing. The feeling not only of the Eight but of non-nucs generally, I have gathered, is that giving up their option to make bombs is worth a price, and that a suitable, realizable price is a ban on underground testing. Besides halting the subterranean experiments that are now being conducted in Kazakhstan and the western United States, it would prevent all non-nucs from embarking on bomb programs themselves, and would thus forestall the outbreak of fresh nuclear rivalries (Egypt versus Israel, for example); in addition, it would serve to reinforce any nonproliferation treaty that might be enacted.

The chief obstacle to a comprehensive test-ban treaty is the long-standing Soviet-American impasse over on-site inspections by international investigators, the question being whether these should be permitted whenever seismologists record a "suspicious event"—one that might prove to be either an earthquake or a clandestine nuclear test. We favor such inspections, and the Russians, arguing that national detection systems are adequate to expose any villainy, oppose them. The Eight have advanced a number of suggestions in an attempt to resolve the dispute, which turns essentially on the sensitivity of seismological instruments. The United Arab Republic, for example, has proposed a treaty to end underground tests of a magnitude above that at which present measuring devices could determine whether a seismic event was of natural origin; on tests below that level, which would be more difficult to identify, the Arabs have proposed a general moratorium. The Arab idea has not been acted upon, but another one, of Swedish inspiration, has, although

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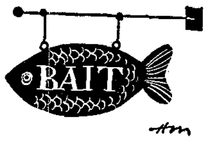
outside the conference. This is a proposal for the formation of what the Swedes have named a Detection Club. Its membership at the moment is limited to non-nucs, and its purpose is to make seismological information available quickly and fully to all interested countries. The Detection Club, I was told emphatically, is concerned not with making value judgments but with providing technical data to offset the political guesswork that invariably figures so largely in such judgments. It held its first meeting on May 23rd in Stockholm, with nine nations in attendance, one of them being Japan. A nonaligned delegate here has expressed delight that the Japanese chose to attend. "The Japanese have a great tradition in seismology," he told me. "But then you'd expect that, with all the earthquakes they've had." He didn't mention Hiroshima and Nagasaki.



William C. Foster, the Director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and our chief envoy to the conference, made it plain to me that the day of automated seismological security is far from imminent. Even though the present apparatus is able to pick up very small terrestrial shocks at distances nearly as great as the earth's diameter, he said, it has not been perfected to the point where it can definitely identify as earthquakes a variety of seismic events that occur something like forty-five times a year, and under cover of which, our political leaders believe, there would be room for trickery. Our position, it must be said, is not popular here. Without condoning the Soviet resistance to on-site inspection, the delegates of some of the Eight, and even of some of our allies, lean toward the view that the United States is militarily strong enough to take a political chance on a comprehensive test-ban treaty without further ado. If the United States adopted such a course and then suspected the Soviets of conducting clandestine tests, the argument goes, it could always withdraw from the treaty. "After all," a delegate said, "what other recourse would the United States have if the Russians pulled a fast one, even though they *did* agree to on-site inspection?"

IN the meantime, underground shots go on; in fact, there is far more nuclear shooting going on today than there was before the signing of the limited test-ban treaty in 1963, and this, most of the delegates feel, is not good. The shooting heats up the political atmosphere, they say, since it is scarcely a secret that the tests are being held for such military purposes as the development of anti-missile missiles and the refining of electronic guidance systems. As one neutral delegate here said to me, "Every time you Americans or the Russians set off an underground explosion, you have to pray it won't misfire into the air and possibly mean the end of the one treaty we have managed to negotiate—the limited test-ban agreement." This delegate also offered the opinion that the United States, having conducted far more such tests than the Russians have, might conceivably be defeating its own ends by *not* quitting now, while it is ahead. The longer such tests go on in both countries, he reasoned, the more alluring their military potential will appear, and the more likely it will be for the Soviet counterparts of our Joint Chiefs of Staff to insist that they continue. "The Russians also have hawks and doves," he observed.

Our own military are unenthusiastic about a ban on underground testing, and so—I was surprised to learn—is our Atomic Energy Commission. This agency, it was explained to me, is concerned lest such a ban jeopardize its Plowshare Program—the name it has bestowed on a series of planned underground nuclear blasts that would perform such constructive feats as carving harbors out of wasteland, dislodging oil from shale, and storing water under great mountains. The agency plans to do much of its blasting for privately owned public utilities and other corporations, and these, naturally, are in favor of the program. Apparently, the A.E.C. is not entirely certain it can conduct its detonations without occasionally contaminating the atmosphere, for, according to foreign sources here, it has tried to promote some sort of agreement with the Russians to overlook such accidents as not necessarily violating the limited test-ban treaty. Although Plowshare may conjure up visions of good works before the eyes of the A.E.C., it does no such thing for many of the delegates here. They see it, rather, I found, as a specious and perhaps dangerous excuse for our reluctance to sign a comprehensive test-ban treaty. Their criticism derives from a simple tautology: A nuclear explosive is a nuclear explosive. As Lord Chalfont, the leader of Britain's delegation and his country's first Minister for Disarmament, remarked to me, "The same kind of nuclear shot that can move seven million cubic feet in the Indian desert for an irrigation project is quite capable of moving seven million

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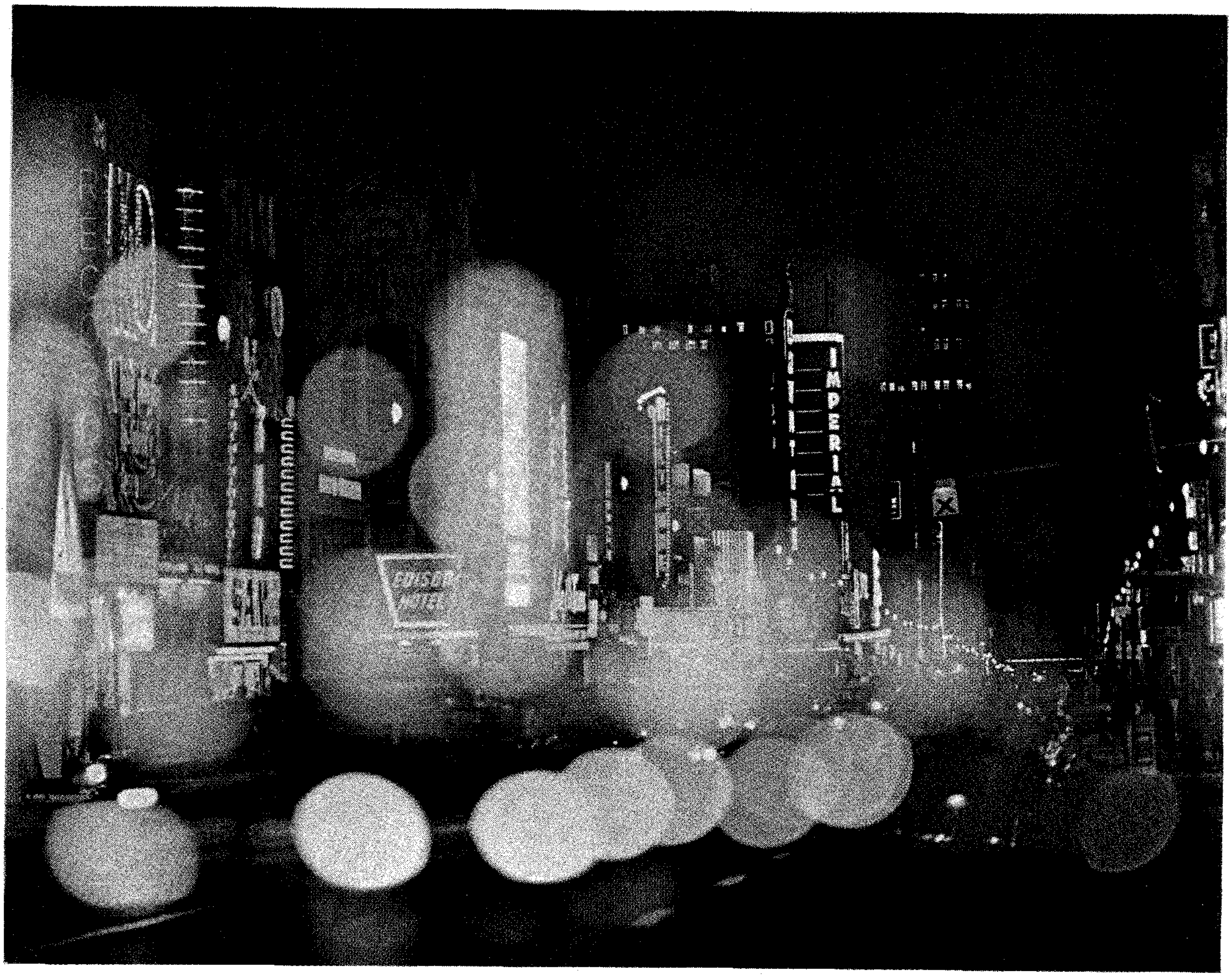

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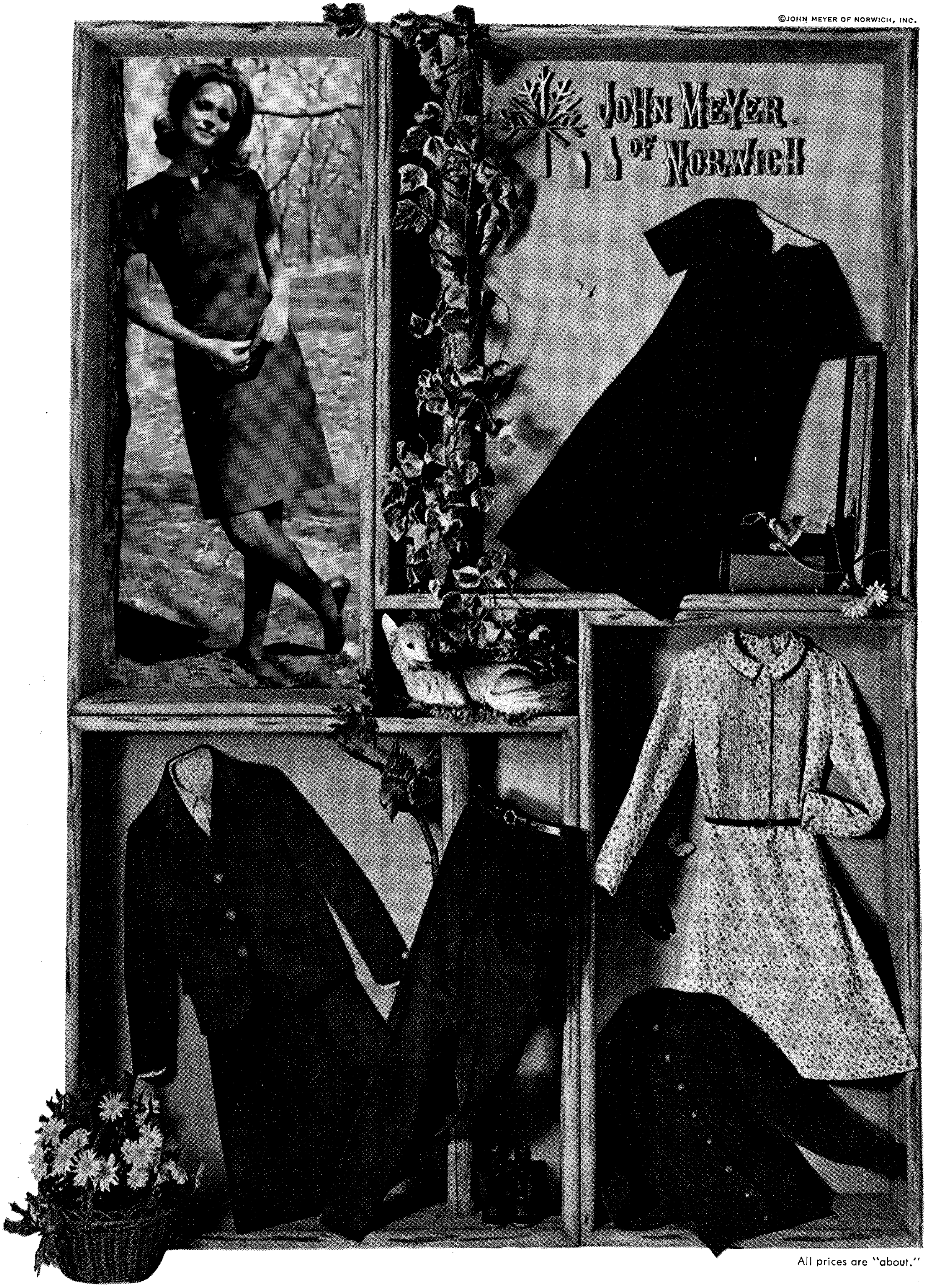

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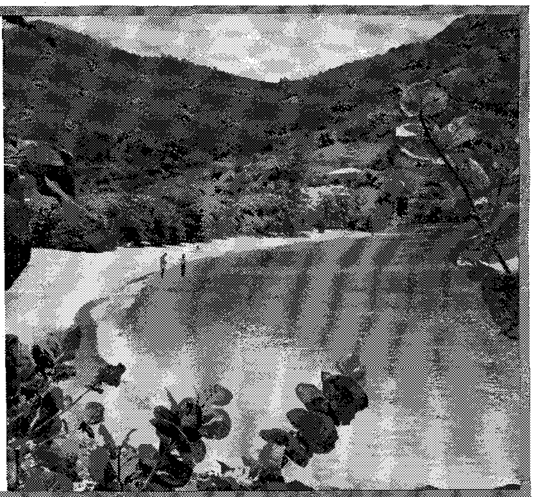
cubic feet in the city of Peking. At this particular point, I have no hesitation in stating that Plowshare and the considerations it raises are definitely impairing the efforts by this conference to arrive at a comprehensive test-ban treaty."

Except for the delegates from the Communist nations, no one I have talked with here is prepared to justify the Soviet Union's refusal to permit international inspection of its territory. The tone of condemnation, though, is modulated—perhaps partly because the conferees have had years in which to grow accustomed to such Soviet stubbornness, and partly because many delegates, Lord Chalfont among them, suspect that the whole inspection issue will evaporate as a result of further seismological research, leading to an acceptable mechanized system of policing earthquake areas. As for the basis of the Soviet objections, one theory has the Russians fearing that if they don't oppose inspection, their rival true believers in Peking will accuse them of open dalliance with the West. The Soviet Union is also said to fear that on-site inspection might set a precedent for other types of international inspection, and thereby challenge the primacy of its tight statehood. The Russians themselves say that inspection is nothing but a pretext for espionage—a contention that is difficult for non-Communists here to accept, since the Soviet Union would make its own ground rules for international visits. I have, however, encountered one delegate who thinks Russia's passion for secrecy understandable. He is Peder Hammarskjöld, secretary of the Swedish delegation and a nephew of the late Secretary-General of the United Nations. "It's simply geography," Hammarskjöld explained. "Russia is easily invaded. Mongolians have come in from the East and Europeans from the West. The country is without natural defenses along its borders—no mountains, no seas. In my opinion, secrecy is an artificial defense the Russians have developed over the centuries."

Much as the Eight and many other non-nucs would like to trade a ban on underground testing for a nonproliferation treaty, it is felt here that they would almost certainly accept a chance to sign the latter alone. Besides being aware of the dangers inherent in any expansion of the Nuclear Club, they themselves have no particular desire to become members, in view of the enormous initiation fee and annual dues. Moreover, the two treaties are generally seen as complementing each other, so it is felt that the ratification of one



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might well lead to the ratification of the other. The nonproliferation treaty, like its companion agreement, is dependent for its creation primarily on the good offices of the United States and the Soviet Union, since at this stage they alone are in a position to hand out nuclear weapons. As far as I can determine in this conglomerate setting, there is no disposition on the part of either government to do so. In fact, neutral delegates have assured me that both countries are eager for an agreement, their motives being a combination of idealism and, as might be expected, national interest—a nonproliferation accord, it is explained, would have the effect of maintaining the United States and the Soviet Union as rulers of the nuclear scene. There is also a belief here—a purely intuitive one, it appears—that if an agreement should be ratified, world opinion would cause the other nuclear powers, China and France, to reverse their present opposition to any such treaties. What principally divides the two giants of the conference is the political problem of how to fit West Germany into a nonproliferation treaty. As most of the world knows, the United States, mindful of its NATO alliance, wants West Germany to share our nuclear weapons, and also wants to guarantee that the weapons will not be transferred to our ally's "national control." The actual use of the weapons, we have declared, will always be subject to American veto. The Russians hold that this is a mere ruse for proliferating atomic weapons in Europe. The revolutionary character of nuclear weapons notwithstanding, the argument seems to lie within the traditional framework of national rivalries. We would like to sign the nonproliferation agreement, but not at the expense of weakening our alliance; the Russians would also like to sign it, but without strengthening an opposing alliance.

"Why should my country rest its security on the existence of agreements within NATO?" Ambassador Aleksei Roschin, of the Soviet Union, asked me when I called on him at the Soviet villa here. The Ambassador, a carefully soft-spoken man of middle years, went on to say that we were, in effect, subverting a treaty by insisting on what he termed "a concept of limited proliferation." To bolster his argument, he cited our insistence on a veto over the possible use of our nuclear weapons by West Germany and the other NATO allies. "If the United States had total control of its weapons, would it need this veto?" he said. "What is this but an admission that proliferation

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might take place—that there would be a limited access to the weapons that could become full access? And, of course, that is the situation. If my country accepted the American treaty draft, it would mean accepting the fact that a NATO ally like West Germany could receive American weapons, store them, move them at will, install them in its own missiles and aircraft, and, finally, with the approval of the United States, fire those weapons. And permit me to ask you what would happen if NATO dissolved. Who would fall heir to the bombs on West German soil? Isn't it possible that the West Germans might be able to use them by themselves? I know that America has electronic locks on those weapons, but who knows whether in six or seven years it might not be easy for other countries to open these locks?"

When I inquired whether the Soviet Union now shares its nuclear weapons with its allies, the Ambassador replied that he did not know. I expressed surprise, and he commented, "What difference does it make? Our alliance has political unity, and we have said that we are ready to sign a treaty that will deny to us what we believe should be denied to the United States."

The fact is that, at least here in Geneva, the United States is on the defensive in its argument with the Russians. The diplomats representing our allies dutifully rise to inveigh against the Soviet refusal to accept an American treaty, but in private these same diplomats talk differently. It is then that they express fear of a revanchist Germany and say human memory is not so short that the people of their countries have forgotten the conduct of the Germans under Hitler. Together with our war in Vietnam, these delegates say, our championing of German military strength is gradually giving us the aspect of devout believers in the employment of force; concomitantly the Russians are taking on a clean-cut, idealistic look—the Nazi-Soviet pact and the Berlin Wall notwithstanding.

The Federal Republic of Germany, though it is not represented at the conference, does have observers here, and I was interested to learn from one of them that his government is quite content with things as they are, as long as it can continue to count on American nuclear support in an emergency. German public-opinion polls, he added, have shown that an overwhelming majority of his countrymen share this view. But, he said, this attitude could change if American policy changed. Aft-

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er all, he reminded me, West Germany is capable of manufacturing bombs of its own.

WHATEVER the merits of the Russian or of the American position, the conference, at this point, appears to be in a static condition. The delegates have stated and restated their countries' views, but no one here seriously maintains that negotiations, in the sense of give and take, have yet got under way. The general feeling is that this could be altered overnight if the United States and the Soviet Union should will it, simply because they are incomparably the most powerful nations represented here, and power is what the conference is about. The main question, it seems, concerns the nature of that power—whether it is to remain military, as it always was in prenuclear times and has been up to now, or whether, given the conference's ultimate goal of world disarmament, it is to be cast in a fresh mold.

This, obviously, is a question that cannot be dealt with overnight, and there are delegates here who wonder if it will be resolved before time runs out. They are particularly disturbed by the fact that France and China remain outside the comity of nations working toward disarmament, and they are also uneasy lest the backing and filling at the Palais continue so long that various non-nucs may choose to vote themselves into the Nuclear Club—a move that these delegates feel would place a further strain on human wisdom, already sorely tried. In any event, the consensus here is that the conference will go on and on, its termination being unthinkable. In a talk I had with Ambassador Francesco Cavalletti, of Italy, the Ambassador, who is a Roman, likened the end of the conference to the end of a flirtation with a beautiful woman. "It is not necessary to begin the flirtation. But to stop it—that is a serious, a most serious matter," he told me over a sumptuous lunch at a golf club near Geneva, as we looked out over the almost garishly green fairways. "We are discussing the future of the unborn," he went on. "Can you imagine how the world would seem without such a conference? It gives value to everything we have today—even to things that we may not like very much." —DANIEL LANG

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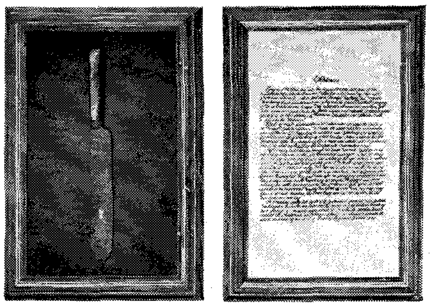

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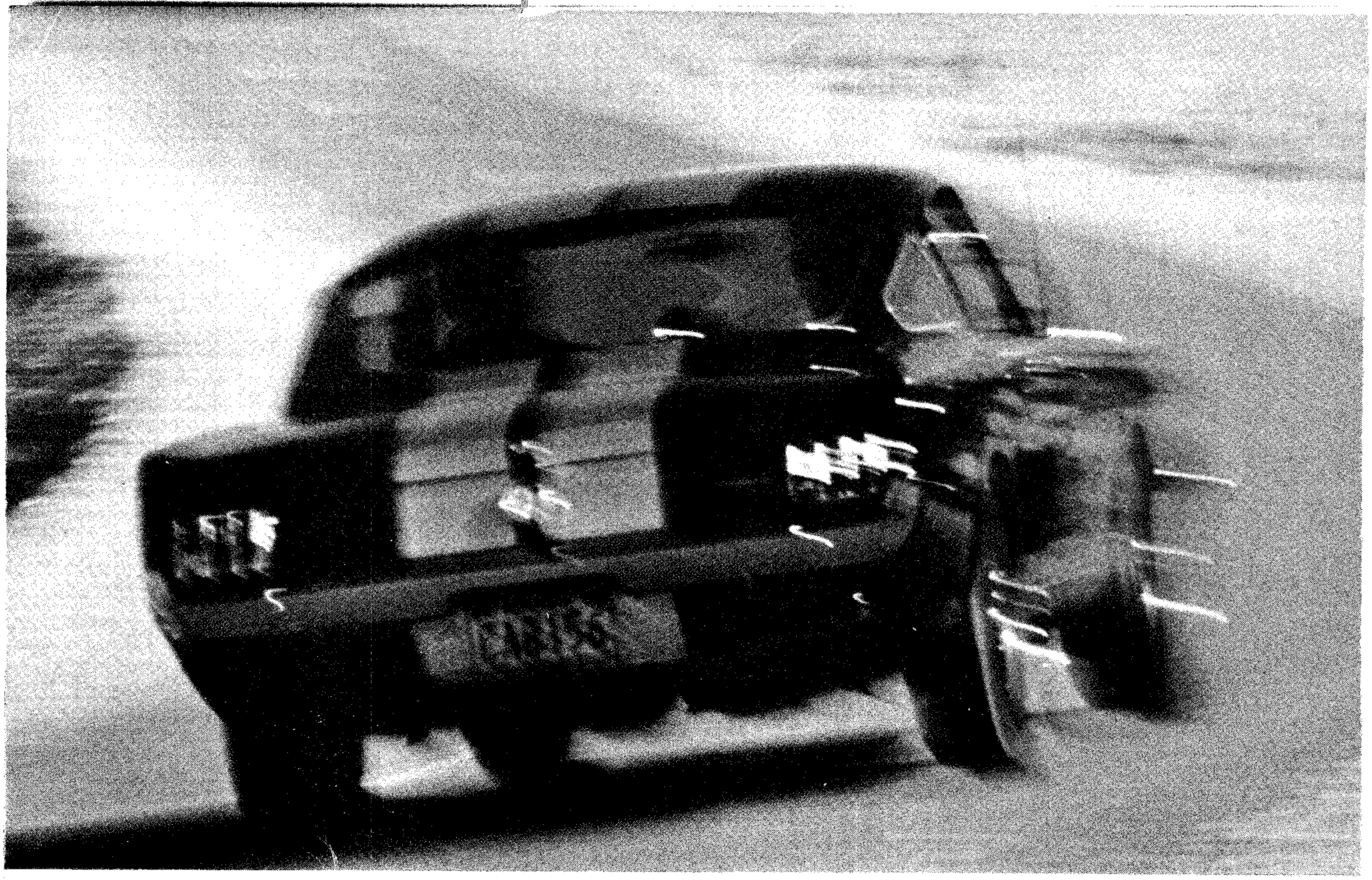

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